April 1820

THE

GUARDIAN.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

Nº 17.

F. Hayman del. *C. Grignion sculp.*

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. GILLET;

For Meſſrs. Longman, Law, Johnſon, Nichols, Dilly, Robinſon, Richardſon, Baldwin, Rivington, Otridge and Son, Hayes, Wilkie, W. Lowndes, Ogilvie and Son, J. Edwards, Vernor and Hood, Cadell and Davies, H. Lowndes, and Lee and Hurſt.

1797.

TO

LIEUTENANT GENERAL CADOGAN[a].

SIR,

IN the character of Guardian it behoves me to do honour to such as have deserved well of society, and laid out worthy and manly qualities in the service of the public. No man has more eminently distinguished himself this way than Mr. Cadogan. With a contempt of pleasure, rest, and ease, when called to the duties of your glorious profession, you have lived in a familiarity with dangers, and with a strict eye upon the final purpose of the attempt, have wholly disregard-

[a] William Cadogan, esq. quarter-master-general in 1701; colonel of a regiment of horse in 1703; brigadier-general in 1704; plenipotentiary to the Spanish Netherlands, and major-general, in 1706; lieutenant-general in 1709; on the accession of king George, master of the robes, and colonel of the second regiment of horse-guards; knight of the thistle in 1715; governor of the Isle of Wight, and plenipotentiary to Holland, in 1716; created lord Cadogan, June 21, that year; baron Oakley, viscount Caversham, and earl Cadogan, April 17, 1718. On the death of the duke of Marlborough in 1722, he was made master-general of the ordnance, and colonel of the first regiment of foot-guards. He died July 17, 1726. No officer was ever so much relied on by the duke of Marlborough as general Cadogan. He had the care of marking out almost every camp during the war in the Netherlands and Germany; which he executed so skilfully, that it was observed, the duke was never surprised or attacked in his camp during the whole war. Steele's letters, vol. ii. let. ccccxxvi. p. 385. Two volumes, crown 8vo. 1787. See *Ibidem*, vol. i. p. 113.

ed what ſhould befall yourſelf in the proſecution of it. Thus has life riſen to you as faſt as you reſigned it, and every new hour for having ſo frankly lent the preceding moments to the cauſe of juſtice and of liberty, has come home to you improved with honour. This happy diſtinction which is ſo very peculiar to you with the addition of induſtry, vigilance, patience of labour, thirſt and hunger, in common with the meaneſt ſoldier, has made your preſent fortune unenvied. For the public always reap greater advantage, from the example of ſucceſsful merit, than the deſerving man himſelf can poſſibly be poſſeſſed of; your country knows how eminently you excel in the ſeveral parts of military ſkill, whether in aſſigning the encampment, accommodating the troops, leading to the charge, or purſuing the enemy: the retreat being the only part of the profeſſion which has not fallen within the experience of thoſe who learned their warfare under the duke of Marlborough. But the true and honeſt purpoſe of this epiſtle is to deſire a place in your friendſhip, without pretending to add any thing to your reputation, who, by your own gallant actions have acquired, that your name through all ages ſhall be read with honour, wherever mention ſhall be made of that illuſtrious captain.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient,

and moſt humble ſervant,

THE GUARDIAN.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

It is a juſtice which Mr. Ironſide owes gentlemen who have ſent him their aſſiſtances from time to time, in the carrying on of this work, to acknowledge that obligation; though at the ſame time he himſelf dwindles into the character of a mere publiſher, by making the acknowledgment. But whether a man does it out of juſtice or gratitude, or any other virtuous reaſon or not, it is alſo a prudential act to take no more upon a man than he can bear. Too large a credit has made many a bankrupt; but taking even leſs than a man can anſwer with eaſe is a ſure fund for extending it, whenever his occaſions require. All thoſe papers which are diſtinguiſhed by the mark of an hand were written by a gentleman who has obliged the world with productions too ſublime to admit that the author of them ſhould receive any addition to his reputation, from ſuch looſe occaſional thoughts as make up theſe little treatiſes. For which reaſon his name ſhall be concealed. Thoſe which are marked with a ſtar, were compoſed by Mr. Budgell. That upon dedications, with the epiſtle of an author to himſelf, the club of little men, the receipt to make an epic poem, the paper of the gardens of Alcinous, and the catalogue of greens, that againſt barbarity to animals, and ſome others, have Mr. Pope for their author. Now I mention this gentleman, I take this opportunity, out of the affection I have for his perſon and reſpect to his merit, to let the world know, that he

is now tranſlating Homer's Iliad by ſubſcription. He has given good proof of his ability for the work; and the men of greateſt wit and learning of this nation, of all parties, are, according to their different abilities, zealous encouragers, or ſolicitors for the work.

But to my preſent purpoſe. The letter from Gnatho, of the cures performed by flattery, and that of comparing dreſs to criticiſm, are Mr. Gay's. Mr. Martin, Mr. Philips, Mr. Tickell, Mr. Carey, Mr. Euſden, Mr. Ince, and Mr. Hughes, have obliged the town with entertaining diſcourſes in theſe volumes; and Mr. Berkeley, of Trinity-college in Dublin, has embelliſhed them with many excellent arguments in honour of religion and virtue. Mr. Parnell will, I hope, forgive me, that without his leave I mention, that I have ſeen his hand on the like occaſion. There are ſome diſcourſes of a leſs pleaſing nature which relate to the diviſions amongſt us; and ſuch (leſt any of theſe gentlemen ſhould ſuffer from unjuſt ſuſpicion) I muſt impute to the right author of them, who is one Mr. Steele of Llangunnor in the county of Carmarthen in South Wales.

THE GUARDIAN[a].

No 1. Thurſday, March 12, 1713.

By STEELE.

——*Ille quem requiris.* MART. Epig. ii. 1.

He, whom you ſeek.

THERE is no paſſion ſo univerſal, however diverſified or diſguiſed under different forms and appearances, as the vanity of being known to the reſt of mankind, and communicating a man's

[a] The Guardian, with its ſequel The Engliſhman, originally came out in half-ſheets, during the ſpace of time that intervened between the publication of the ſeventh and eighth volumes of the Spectator. Steele was the editor, and often the author of theſe papers; and Addiſon gave great aſſiſtance, 'whether occaſionally or by previous engagement,' ſays Dr. Johnſon, 'is not known.' It will be ſeen from the notes in this edition, that the Guardian found many contributors. It was a continuation of the Spectator with the ſame elegance and the ſame variety. The papers of Addiſon in the Spectator were marked, at their firſt publication in folio, by one or other of the letters in the name of CLIO, and perhaps merely becauſe the initials of the place from which they were dated happened to compoſe that word. In the Guardian as it firſt appeared in half-ſheets, Addiſon's papers were not diſtinguiſhed by any ſignature, but Steele marked them by a hand, in the firſt edition of the Guardian in 8vo. in which he likewiſe pointed out Mr. E. Budgell's papers by a ſtar. 'Many of

parts, virtues, or qualifications, to the world: this is ſo ſtrong upon men of great genius, that they have a reſtleſs fondneſs for ſatisfying the world in the miſtakes they might poſſibly be under, with relation even to their phyſiognomy. Mr.

theſe papers (of Addiſon in the Spectator and Guardian) were written,' ſays Dr. Johnſon, 'with powers truly comic, with nice diſcrimination of character, and accurate obſervation of natural or accidental deviations from propriety.' The ſame may be ſaid with equal truth and propriety of many of Steele's own papers. To the title of this work, the doctor ſtarts the following objection, which ſeems to have originated in the captious head of Mr. Dennis: 'The character of Guardian was too narrow and too ſerious: it might properly enough admit both the duties and decencies of life, but ſeemed not to include literary ſpeculations, and was in ſome degree violated by merriment and burleſque. What had the Guardian of the Lizard's to do with clubs of tall or of little men, with neſts of ants, or with Strada's Proluſions?' Guard. N° 115, N° 119, N° 122, N° 108, N° 153, 156, 157, and 160.

The Guardian's own account of his character, of his nomination to his office, and of what was expected from him as attached to a collegiate life, ſeems to ſuggeſt a ſatisfactory anſwer to this ſlight objection, and to juſtify the propriety of literary ſpeculations, and even the introduction of politics, which the doctor brands as factious. See Lives of Engliſh Poets, Vol. II. p. 435, ed. 8vo. 1781. 4 vols. Mr. Ironſide on his entrance into the family of the Lizards appears to have been veſted with powers ſufficiently ample and uncircumſcribed. In a real ſituation not very diſſimilar to the imaginary one in which Steele here repreſents himſelf, the doctor in the family of the Thrales, took upon him at a greater rate; and the character of Guardian, as he managed it, was *not* too narrow, or too ſerious. *Steele it ſeems, thought himſelf not at liberty to pay his addreſſes to lady Lizard, after the death of her huſband, his conſtituent. See Guardian, N° 1, N° 2, N° 5, &c. and Letters to and from Dr. Johnſon, 8vo. 2 vols. 1788, *paſſim*.

Airs[b], that excellent penman, has taken care to affix his own image oppofite to the title-page of his learned treatife, wherein he inftructs the youth of his nation to arrive at a flourifhing hand. The Author of The Key to Intereft, both fimple and compound, containing practical rules plainly expreffed in words at length for all rates of intereft and times of payment for what time foever, makes up to us the misfortune of his living at Chefter, by following the example of the above-mentioned Airs, and coming up to town, over-againft his title-page, in a very becoming periwig, and a flowing robe or mantle, inclofed in a circle of foliages; below his portraiture, for our farther fatisfaction as to the age of that ufeful writer, is fubfcribed '*Johannes Ward de civitat. Ceftriæ, ætat. fuæ 58. An. Dom.* 1706.' The ferene afpect of thefe writers, joined with the great encouragement I obferve is given to another, or what is indeed to be fufpected, in which he indulges himfelf, confirmed me in the notion I have of the prevalence of ambition this way. The author whom I hint at fhall be namelefs, but his countenance is communicated to the public in feveral views and afpects drawn by the moft eminent painters, and forwarded by engravers, artifts by way of mezzo-tinto, etchers, and the like[c]. There was, I remember, fome years ago, one John Gale, a fellow that played upon a pipe, and diverted

[b] See Tat. with notes, N° 261, and the additional notes, Vol. VI.

[c] Dr. Sacheverell, who was highly honoured in this way, being placed in effigy on handkerchiefs, fans, urinals, &c.

the multitude by dancing in a ring they made about him, whoſe face became generally known, and the artiſts employed their ſkill in delineating his features, becauſe every man was a judge of the ſimilitude of them. There is little elſe, than what this John Gale arrived at, in the advantages men enjoy from common fame; yet do I fear it has always a part in moving us to exert ourſelves in ſuch things, as ought to derive their beginnings from nobler conſiderations. But I think it is no great matter to the publick what is the incentive which makes men beſtow time in their ſervice, provided there be any thing uſeful in what they produce; I ſhall proceed therefore to give an account of my intended labours, not without ſome hope of having my vanity, at the end of them, indulged in the ſort abovementioned.

I ſhould not have aſſumed the title of Guardian, had I not maturely conſidered, that the qualities, neceſſary for doing the duties of that character, proceed from the integrity of the mind, more than the excellence of the underſtanding. The former of theſe qualifications it is in the power of every man to arrive at; and the more he endeavours that way, the leſs will he want the advantages of the latter; to be faithful, to be honeſt, to be juſt, is what you will demand in the choice of your Guardian; or if you find added to this, that he is pleaſant, ingenious, and agreeable, there will overflow ſatisfactions which make for the ornament, if not ſo immediately to the uſe of your life. As to the diverting part of this paper, by what

aſſiſtance I ſhall be capacitated for that, as well as what proofs I have given of my behaviour as to integrity in former life, will appear from my hiſtory to be delivered in enſuing diſcourſes. The main purpoſe of the work ſhall be, to protect the modeſt, the induſtrious; to celebrate the wiſe, the valiant; to encourage the good, the pious; to confront the impudent, the idle; to contemn the vain, the cowardly; and to diſappoint the wicked and profane. This work cannot be carried on but by preſerving a ſtrict regard, not only to the duties but civilities of life, with the utmoſt impartiality towards things and perſons. The unjuſt application of the advantages of breeding and fortune, is the ſource of all calamity both public and private; the correction therefore, or rather admonition, of a Guardian in all the occurrences of a various being, if given with a benevolent ſpirit, would certainly be of general ſervice.

In order to contribute as far as I am able to it, I ſhall publiſh in reſpective papers whatever I think may conduce to the advancement of the converſation of gentlemen, the improvement of ladies, the wealth of traders, and the encouragement of artificers. The circumſtance relating to thoſe who excel in mechanicks, ſhall be conſidered with particular application. It is not to be immediately conceived by ſuch as have not turned themſelves to reflections of that kind, that Providence, to enforce and endear the neceſſity of ſocial life, has given one man's hands to another man's head, and the carpenter, the ſmith, the joiner, are as immediately neceſſary

to the mathematician, as my amanuenſis will be to me, to write much fairer than I can myſelf. I am ſo well convinced of this truth, that I ſhall have a particular regard to mechanicks; and, to ſhew my honour for them, I ſhall place at their head the painter. This gentleman is, as to the execution of his work, a mechanick; but as to his conception, his ſpirit, and deſign, he is hardly below even the poet, in liberal art. It will be from theſe conſiderations uſeful to make the world ſee, the affinity between all works which are beneficial to mankind is much nearer, than the illiberal arrogance of ſcholars will at all times allow. But I am from experience convinced of the importance of mechanick heads, and ſhall therefore take them all into my care from Rowley[d], who is improving the globes of the earth and heaven in Fleet-ſtreet, to Bat. Pigeon[e] the hair-cutter in the Strand.

But it will be objected upon what pretenſions I take upon me to put in for the *prochain ami*, or neareſt friend of all the world. How my head is accompliſhed for this employment towards the publick, from the long exerciſe of it in a private capacity, will appear by reading me the two or three next days with diligence and attention. There is no other paper in being which tends to this purpoſe. They are moſt of them hiſtories, or advices of publick

[d] See Spec. with notes, Vol. VII. N° 552, p. 324, and note.

[e] A ſhop was kept under this name, till very lately, almoſt oppoſite Arundel-ſtreet.

tranſactions; but as thoſe repreſentations affect the paſſions of my readers, I ſhall ſometimes take care, the day after a foreign mail, to give them an account of what it has brought. The parties amongſt us are too violent to make it poſſible to paſs them by without obſervation. As to theſe matters, I ſhall be impartial, though I cannot be neuter: I am, with relation to the government of the church, a tory, with regard to the ſtate, a whig.

The charge of intelligence, the pain in compiling and digeſting my thoughts in proper ſtile, and the like, oblige me to value my paper a half-penny above all other half-ſheets[f]. And all perſons who have any thing to communicate to me, are deſired to direct their letters (poſtage-paid) to Neſtor Ironſide, eſq. at Mr. Tonſon's in the Strand[g]. I declare beforehand, that I will at no time be converſed with any other way than by letter: for as I am an ancient man I ſhall find enough to do to give orders proper for their ſervice, to whom I am by will of their parents Guardian, though I take that to be too narrow a ſcene for me to paſs my whole life in. But I have got my Wards ſo well off

[f] Price two-pence. Guard. in folio.

[g] The true reaſon that Steele laid down the paper (The Guardian), was a quarrel between him and Jacob Tonſon. He ſtood engaged to his bookſeller in articles of penalty for all the Guardians; and by deſiſting two days, and altertering the title of the paper to that of The Engliſhman, was quit of his obligation; theſe papers being printed by Buckley. From a letter of Pope to Addiſon. See Addition to Pope's Works, &c. cr. 8vo. 2 vols. Vol. II. p. 84, and 85. ed. Baldwin.

my hands, and they are ſo able to act for themſelves, that I have little to do but give an hint, and all that I deſire to be amended is altered accordingly.

My deſign upon the whole is no leſs than to make the pulpit, the bar, and the ſtage, all act in concert in the care of piety, juſtice and virtue; for I am paſt all the regards of this life, and have nothing to manage with any perſon or party, but to deliver myſelf as becomes an old man with one foot in the grave, and one who thinks he is paſſing to eternity. All ſorrows which can arrive at me are comprehended in the ſenſe of guilt and pain; if I can keep clear of theſe two evils, I ſhall not be apprehenſive of any other. Ambition, luſt, envy, and revenge, are excreſcences of the mind, which I have cut off long ago: but as they are excreſcences which do not only deform, but alſo torment thoſe on whom they grow, I ſhall do all I can to perſuade all others to take the ſame meaſures for their cure which I have.

⁂ 'Did I tell you that Steele has begun a new daily paper, called The Guardian? They ſay good for nothing. I have not ſeen it.' Swift in a let. to Mrs. Dingley, dated Apr. 1, 1713. See Swift's Works, Vol. XIX, p. 273, ed. cr. 8vo. 1768. It is no great compliment to Steele, to believe that this daily paper, ſaid to be good for nothing, has done much more good than all Dr. Swift's voluminous writings.

Mr. Dennis, in a letter to ****, eſq. upon the firſt publiſhing The Guardians, writes as follows. 'As ſoon as you left me yeſterday, I ſent for all the Guardians which are publiſhed. As I have the honour to be acquainted with him [Steele whom he nicknames Teague] I am about to write a learned letter to him, in which I deſign to re-

proach him a little for his too conſtant gravity in his new production, and to let him know that ſquire Ironſide is too grave and too ſerious an offspring of his ludicrous anceſtors [Iſaac Bickerſtaff and the Spectator] and that the reader complains that he meets with nothing at all to divert him in it.—You muſt know, ſir, that this arduous undertaking is not carried on by Teague alone, but by a triple league. I ſhall give you an account of the two other confederates by the firſt opportunity.' Original Letters, Familiar, and Moral, by Mr. Dennis, 2 vol. 8vo. 1721, p. 284. It does not appear from the letters here quoted, that Mr. Dennis performed his promiſe to ****, eſq. The two confederates alluded to might probably be Addiſon and Pope, or perhaps Pope and Bp. Berkeley; for Mr. D. it ſeems, had not yet ſeen any of the humorous diverting papers to which Dr. Johnſon unreaſonably objected, excepting perhaps Pope's paper on dedications.

Nº 2. Friday, March 13, 1713.

By STEELE.

The readieſt way to proceed in my great undertaking, is to explain who I am myſelf that promiſe to give the town a daily half-ſheet: I ſhall therefore enter into my own hiſtory, without loſing any time in preamble. I was born in the year 1642, at a lone houſe within half a mile of the town of Brentford, in the county of Middleſex; my parents were of ability to beſtow upon me a liberal education, and of an humour to think that a great happineſs even in a fortune which was but juſt enough to keep me above want. In my ſixteenth year I was admitted a commoner of Magdalen-hall in Oxford. It is one great advantage, among many more, which men educated at our univerſities

do usually enjoy above others, that they often contract friendships there, which are of service to them in all the parts of their future life. This good fortune happened to me; for during the time of my being an under-graduate, I became intimately acquainted with Mr. Ambrose Lizard, who was a fellow-commoner of the neighbouring college. I have the honour to be well known to Mr. Josiah Pullen[h], of our hall abovementioned; and attribute the florid old age I now enjoy to my constant morning-walks up Hedington-hill in his cheerful company. If the gentleman be still living, I hereby give him my humble service. But as I was going to say, I contracted in my early youth an intimate friendship with young Mr. Lizard of Northamptonshire. He was sent for a little before he was of bachelor's standing, to be married to Mrs. Jane Lizard, an heiress, whose father would have it so for the sake of the name. Mr. Ambrose knew nothing of it till he came to Lizard-hall on Saturday night, saw the young lady at dinner the next day, and was married, by order of his father sir Ambrose, between eleven and twelve the Tuesday following. Some years after, when my friend came to be sir Ambrose himself, and finding upon proof of her, that he had lighted upon a good wife, he gave the curate who joined their hands the parsonage of Welt, not far off Wellinborough[i]. My friend was

[h] See Wood's Athenæ Oxon. Vol. II. p. 215. edit. 1691.

[i] How must a Northamptonshire-man stare at this mixture of truth and fiction! A.

married in the year 62, and every year following, for eighteen years together, I left the college (except that year wherein I was chosen fellow of Lincoln), and sojourned at sir Ambrose's for the months of June, July, and August. I remember very well, that it was on the 4th of July, in the year 1674, that I was reading in an arbour to my friend, and stopt of a sudden, observing he did not attend. 'Lay by your book,' said he, 'and let us take a turn in the grass-walk, for I have something to say to you.' After a silence for above forty yards, walking both of us with our eyes downward, one big to hear, the other to speak a matter of great importance, sir Ambrose expressed himself to this effect: 'My good friend,' said he, 'you may have observed that from the first moment I was in your company at Mr. Willis's chambers at University college, I ever after sought and courted you: that inclination towards you has improved from similitude of manners, if I may so say, when I tell you I have not observed in any man a greater candour and simplicity of mind than in yourself. You are a man that are not inclined to launch into the world, but prefer security and ease in a collegiate or single life, to going into the cares which necessarily attend a public character, or that of a master of a family. You see within, my son Marmaduke, my only child; I have a thousand anxieties upon me concerning him, the greater part of which I would transfer to you, and when I do so, I would make it in plain English worth your while.' He would not let me speak, but proceeded to

inform me, that he had laid the whole ſcheme of his affairs upon that foundation. As ſoon as we went into the houſe, he gave me a bill upon his goldſmith [k] in London, of two thouſand pounds, and told me with that he had purchaſed me, with all the talents I was maſter of, to be of his family, to educate his ſon, and to do all that ſhould ever lie in my power for the ſervice of him and his to my life's end, according to ſuch powers, truſts, and inſtructions, as I ſhould hereafter receive.

The reader will here make many ſpeeches for me, and without doubt ſuppoſe I told my friend he had retained me with a fortune to do that which I ſhould have thought myſelf obliged to by friendſhip: but, as he was a prudent man, and acted upon rules of life, which were leaſt liable to the variation of humour, time, or ſeaſon, I was contented to be obliged by him his own way; and believed I ſhould never enter into any alliance which ſhould divert me from purſuing the intereſts of his family, of which I ſhould hereafter underſtand myſelf a member. Sir Ambroſe told me, he ſhould lay no injunction upon me, which ſhould be inconſiſtent with any inclination I might have hereafter to change my condition. All he meant was, in general, to inſure his family from that peſt of great eſtates, the mercenary men of buſineſs who act for them, and in a few years become creditors to their maſters in greater ſums than half the income of their lands amounts to, though it is viſible

[k] A banker was called a goldſmith in 1713.

all which gave riſe to their wealth was a ſlight ſalary, for turning all the reſt, both eſtate and credit of that eſtate, to the uſe of their principals. To this purpoſe we had a very long conference that evening, the chief point of which was, that his only child Marmaduke was from that hour under my care, and I was engaged to turn all my thoughts to the ſervice of the child in particular, and all the concerns of the family in general. My moſt excellent friend was ſo well ſatisfied with my behaviour, that he made me his executor, and guardian to his ſon. My own conduct during that time, and my manner of educating his ſon Marmaduke to manhood, and the intereſt I had in him to the time of his death alſo, with my preſent conduct towards the numerous deſcendents of my old friend, will make, poſſibly, a ſeries of hiſtory of common life, as uſeful as the relations of the more pompous paſſages in the lives of princes and ſtateſmen. The widow of ſir Ambroſe, and the no leſs worthy relict of ſir Marmaduke, are both living at this time.

I am to let the reader know, that his chief entertainment will ariſe from what paſſes at the tea-table of my lady Lizard. That lady is now in the forty-ſixth year of her age, was married in the beginning of her ſixteenth, is bleſſed with a numerous offsping of each ſex, no leſs than four ſons and five daughters. She was the mother of this large family before ſhe arrived at her thirtieth year: about which time ſhe loſt her huſband ſir Marmaduke Lizard, a gentleman of great virtue and generoſity. He left behind

him an improved paternal eſtate of ſix thouſand pounds a year to his eldeſt ſon, and one year's revenue in ready money as a portion to each younger child. My lady's chriſtian name is Aſpaſia; and as it may give a certain dignity to our ſtyle to mention her by that name, we beg leave at diſcretion to ſay lady Lizard or Aſpaſia, according to the matter we ſhall treat of. When ſhe ſhall be conſulting about her caſh, her rents, her houſhold affairs, we will uſe the more familiar name; and when ſhe is employed in the forming the minds and ſentiments of her children, exerting herſelf in the acts of charity, or ſpeaking of matters of religion or piety, for the elevation of ſtyle we will uſe the word Aſpaſia. Aſpaſia is a lady of a great underſtanding and noble ſpirit. She has paſſed ſeveral years in widowhood, with that abſtinent enjoyment of life, which has done honour to her deceaſed huſband, and devolved reputation upon her children. As ſhe has both ſons and daughters marriageable, ſhe is viſited by many on that account, but by many more for her own merit. As there is no circumſtance in human life, which may not directly or indirectly concern a woman thus related, there will be abundant matter offer itſelf from paſſages in this family, to ſupply my readers with diverting, and perhaps uſeful notices for their conduct in all the incidents of human life. Placing money on mortgages, in the funds, upon bottomery, and almoſt all other ways of improving the fortune of a family, are practiſed by my lady Lizard with the beſt ſkill and advice.

The members of this family, their cares, paſ-

ſions, intereſts, and diverſions ſhall be repreſented from time to time, as news from the tea-table of ſo accompliſhed a woman as the intelligent and diſcreet lady Lizard.

N° 3. Saturday, March 14, 1713

By G. BERKELEY, D.D.

Quicquid eſt illud, quod ſentit, quod ſapit, quod vult, quod vigit, cœleſte et divinum eſt, ob eamque rem æternum ſic neceſſe eſt CICERO.

Whatever that be, which thinks, which underſtands, which wills, which acts, it is ſomething celeſtial and divine, and, upon that account, muſt neceſſarily be eternal.

I AM diverted from the account I was giving the town of my particular concerns, by caſting my eye upon a treatiſe, which I could not overlook without an inexcuſable negligence, and want of concern for all the civil, as well as religious intereſts of mankind. This piece has for its title A Diſcourſe of Free-thinking, occaſioned by the riſe and growth of a Sect called Free-thinkers[1]. The author very methodically enters upon his argument, and ſays, 'By free-thinking, I mean the uſe of the underſtanding in endeavouring to find out the meaning of any propoſition whatſoever, in conſidering the nature of the evidence for, or againſt, and in judging of it according to the ſeeming force or weakneſs of the evidence.' As ſoon as he has

[1] By Anthony Collins. See Biograph. Brit. Art. Collins; Guardian N° 9, *ad finem*, and N° 39.

delivered this definition, from which one would expect he did not deſign to ſhew a particular inclination for or againſt any thing before he had conſidered it, he gives up all title to the character of a free-thinker, with the moſt apparent prejudice againſt a body of men, whom of all other a good man would be moſt careful not to violate, I mean men in holy orders. Perſons who have devoted themſelves to the ſervice of God, are venerable to all who fear him; and it is a certain characteriſtic of a diſſolute and ungoverned mind, to rail or ſpeak diſreſpectfully of them in general. It is certain, that in ſo great a crowd of men ſome will intrude, who are of tempers very unbecoming their function; but becauſe ambition and avarice are ſometimes lodged in that boſom, which ought to be the dwelling of ſanctity and devotion, muſt this unreaſonable author vilify the whole order? He has not taken the leaſt care to diſguiſe his being an enemy to the perſons againſt whom he writes, nor any where granted that the inſtitution of religious men to ſerve at the altar, and inſtruct ſuch who are not as wiſe as himſelf, is at all neceſſary or deſirable; but proceeds, without the leaſt apology, to undermine their credit, and fruſtrate their labours: whatever clergymen, in diſputes againſt each other, have unguardedly uttered, is here recorded in ſuch a manner as to affect religion itſelf, by wreſting conceſſions to its diſadvantage from its own teachers. If this be true, as ſure any man that reads the diſcourſe muſt allow it is; and if religion is the ſtrongeſt tie of human ſo-

ciety; in what manner are we to treat this our common enemy, who promotes the growth of ſuch a ſect as he calls free-thinkers? He that ſhould burn a houſe, and juſtify the action by aſſerting he is a free agent, would be more excuſable than this author in uttering what he has from the right of a free-thinker. But there are a ſet of dry, joyleſs, dull fellows, who want capacities and talents to make a figure amongſt mankind upon benevolent and generous principles, that think to ſurmount their own natural meanneſs, by laying offences in the way of ſuch as make it their endeavour to excel upon the received maxims and honeſt arts of life. If it were poſſible to laugh at ſo melancholy an affair as what hazards ſalvation, it would be no unpleaſant inquiry to aſk what ſatisfactions they reap, what extraordinary gratification of ſenſe, or what delicious libertiniſm this ſect of free-thinkers enjoy, after getting looſe of the laws which confine the paſſions of other men? Would it not be a matter of mirth to find, after all, that the heads of this growing ſect are ſober wretches, who prate whole evenings over coffee, and have not themſelves fire enough to be any further debauchees, than merely in principle? Theſe ſages of iniquity are, it ſeems, themſelves only ſpeculatively wicked, and are contented that all the abandoned young men of the age are kept ſafe from reflection by dabbling in their rhapſodies, without taſting the pleaſures for which their doctrines leave them unaccountable. Thus do heavy mortals, only to gratify a dry pride of heart, give up the in-

terefts of another world, without enlarging their gratifications in this; but it is certain there are a fort of men that can puzzle truth, but cannot enjoy the fatisfaction of it. This fame free-thinker is a creature unacquainted with the emotions which poffefs great minds when they are turned for religion, and it is apparent that he is untouched with any fuch fenfation as the rapture of devotion. Whatever one of thefe fcorners may think, they certainly want parts to be devout; and a fenfe of piety towards heaven, as well as the fenfe of any thing elfe, is lively and warm in proportion to the faculties of the head and heart. This gentleman may be affured he has not a tafte for what he pretends to decry, and the poor man is certainly more a blockhead than an atheift. I muft repeat, that he wants capacity to relifh what true piety is; and he is as capable of writing an heroic poem, as making a fervent prayer. When men are thus low and narrow in their apprehenfions of things, and at the fame time vain, they are naturally led to think every thing they do not underftand, not to be underftood. Their contradiction to what is urged by others, is a neceffary confequence of their incapacity to receive it. The atheiftical fellows who appeared the laft age did not ferve the devil for nought, but revelled in exceffes fuitable to their principles; while in thefe unhappy days mifchief is done for mifchief's fake. Thefe free-thinkers, who lead the lives of reclufe ftudents, for no other purpofe but to difturb the fentiments of other men, put me in mind of the monftrous

recreation of thoſe late wild youths, who, without provocation, had a watonneſs in ſtabbing and defacing thoſe they met with. When ſuch writers as this, who has no ſpirit but that of malice, pretend to inform the age, mohocks and cut-throats may well ſet up for wits and men of pleaſure.

It will be perhaps expected, that I ſhould produce ſome inſtances of the ill intention of this free-thinker, to ſupport the treatment I here give him. In his 52d page he ſays,

'Secondly, The prieſts throughout the world differ about ſcriptures, and the authority of ſcriptures. The Bramins have a book of ſcripture called the ſhaſter. The Perſes have their zundavaſtaw. The Bonzes of China have books written by the diſciples of Fo-he, whom they call the 'God and Saviour of the world, who was born to teach the way of ſalvation, and to give ſatisfaction for all mens ſins.' The Talapoins of Siam have a book of ſcripture written by Sommonocodom, who, the Siameſe ſay, was 'born of a virgin, and was the God expected by the univerſe.' The Derviſes have their alcoran.'

I believe there is no one will diſpute the author's great impartiality in ſetting down the accounts of theſe different religions. And I think it is pretty evident he delivers the matter with an air which betrays that the hiſtory of 'one born of a virgin' has as much authority with him from St. Sommonocodom as from St. Matthew. Thus he treats revelation. Then as to philoſophy, he tells you, p. 136, 'Cicero pro-

duces this as an inſtance of a probable opinion, that they who ſtudy philoſophy do not believe there are any Gods;' and then, from conſideration of various notions, he affirms Tully concludes, 'that there can be nothing after death.'

As to what he miſrepreſents of Tully, the ſhort ſentence on the head of this paper is enough to oppoſe; but who can have patience to reflect upon the aſſemblage of impoſtures among which our author places the religion of his country? As for my part, I cannot ſee any poſſible interpretation to give this work, but a deſign to ſubvert and ridicule the authority of ſcripture. The peace and tranquility of the nation, and regards even above thoſe, are ſo much concerned in this matter, that it is difficult to expreſs ſufficient ſorrow for the offender, or indignation againſt him. But if ever man deſerved to be denied the common benefits of air and water, it is the author of A Diſcourſe of Free-thinking.

⁎ Adv. Bat Pidgeon the Hair-cutter in the Strand, cuts gentlemens, ladies, and children's hair on Mondays, Wedneſdays, and Saturdays at his houſe, exactly againſt Surrey-ſtreet, near the May-pole. On Tueſdays, Thurſdays, and Fridays, he will wait upon gentlemen and ladies where deſired. Guard. in folio.

An advertiſement of books juſt publiſhed by J. Tonſon *ibidem*, concludes in the following manner. 'Tatlers in 4 volumes, 8vo. and 12mo. Spectators in 4 volumes, 8vo. and 12mo. N. B. The three laſt volumes of the Spectator will be publiſhed in a few days.'

The 8th volume of the Spectator had not yet appeared even in folio, the firſt number of it bearing date, Jan. 18, 1714.

⁎ Juſt publiſhed a print of Mr. Steele, done from an original picture, painted by ſir G. Kneller. Sold by J. Tonſon, at Shakeſpear's Head, againſt Catharine-ſtreet, in the Strand. Poſt Boy, S S S S, N° 2782.

*** The libary of the reverend Dr. John Luke, late professor of Arabic in the university of Cambridge, being a curious collection of books in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, English, French, and Italian languages, will be sold the fair way, the price on the first leaf, on the 17th of this month, at 8 in the morning, at Mr. Gyles's, a bookseller over against Gray's-inn in Holborn. Written catalogues may be seen at the place of sale. Post Boy, March 14, 1712-13.

On Sunday last lord Petre died of the small-pox; and on Friday last died sir Owen Buckingham, alderman of Bishopsgate ward. Yesterday came on the election of his successor, when sir William Withers and Mr. Joseph Lawrence appeared to have a great majority; but a poll was demanded and granted. *Ibidem*, March 21.

N° 4. Monday, March 16, 1713.

By POPE.

It matters not how false or forc'd,
So the best things be said o' th' worst;
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
Only the arrow's drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a swan or goose
They level at: So shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip
Both of their sound and rotten sheep.

HUDIBRAS.

THOUGH most things which are wrong in their own nature are at once confessed and absolved in that single word Custom; yet there are some, which as they have a dangerous tendency, a thinking man will the less excuse on that very account. Among these I cannot but reckon the common practice of dedications, which is of so much the worse consequence, as it is generally used by people of politeness, and whom

a learned education for the moſt part ought to have inſpired with nobler and juſter ſentiments. This proſtitution of praiſe is not only a deceit upon the groſs of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the learned; but alſo the better ſort muſt by this means loſe ſome part at leaſt of that deſire of fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiſcuouſly beſtowed on the meritorious and undeſerving: Nay, the author himſelf, let him be ſuppoſed to have ever ſo true a value for the patron, can find no terms to expreſs it, but what have been already uſed, and rendered ſuſpected by flatterers. Even truth itſelf in a dedication is like an honeſt man in a diſguiſe, or vizormaſk, and will appear a cheat by being dreſſed ſo like one. Tho' the merit of the perſon is beyond diſpute, I ſee no reaſon that becauſe one man is eminent therefore another has a right to be impertinent and throw praiſes in his face. Tis juſt the reverſe of the practice of the ancient Romans, when a perſon was advanced to triumph for his ſervices. As they hired people to rail at him in that circumſtance to make him as humble as they could, we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Suppoſing the writer not to be mercenary, yet the great man is no more in reaſon obliged to thank him for his picture in a dedication, than to thank a painter for that on a ſign-poſt; except it be a leſs injury to touch the moſt ſacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I ſhould think nothing juſtified me in this point,

but the patron's permiſſion beforehand, that I ſhould draw him, as like as I could; whereas moſt authors proceed in this affair juſt as a dawber I have heard of, who not being able to draw portraits after the life, was uſed to paint faces at random, and look out afterwards for people whom he might perſuade to be like them. To expreſs my notion of the thing in a word: to ſay more to a man than one thinks, with a proſpect of intereſt, is diſhoneſt; and without it, fooliſh. And whoever has had ſucceſs in ſuch an undertaking, muſt of neceſſity, at once, think himſelf in his heart a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have ſometimes been entertained with conſidering dedications in no very common light. By obſerving what qualities our writers think it will be moſt pleaſing to others to compliment them with, one may form ſome judgment which are moſt ſo to themſelves; and in conſequence, what ſort of people they are. Without this view one can read very few dedications but will give us cauſe to wonder, either how ſuch things came to be ſaid at all, or how they were ſaid to ſuch perſons? I have known an hero complimented upon the decent majeſty and ſtate he aſſumed after victory, and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his condeſcenſion to inferiors. This would have ſeemed very ſtrange to me, but that I happened to know the authors. He who made the firſt compliment was a lofty gentleman, whoſe air and gait diſcovered when he had publiſhed a new book; and the other tippled every night with the fel-

lows who laboured at the preſs while his own writings were working off. It is obſervable of the female poets and ladies dedicatory, that here (as elſewhere) they far exceed us in any ſtrain or rant. As beauty is the thing that ſex are piqued upon, they ſpeak of it generally in a more elevated ſtile than is uſed by the men. They adore in the ſame manner as they would be adored. So when the authoreſs of a famous modern romance [m] begs a young nobleman's permiſſion to pay him her 'kneeling adorations,' I am far from cenſuring the expreſſion, as ſome criticks would do, as deficient in grammar or ſenſe; but I reflect, that adorations paid in that poſture are what a lady might expect herſelf, and my wonder immediately ceaſes. Theſe, when they flatter moſt, do but as they would be done unto: for as none are ſo much concerned at being injured by calumnies, as they who are readieſt to caſt them upon their neighbours; ſo it is certain none are ſo guilty of flattery to others, as thoſe who moſt ardently deſire it themſelves.

What led me into theſe thoughts, was a dedication I happened upon this morning. The reader muſt underſtand that I treat the leaſt inſtances or remains of ingenuity with reſpect, in what places ſoever found, or under whatever circumſtances of diſadvantage. From this love to letters I have been ſo happy in my ſearches after knowledge, that I have found unvalued repoſitories of learning in the lining of bandboxes. I look upon theſe paſteboard edifices, adorned

[m] Mrs. Manley, authoreſs of the Memoirs from the New Atlantis.

with the fragments of the ingenious, with the ſame veneration as antiquaries upon ruined buildings, whoſe walls preſerve divers inſcriptions and names, which are no where elſe to be found in the world. This morning, when one of the lady Lizard's daughters was looking over ſome hoods and ribbands, brought by her tirewoman, with great care and diligence, I employed no leſs in examining the box which contained them; it was lined with certain ſcenes of a tragedy, written (as appeared by part of the title there extent) by one of the fair ſex. What was moſt legible was the dedication; which, by reaſon of the largeneſs of the characters, was leaſt defaced by thoſe gothick ornaments of flouriſhes and foliage, wherewith the compilers of theſe ſort of ſtructures do often induſtriouſly obſcure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any eaſe, I ſhall communicate to the reader, as follows.

'*** Though it is a kind of profanation to approach your grace with ſo poor an offering, yet when I reflect how acceptable a ſacrifice of firſt-fruits was to Heaven, in the earlieſt and pureſt ages of religion, that they were honoured with ſolemn feaſts, and conſecrated to altars by a divine command, *** upon that conſideration, as an argument of particular zeal, I dedicate *** It is impoſſible to behold you without adoring; yet dazzled and awed by the glory that ſurrounds you, men feel a ſacred power, that refines their flames, and renders them pure as thoſe we ought to offer to the Deity. *** The ſhrine is worth the divinity that inhabits it. In your

grace we ſee what woman was before ſhe fell, how nearly allied to the purity and perfection of angels. And WE ADORE AND BLESS THE GLORIOUS WORK!'

Undoubtedly theſe, and other periods of this moſt pious dedication, could not but convince the ducheſs of what the eloquent authoreſs aſſures her at the end, that ſhe was her ſervant with moſt ardent devotion. I think this pattern of a new ſort of ſtyle, not yet taken notice of by the criticks, which is above the ſublime, and may be called the celeſtial; that is, when the moſt ſacred phraſes appropriated to the honour of the Deity are applied to a mortal of good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this lady, to be the inventor, or, at leaſt, the firſt producer of a kind of dedication, very different from hers and moſt others, ſince it has not a word but what the author religiouſly thinks in it. It may ſerve for almoſt any book, either proſe or verſe, that has been, is, or ſhall be publiſhed, and might run in this manner.

The Author to Himſelf.

MOST HONOURED SIR,

THESE labours, upon many conſiderations, ſo properly belong to none as to you. Firſt, as it was your moſt earneſt deſire alone that could prevail upon me to make them public. Then as I am ſecure (from that conſtant indulgence you have ever ſhewn to all which is mine) that no man will ſo readily take them into protection, or ſo zealouſly defend them. Moreover, there is none

can ſo ſoon diſcover the beauties; and there are ſome parts, which it is poſſible few beſides yourſelf are capable of underſtanding. Sir, the honour, affection, and value I have for you are beyond expreſſion; as great, I am ſure, or greater, than any man elſe can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to diſcover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but thoſe perſons are actuated purely by a ſpirit of malice or envy, the inſeparable attendants on ſhining merit and parts, ſuch as I have always eſteemed yours to be. It may perhaps be looked upon as a kind of violence to modeſty, to ſay this to you in publick; but you may believe me, it is no more than I have a thouſand times thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulſe of my ſoul, there is no ſubject I could launch into with more pleaſure than your panegyrick. But ſince ſomething is due to modeſty, let me conclude by telling you, that there is nothing ſo much I deſire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happineſs of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you ſome real ſervice; but till then can only aſſure you that I ſhall continue to be, as I am more than any man alive,

Deareſt Sir,

your affectionate friend, and

the greateſt of your admirers [n].

*** Adv. The author leaves a ſpace in this fourth column to receive Advertiſements for the good of his country. Guard. in folio.

[n] By Pope. See the Publiſher to the Reader.

_ Juſt publiſhed, The public Spirit of the Tories, manifeſted in the caſe of the Iriſh Dean, and his man Timothy. Price 3d. Flying Poſt, or The Poſt Maſter, N° 3463. March 13—16, 1713.

_ We have advice from Naples, that the earl of Shafteſbury died there of an aſthma. He is ſucceeded by his ſon about two years old. Poſt Boy, March 12, 1712-13. On Saturday laſt died the counteſs of Faulconbridge, daughter of Oliver Cromwell. Mr. Vanbrugh is turned out of his places, except that in the Herald's-office, which is for life. *Ibidem*, March 14—17, N° 2785.

Nº 5. Tueſday, March 17, 1713.

By STEELE.

Laudantur ſimili prole puerperæ.

Hor. 4 Od. v. 23.

The mother's virtues in the daughters ſhine.

I have in my ſecond paper mentioned the family into which I was retained by the friend of my youth; and given the reader to underſtand, that my obligations to it are ſuch as might well naturalize me into the intereſts of it. They have, indeed, had their deſerved effect, and if it were poſſible for a man who has never entered into the ſtate of marriage to know the inſtincts of a kind father to an honourable and numerous houſe, I may ſay I have done it. I do not know but my regards, in ſome conſiderations, have been more uſeful than thoſe of a father; and as I wanted all that tenderneſs, which is the bias of inclination in men towards their own offspring, I have had a greater command of reaſon when I was to judge of what concerned my wards, and conſequently was not prompted, by my partiality

and fondneſs towards their perſons, to tranſgreſs againſt their intereſts.

As the female part of a family is the more conſtant and immediate object of care and protection, and the more liable to misfortune or diſhonour, as being in themſelves more ſenſible of the former, and from cuſtom and opinion for leſs offences more expoſed to the latter; I ſhall begin with the more delicate part of my guardianſhip, the women of the family of Lizard. The ancient and religious lady, the dowager of my friend ſir Ambroſe, has for ſome time eſtranged herſelf from converſation, and admits only of the viſits of her own family. The obſervation, that old people remember beſt thoſe things which entered into their thoughts when their memories were in their full ſtrength and vigour, is very remarkably exemplified in this good lady and myſelf when we are in converſation; I chooſe indeed to go thither, to divert any anxiety or wearineſs, which at any time I find grow upon me from any preſent buſineſs or care. It is ſaid, that a little mirth and diverſion are what recreate the ſpirits upon thoſe occaſions; but there is a kind of ſorrow from which I draw a conſolation that ſtrengthens my faculties and enlarges my mind beyond any thing that can flow from merriment. When we meet, we ſoon get over any occurrence which paſſed the day before, and are in a moment hurried back to thoſe days which only we call good ones; the paſſages of the times when we were in faſhion, with the countenances, behaviour and jollity, ſo much, forſooth, above what any appear in now, are preſent to our imaginations,

and almoſt to our very eyes. This converſation revives to us the memory of a friend, that was more than a brother to me; of a huſband, that was dearer than life to her: diſcourſes about that dear and worthy man generally ſend her to her cloſet, and me to the diſpatch of ſome neceſſary buſineſs, which regards the remains, I would ſay the numerous deſcendants of my generous friend. I am got, I know not how, out of what I was going to ſay of this lady; which was that ſhe is far gone towards a better world; and I mention her (only with reſpect to this) as ſhe is the object of veneration to thoſe who are derived from her: whoſe behaviour towards her may be an example to others, and make the generality of young people apprehend, that when the ancient are paſt all offices of life, it is then the young are to exert themſelves in their moſt laudable duties towards them.

The widow of ſir Marmaduke is to be conſidered in a very different view. My lady is not in the ſhining bloom of life, but at thoſe years, wherein the gratifications of an ample fortune, thoſe of pomp and equipage, of being much eſteemed, much viſited, and generally admired, are uſually more ſtrongly purſued than in younger days. In this condition ſhe might very well add the pleaſures of courtſhip, and the grateful perſecution of being followed by a croud of lovers; but ſhe is an excellent mother and great œconomiſt; which conſiderations, joined with the pleaſure of living her own way, preſerve her againſt the intruſion of love. I will not ſay that my lady has not a ſecret vanity in being ſtill a

fine woman, and neglecting thoſe addreſſes, to which perhaps we in part owe her conſtancy in that her neglect.

Her daughter Jane, her eldeſt child of that ſex, is in the twenty-third year of her age, a lady who forms herſelf after the pattern of her mother; but in my judgment, as ſhe happens to be extremely like her, ſhe ſometimes makes her court unſkilfully, in affecting that likeneſs in her very mien, which gives the mother an uneaſy ſenſe, that Mrs. Jane really is what her parent has a mind to continue to be; but it is poſſible I am too obſerving in this particular, and this might be overlooked in them both, in reſpect to greater circumſtances: for Mrs. Jane is the right hand of her mother; it is her ſtudy and conſtant endeavour to aſſiſt her in the management of her houſhold, to keep all idle whiſpers from her, and diſcourage them before they can come at her from any other hand; to inforce every thing that makes for the merit of her brothers and ſiſters towards her, as well as the diligence and chearfulneſs of her ſervants. It is by Mrs. Jane's management, that the whole family is governed, neither by love nor fear, but a certain reverence which is compoſed of both. Mrs. Jane is what one would call a perfect good young woman; but neither ſtrict piety, diligence in domeſtick affairs, or any other avocation, have preſerved her againſt love, which ſhe bears to a young gentleman of great expectation but ſmall fortune; at the ſame time, that men of very great eſtates aſk her of her mother. My lady tells her that prudence muſt give way to paſſion; ſo that Mrs. Jane, if

I cannot accomodate the matter, muſt conquer more than one paſſion, and out of prudence baniſh the man ſhe loves, and marry the man ſhe hates.

The next daughter is Mrs. Annabella, who has a very lively wit, a great deal of good ſenſe, is very pretty, but gives me much trouble for her from a certain diſhoneſt cunning I know in her; ſhe can ſeem blind and careleſs, and full of herſelf only, and entertain with twenty affected vanities, whilſt ſhe is obſerving all the company, laying up ſtore for ridicule; and in a word, is ſelfiſh, and intereſted under all the agreeable qualities in the world. Alas, what ſhall I do with this girl!

Mrs. Cornelia paſſes away her time very much in reading, and that with ſo great an attention, that it gives her the air of a ſtudent, and has an ill effect upon her as ſhe is a fine young woman; the giddy part of the ſex will have it ſhe is in love; none will allow that ſhe affects ſo much being alone, but for want of particular company. I have railed at romances before her, for fear of her falling into thoſe deep ſtudies: ſhe has fallen in with my humour that way for the time, but I know not how, my imprudent prohibition has, it ſeems, only excited her curioſity; and I am afraid ſhe is better read than I know of, for ſhe ſaid of a glaſs of water in which ſhe was going to waſh her hands after dinner, dipping her fingers with a pretty lovely air, 'It is cryſtalline.' I ſhall examine further, and wait for clearer proofs.

Mrs. Betty is (I cannot by what means or me-

thods imagine) grown mightily acquainted with what paſſes in the town; ſhe knows all that matter of my lord ſuch-a-one's leading my lady-ſuch-one out from the play; ſhe is prodigiouſly acquainted, all of a ſudden, with the world, and aſked her ſiſter Jane the other day in an argument, 'Dear ſiſter; how ſhould you know any thing, that hear nothing but what we do in our own family?' I do not much like her maid.

Mrs. Mary, the youngeſt daughter, whom they rally and call Mrs. Ironſide, becauſe I have named her the Sparkler, is the very quinteſſence of good-nature and generoſity; ſhe is the perfect picture of her grandfather; and if one can imagine all good qualities which adorn human life become feminine, the ſeeds, nay, the bloſſom of them, are apparent in Mrs. Mary. It is a weakneſs I cannot get over, (for how ridiculous is a regard to the bodily perfections of a man who is dead) but I cannot reſiſt my partiality to this child, for being ſo like her grandfather; how often have I turned from her, to hide the melting of my heart when ſhe has been talking to me! I am ſure the child has no ſkill in it, for artifice could not dwell under that viſage; but if I am abſent a day from the family, ſhe is ſure to be at my lodging the next morning to know what is the matter.

At the head of theſe children, who have very plentiful fortunes, provided they marry with mine and their mother's conſent, is my lady Lizard; who, you cannot doubt, is very well viſited. Sir William Oger, and his ſon almoſt at age, are frequently at our houſe on a double conſidera-

tion. The knight is willing (for ſo he very gallantly expreſſes himſelf) to marry the mother, or he will conſent, whether that be ſo or not, that his ſon Oliver ſhall take any one of the daughters Noll likes beſt.

Mr. Rigburt of the ſame county, who gives in his eſtate much larger, and his family more ancient, offers to deal with us for two daughters.

Sir Harry Pandolf has writ word from his ſeat in the country, that he alſo is much inclined to an alliance with the Lizards, which he has declared in the following letter to my lady; ſhe ſhewed it me this morning.

'MADAM,

'I HAVE heard your daughters very well ſpoken of: and though I have very great offers in my own neighbourhood, and heard the ſmall-pox is very rife at London, I will ſend my eldeſt ſon to ſee them, provided that by your ladyſhip's anſwer, and your liking of the rent-roll which I ſend herewith, your ladyſhip aſſures me he ſhall have one of them, for I do not think to have my ſon refuſed by any woman; and ſo, Madam, I conclude,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

HENRY PANDOLF.'

*** Adv. Juſt publiſhed, the ſecond edition of Queries, recommended to the Authors of the late Diſcourſe of Free-thinking. By a Chriſtian. Price 4d. See Guard. Nº 3.

*** Juſt publiſhed, The Lives of the two illuſtrious Generals, John Duke of Marlborough, and Francis Eugene prince of Savoy; with both their effigies, engraved by Mr. Vandergutch. Price 4s. Printed for A. Bell at the Bible and

Crofs Keys, and J. Phillips at the Black Bull in Cornhill; and fold by J. Baker in Paternofter-row. Where may be had, What has been, may be, &c. To which is added, The Tryal of the Seven Bifhops, price 1s. and Inftructions to the Twelve New Lights lately fprung up at G—— H——, &c. Guard. in folio.

N° 6. Wednefday, March 18, 1712-13.

BY STEELE.

I HAVE difpatched my young women, and the town has them among them; it is neceffary for the elucidation of my future difcourfes, which I defire may be denominated, as they are the precepts of a Guardian, Mr. Ironfide's Precautions: I fay it is, after what has been already declared, in the next place neceffary to give an account of the males, of this worthy family, whofe annals I am writing. The affairs of women being chiefly domeftick, and not made up of fo many circumftances as the duties of men are, I fear I cannot difpatch the account of the males under my care, in fo few words as I did the explanation which regarded my women.

Sir Harry Lizard, of the county of Northampton, fon and heir of the late fir Marmaduke, is now entered upon the twenty-fixth year of his age, and is now at his feat in the country.

The eftate at prefent in his hands is above three thoufand a year after payment of taxes, and all neceffary charges whatfoever. He is a man of good underftanding, but not at all what is ufually called a man of fhining parts His virtues are much greater than his accomplifhments, as to

his converſation. But when you come to conſider his conduct with relation to his manners and fortune, it would be a very great injury not to allow him [to be] a very fine gentleman. It has been carefully provided in his education, that he ſhould be very ready at calculations. This gives him a quick alarm inwardly upon all undertakings; and in a much ſhorter time than is uſual with men who are not verſed in buſineſs, he is maſter of the queſtion before him, and can inſtantly inform himſelf with great exactneſs in the matter of profit or loſs that ſhall ariſe from any thing propoſed to him. The ſame capacity, joined to an honeſt nature, makes him very juſt to other men, as well as to himſelf. His payments are very punctual, and I dare anſwer he never did, or ever will, undertake any piece of building, or any ornamental improvement of his houſe, garden, park or lands, before the money is in his own pocket, wherewith he is to pay for ſuch undertaking. He is too good to purchaſe labourers or artificers (as by this means he certainly could) at an under rate; but he has by this means what I think he deſerves from his ſuperior prudence, the choice of all who are moſt knowing and able to ſerve him. With his ready money the builder, maſon, and carpenter, are enabled to make their market of gentlemen in his neighbourhood, who inconſiderately employ them; and often pay their undertakers by ſale of ſome of their land: whereas, were the lands on which thoſe improvements are made, ſold to the artificers, the buildings would be rated as lumber in the purchaſe. Sir Harry has for ever a year's income, to extend

his charity, ſerve his pleaſures, or regale his friends. His ſervants, his cattle, his goods ſpeak their maſter a rich man. Thoſe about his perſon, as his bailif, the groom of his chamber, and his butler, have a chearful, not a gay air; the ſervants below them ſeem to live in plenty, but not in wantonneſs. As ſir Harry is a young man, and of an active diſpoſition, his beſt figure is on horſe-back. But before I ſpeak of that, I ſhould acquaint you, that during his infancy all the young gentlemen of the neighbourhood were welcome to a part of the houſe, which was called the ſchool; where, at the charge of the family, there was a grammar-maſter, a plain ſober man, maintained (with a ſalary, beſides his diet, of fifty pounds a year) to inſtruct all ſuch children of gentlemen, or lower people, as would partake of his education. As they grew up, they were allowed to ride out with him upon his horſes. They were always ten or twelve for the ſaddle in readineſs to attend him and his favourites, in the choice of whom he ſhewed a good diſpoſition, and diſtributed his kindneſs among them, by turns, with great good-nature. All horſes both for the ſaddle, and ſwift draught, were very well bitted, and a ſkilful rider, with a riding-houſe, wherein he (the riding-maſter) commanded, had it in order to teach any gentleman's ſon of the county that would pleaſe to learn that exerciſe. We found our account in this proceeding, as well in real profit, as in eſteem and power in the country; for as the whole ſhire is now poſſeſſed by gentlemen, who owe ſir Harry a part of education, which they all value themſelves upon

(their horſemanſhip); they prefer his horſes to all others, and it is 10 *per cent.* in the price of a ſteed, which appears to come out of his riding-houſe.

By this means it is, that ſir Harry, as I was going to ſay, makes the beſt figure on horſeback, for his uſual hours of being in the field are well known; and at thoſe ſeaſons the neighbouring gentlemen, his friends and ſchool-fellows, take a pleaſure in giving him their company, with their ſervants well behaved, and horſes well commanded.

I cannot enough applaud ſir Harry for a particular care in his horſes. He not only bitts all which are ridden, but alſo all which are for the coach or ſwift draught, for grace adds mightily to the price of ſtrength; and he finds his account in it at all markets, more eſpecially for the coach or troop horſes, of which that county produces the moſt ſtrong and oſtentatious. To keep up a breed for any uſe whatever, he gives plates for the beſt performing horſe in every way in which that animal can be ſerviceable. There is ſuch a prize for him that trots beſt, ſuch for the beſt walker, ſuch for the beſt galloper, ſuch for the beſt pacer; then for him who draws moſt in ſuch a time to ſuch a place, then to him that carries beſt ſuch a load on his back. He delights in this, and has an admirable fancy in the dreſs of the riders: ſome admired country girl is to hold the prize, her lovers to trot, and not to mend their pace into a gollop, when they are out-trotted by a rival; ſome known country wit to come upon the beſt pacer; theſe and the like

little joyful arts, gain him the love of all who do not know his worth, and the esteem of all who do. Sir Harry is no friend to the race-horse; he is of opinion it is inhumane, that animals should be put upon their utmost strength and mettle for our diversion only. However not to be particular, he puts in for the queen's plate every year, with orders to his rider never to win or be distanced; and, like a good country gentleman, says, it is a fault in all ministries that they encourage no kind of horses but those which are swift.

As I write lives, I dwell upon small matters, being of opinion with Plutarch, that little circumstances show the real man better than things of greater moment. But good œconomy is the characteristic of the Lizards. I remember a circumstance about six years ago, that gave me hopes he would one time or other make a figure in parliament; for he is a landed man, and considers his interest, though he is such, to be impaired or promoted according to the state of trade. When he was but twenty years old, I took an opportunity in his presence, to ask an intelligent woollen-draper, what he gave for his shop, [at] the corner of Change-alley? The shop is I believe fourteen feet long, and eight broad. I was answered, Ninety pounds a year. I took no notice, but the thought descended into the breast of sir Harry, and I saw on his table the next morning a computation of the value of land in an island, consisting of so many miles, with so many good ports; the value of each part of the said island, as it lay to such ports, and produced

ſuch commodities. The whole of his working was to know why ſo few yards, near the Change, was ſo much better than ſo many acres in Northamptonſhire; and what thoſe acres in Northamptonſhire would be worth, were there no trade at all in this iſland.

It makes my heart ake, when I think of this young man, and conſider upon what plain maxims, and in what ordinary methods men of eſtate may do good wherever they are ſeated; that ſo many ſhould be what they are! It is certain, that the arts which purchaſe wealth or fame, will maintain them; and I attribute the ſplendour and long continuance of this family, to the felicity of having the genius of the founder of it run through all his male line. Old ſir Harry, the great-grandfather of this gentleman, has written in his own hand upon all the deeds, which he ever ſigned, in the humour of that ſententious age, this ſentence, 'There are four good mothers, of whom are often born four unhappy daughters; truth begets hatred, happineſs pride, ſecurity danger, and familiarity contempt.'

*** Juſt publiſhed, A Scheme of the Solar Syſtem, with the orbits of the Planets and Comets belonging thereto, deſcribed from Dr. Halley's accurate Table of Comets, founded on ſir Iſaac Newton's wonderful Diſcoveries. By W. Whiſton, M. A. Sold by J. Senex, and J. Maxwell, at the Globe in Saliſbury-court in Fleet-ſtreet; and by the author in Croſs-ſtreet in Hatton-garden, and at both univerſities. The ſaid J. Senex and J. Maxwell are now engraving, and will ſpeedily publiſh, a moſt compleat and correct pair of globes, of about 30 inches diameter; to be ſold at a moderate price, and for which none is deſired to advance any money before-hand. They have likewiſe finiſhed a ſet of maps, viz. The World and Quarters, with the principal diviſions of

Europe; and Globes 12, 16, and 3 inches diameter, all according to the lateſt obſervations and improvements. They alſo ſell The Grand Curioſity, being an Ephemeris for 195 years. Guard. in folio. See Spect. Vol. VII. N° 552. and note.

N° 7. Thurſday, March 19, 1712-13.

By STEELE.

——*Properat curſu*
Vita citato—— SENEC. Trag.

With ſpeedy ſtep life poſts away.

I THIS morning did myſelf the honour to viſit lady Lizard, and took my chair at the tea-table, at the upper end of which that graceful woman, with her daughters about her, appeared to me with greater dignity than ever any figure, either of Venus attended by the Graces, Diana with her nymphs, or any other celeſtial who owes her being to poetry.

The diſcourſe we had there, none being preſent but our own family, conſiſted of private matters, which tended to the eſtabliſhment of theſe young ladies in the world. My lady, I obſerved, had a mind to make mention of the propoſal to Mrs. Jane °, of which ſhe is very fond, and I as much avoided, as being equally againſt it; but it is by no means proper the young ladies ſhould obſerve we ever diſſent; therefore I turned the diſcourſe, by ſaying, ‘ it was time enough to think of marrying a young lady, who was but

° Miſs was hardly yet come into uſe. See Tatler, with Notes, N° 10, and N° 13.

three and twenty, ten years hence.' The whole table was alarmed at the aſſertion, and the Sparkler ſcalded her fingers, by leaning ſuddenly forward to look in my face: but my buſineſs at preſent, was to make my court to the mother; therefore, without regarding the reſentment in the looks of the children, 'Madam,' ſaid I, 'there is a petulant and haſty manner practiſed in this age, in hurrying away the life of woman, and confining the grace and principal action of it to thoſe years wherein reaſon and diſcretion are moſt feeble, humour and paſſion moſt powerful. From the time a young woman of quality has firſt appeared in the drawing-room, raiſed a whiſper and curioſity of the men about her, had her health drunk in gay companies, and been diſtinguiſhed at public aſſemblies; I ſay, madam, if within three or four years of her firſt appearance in town, ſhe is not diſpoſed of, her beauty is grown familiar, her eyes are diſarmed, and we ſeldom after hear her mentioned but with indifference. What doubles my grief on this occaſion is, that the more diſcreetly the lady behaves herſelf, the ſooner is her glory extinguiſhed. Now, madam, if merit had a greater weight in our thoughts, when we form to ourſelves agreeable characters of women, men would think, in making their choices, of ſuch as would take care of, as well as ſupply children for, the nurſery. It was not thus in the illuſtrious days of good queen Elizabeth. I was this morning turning over a folio, called, The Complete Ambaſſador, conſiſting chiefly of letters from lord Burleigh, earl of Leiceſter, and ſir Thomas Smith. Sir Thomas writes a letter to ſir Francis

Walsingham, full of learned gallantry, wherein you may observe he promises himself the French king's brother (who it seems was but a cold lover) would be quickened by seeing the queen in person, who was then in the thirty-ninth year of her age. A certain sobriety in thoughts, words, and action, which was the praise of that age, kept the fire of love alive; and it burnt so equally, that it warmed and preserved, without tormenting and consuming our beings. The letter I mention is as follows:

'*To the Right Worshipful Mr.* FRANCIS WALSINGHAM, *Ambassador, resident in France.*

'SIR,

'I AM sorry that so good a matter should, upon so nice a point, be deferred. We may say that the lover will do little, if he will not take the pains once to see his love; but she must first say yea, before he see her, or she him: twenty ways might be devised why he might come over, and be welcome, and possibly do more in an hour than he may in two years. '*Cupido ille qui vincit omnia, in oculis insidet, et ex oculis ejaculatur, et in oculos utriusque videndo non solum, ut ait poeta, fœmina virum, sed vir fœminam*;' that powerful being Cupid, who conquers all things, resides in the eyes, he sends out all his darts from the eyes: by throwing glances at the eyes (according to the poet) not only the woman captivates the man, but also the man the woman. What force, I pray you, can hearsay, and 'I think, and I trust,' do in comparison of that '*cum præsens præsentem*

tuetur et alloquitur, et furore forſitan amoris ductus, amplectitur,' when they face to face ſee and converſe with each other, and the lover in an ecſtacy, not to be commanded, ſnatches an embrace, and ſaith to himſelf, and openly that ſhe may hear, '*Teneone te, an etiamnum ſomno voluni fœminæ videri cogi ad id quod maximum capiunt?*' Are you in my arms, my fair one, or do we both dream, and will women even in their ſleep ſeem forced to what they moſt deſire? If we be cold, it is our part, beſides the perſon, the ſex requireth it. Why are you cold? Is it not a young man's part to be bold, courageous, and to adventure? If he ſhould have, he ſhould have but '*honorificam repulſam*;' even a repulſe here is glorious: the worſt that can be ſaid of him is but as of Phaeton, '*Quam ſi non tenuit magnis tamen excidit auſis*:' though he could not command the chariot of the ſun, his fall from it was illuſtrious. So far as I conceive, '*Hæc eſt ſola noſtra anchora, hæc jacenda eſt nobis alea*;' this is our only anchor, this dye muſt be thrown. In our inſtability, '*Unum momentum eſt uno momento perfectum factum, ac dictam ſtabilitatem facere poteſt*;' one lucky moment would crown and fix all. This, or elſe nothing is to be looked for but continual dalliance and doubtfulneſs, ſo far as I can ſee.

From Killingworth,
Aug. 22, 1572.

Your aſſured friend,

THOMAS SMITH.'

Though my lady was in very good humour, upon the inſinuation that, according to the Elizabeth ſcheme, ſhe was but juſt advanced above

the character of a girl; I found the rest of the company as much disheartened, that they were still but mere girls. I went on, therefore, to attribute the immature marriages which are solemnized in our days to the importunity of the men, which made it impossible for young ladies to remain virgins so long as they wished for their own inclinations, and the freedom of a single life.

There is no time of our life, under what character soever, in which men can wholly divest themselves of an ambition to be in the favour of women. Cardan[p], a grave philosopher and physician, confesses in one of his chapters, that though he had suffered poverty, repulses, calumnies, and a long series of afflictions, he never was thoroughly dejected, and impatient of life itself, but under a calamity which he suffered from the beginning of his twenty-first to the end of his thirtieth year. He tells us, that the raillery he

[p] The account of Cardan given here cannot be reconciled to the truth of his character, which was from the most authentic accounts of it a very bad one. He was doubtless a man of some genius and great erudition, but there was a singular oddity and wildness in the general cast of his thoughts and conduct, very nearly allied to madness. The ten years calamity here alluded to, he ascribed to the malignant influences of the constellation which presided at his birth. There is a curious account of this extraordinary man in the fourth volume of the General Dictionary; he wrote his own life, to which the Guardian here refers. Cardanus 'De vitâ propriâ,' cap. ii. p. 8. ed. Paris, 1644, 8vo. His credulity with respect to things clearly false and imaginary was inconceivable, whilst he denied and disputed the most incontestible truths of religion. His works were printed in 1663, in ten volumes in folio. See Tatler, with notes, 6 vols. Vol. V. N° 214, p. 340. note.

ſuffered from others, and the contempt which he had of himſelf, were afflictions beyond expreſſion. I mention this only as an argument extorted from this good and grave man, to ſupport my opinion of the irreſiſtible power of women. He adds in the ſame chapter, that there are ten thouſand afflictions and diſaſters attend the paſſion itſelf; that an idle word imprudently repeated by a fair woman, and vaſt expences to ſupport her folly and vanity, every day reduce men to poverty and death; but he makes them of little conſideration to the miſerable and inſignificant condition of being incapable of their favour.

I make no manner of difficulty of profeſſing I am not ſurpriſed that the author has expreſſed himſelf after this manner, with relation to love: the heroic chaſtity ſo frequently profeſſed by humouriſts of the fair ſex, generally ends in an unworthy choice, after having overlooked overtures to their advantage. It is for this reaſon that I would endeavour to direct, and not pretend to eradicate the inclinations of the ſexes to each other. Daily experience ſhews us, that the moſt rude ruſtick grows humane as ſoon as he is inſpired by this paſſion; it gives a new grace to our manners, a new dignity to our minds, a new viſage to our perſons. Whether we are inclined to liberal arts, to arms, or addreſs in our exerciſe, our improvement is haſtened by a particular object whom we would pleaſe. Chearfulneſs, gentleneſs, fortitude, liberality, magnificence, and all the virtues which adorn men, which inſpire heroes, are moſt conſpicuous in lovers. I ſpeak of

love as when ſuch as are in this company, are the objects of it, who can beſtow upon their huſbands (if they follow their excellent mother) all its joys without any of its anxieties.

N° 8. Friday, March 20, 1712-13.

By STEELE.

——*Animum rege*—— Hor. 1 Ep. ii. 62.

Govern the mind.

A Guardian cannot beſtow his time in any office more ſuitable to his character, than in repreſenting the diſaſters to which we are expoſed by the irregularity of our paſſions. I think I ſpeak of this matter in a way not yet taken notice of, when I obſerve that they make men do things unworthy of thoſe very paſſions. I ſhall illuſtrate this by a ſtory I have lately read in the Royal Commentaries of Peru, wherein you behold an oppreſſor a moſt contemptible creature after his power is at an end; and a perſon he oppreſſed ſo wholly intent upon revenge till he had obtained it, that in the purſuit of it he utterly neglected his own ſafety; but when that motive of revenge was at an end, returned to a ſenſe of danger, in ſuch a manner, as to be unable to lay hold of occaſions which offered themſelves for certain ſecurity, and expoſe himſelf from fear to apparent hazard. The motives which I ſpeak of are not indeed ſo much to be called paſſions, as ill habits ariſing from paſſions ſuch as pride and revenge, which are improvements of our infirmities, and

are methinks but ſcorn and anger regularly conducted. But to my ſtory.

Licenciado Eſquivel, governor of the city Potocſi, commanded 200 men to march out of that garriſon towards the kingdom of Tucman, with ſtrict orders to uſe no Indians in carrying their baggage, and placed himſelf at a convenient ſtation without the gates, to obſerve how his orders were put in execution; he found they were wholly neglected, and that Indians were laden with the baggage of the Spaniards, but thought fit to let them march by till the laſt rank of all came up, out of which he ſeized one man, called Aguire, who had two Indians laden with his goods. Within few days after he was in arreſt, he was ſentenced to receive 200 ſtripes. Aguire repreſented by his friends, that he was the brother of a gentleman, who had in his country an eſtate, with vaſſalage of Indians, and hoped his birth would exempt him from a puniſhment of ſo much indignity. Licenciado perſiſted in the kind of puniſhment he had already pronounced; upon which Aguire petitioned that it might be altered to one that he ſhould not ſurvive; and, though a gentleman, and from that quality not liable to ſuffer ſo ignominous a death, humbly beſought his excellency that he might be hanged. But though Licenciado appeared all his life, before he came into power, a perſon of an eaſy and tractable diſpoſition, he was ſo changed by his office, that theſe applications from the unfortunate Aguire did but the more gratify his inſolence; and during the very time of their media-

tion for the priſoner, he inſulted them alſo, by commanding, with a haughty tone, that his orders ſhould be executed that very inſtant. This, as it is uſual on ſuch occaſions, made the whole town flock together; but the principal inhabitants, abhorring the ſeverity of Licenciado, and pitying a gentleman in the condition of Aguire, went in a body, and beſought the governor to ſuſpend, if not remit, the puniſhment. Their importunities prevailed on him to defer the execution for eight days; but when they came to the priſon with his warrant, they found Aguire already brought forth, ſtripped, and mounted on an aſs, which is the poſture wherein the baſeſt criminals are whipped in that city. His friends cried out, 'Take him off, take him off,' and proclaimed their order for ſuſpending his puniſhment; but the youth, when he heard that it was only put off for eight days, rejected the favour, and ſaid, 'All my endeavours have been to keep myſelf from mounting this beaſt, and from the ſhame of being ſeen naked; but ſince things are come thus far, let the ſentence proceed, which will be leſs than the fears and apprehenſions I ſhall have in theſe eight days enſuing; beſides, I ſhall not need to give further trouble to my friends for interceſſion on my behalf, which is as likely to be ineffectual as what hath already paſſed.' After he had ſaid this, the aſs was whipped forward, and Aguire ran the gantlet according to the ſentence. The calm manner in which he reſigned himſelf, when he found his diſgrace muſt be, and the ſcorn of dallying with it under a ſuſpenſion of a few days, which

mercy was but another form of the governor's cruelty, made it viſible that he took comfort in ſome ſecret reſolution to avenge the affront.

After this indignity, Aguire could not be perſuaded (though the inhabitants of Potocſi often importuned him from the ſpirit they ſaw in him) to go upon any military undertaking, but excuſed himſelf with a modeſt ſadneſs in his countenance, ſaying, 'that after ſuch a ſhame as his was, death muſt be his only remedy and conſolation, which he would endeavour to obtain as ſoon as poſſible.

Under this melancholy he remained in Peru, until the time in which the office of Eſquivel expired; after which, like a deſperate man, he purſued and followed him, watching an opportunity to kill him, and wipe off the ſhame of the late affront. Eſquivel, being informed of this deſperate reſolution by his friends, endeavoured to avoid his enemy, and took a journey of three or four hundred leagues from him, ſuppoſing that Aguire would not purſue him at ſuch a diſtance; but Eſquivel's flight did but increaſe Aguire's ſpeed in following. The firſt journey which Eſquivel took was to the city of Los Reyes, being three hundred and twenty leagues diſtant; but in leſs than fifteen days Aguire was there with him; whereupon Eſquivel took another flight, as far as to the city of Quito, being four hundred leagues diſtant from Los Reyes; but in a little more than twenty days Aguire was again with him; which being intimated to Eſquivel, he took another leap as far as Cozco, which is five hundred leagues from Quito; but in a few days after he arrived there, came alſo Aguire,

travelling all the way on foot, without ſhoes or ſtockings, ſaying, 'that it became not the condition of a whipt raſcal to travel on horſeback, or appear amongſt men.' In this manner did Aguire haunt and purſue Eſquivel for three years and four months; who being now tired and wearied with ſo many long and tedious journies, reſolved to fix his abode at Cozco, where he believed that Aguire would ſcarce adventure to attempt any thing againſt him, for fear of the judge who governed that city, who was a ſevere man, impartial and inflexible in all his proceedings; and accordingly took a lodging in the middle of the ſtreet of the great church, where he lived with great care and caution, wearing a coat of mail under his upper coat, and went always armed with his ſword and dagger, which were weapons not agreeable to his profeſſion. However Aguire followed hither alſo, and having in vain dogged him from place to place, day after day, he reſolved to make the attempt upon him in his own houſe, which he entered, and wandered from room to room, till at laſt he came into his ſtudy where Licenciado lay on a couch aſleep. Aguire ſtabbed him with his dagger with great tranquillity, and very leiſurely wounded him in other parts of the body, which were not covered with his coat of mail. He went out of the houſe in ſafety; but as his reſentment was ſated, he now began to reflect upon the inexorable temper of the governor of the place. Under this apprehenſion he had not compoſure enough to fly to a ſanctuary, which was near the place where he committed the fact; but ran into the ſtreet, fran-

tick and diſtracted, proclaiming himſelf a criminal, by crying out, 'Hide me, hide me.'

The wretched fate and poor behaviour of Licenciado, in flying his country to avoid the ſame perſon whom he had before treated with ſo much inſolence, and the high reſentment of a man ſo inconſiderable, as Aguire, when much injured, are good admonitions to little ſpirits in exalted ſtations, to take care how they treat brave men in low condition.

*** Juſt publiſhed, The Dryades, or, the Nymphs Propheſie. By Mr. Diaper. Price 2s. 6d.

*** To be ſold, a choice Collection of Modern Books, being the ſtock of Mr. Sanger, Bookſeller, deceaſed, at his ſhop in the Middle Temple-gate, Fleet-ſtreet, the Price being marked on the firſt leaf. Guard. in folio.

N° 9. Saturday, March 21, 1712-13.

By STEELE.

In tantas brevi creverant opes, ſeu maritimis ſeu terreſtribus fructibus, ſeu multitudinis incremento, ſeu ſanctitate diſciplinæ.

Liv.

They roſe in a ſhort time to that pitch of wealth and grandeur, by means of an extenſive commerce both by ſea and land, by an increaſe of the people, and by the reverence of their laws and diſcipline.

Many of the ſubjects of my papers will conſiſt of ſuch things as I have gathered from the converſation, or learned from the conduct of a gentleman, who has been very converſant in our family, by name Mr. Charwell [q]. This perſon

[q] The perſon here alluded to under the name of Mr. Charwell, is ſaid to have been the charitable Edward Colſton of

was formerly a merchant in this city, who, by exact œconomy, great frugality, and very fortunate adventures, was about twenty years ſince, and the fortieth year of his age, arrived to the eſtate which we uſually call a plumb [r]. This was a ſum ſo much beyond his firſt ambition, that he then reſolved to retire from the town, and the buſineſs of it together. Accordingly he laid out one half of his money upon the purchaſe of a nobleman's eſtate, not many miles diſtant from the country ſeat of my lady Lizard. From this neighbourhood our firſt acquaintance began, and has ever ſince been continued with equal application on both ſides. Mr. Charwell viſits very few gentlemen in the country; his moſt frequent airings in the ſummer-time are viſits to my lady Lizard. And if ever his affairs bring him up to town during the winter, as ſoon as theſe are diſpatched, he is ſure to dine at her houſe, or to make one at her tea-table, to take her commands for the country.

I ſhall hardly be able to give an account how this gentleman has employed the twenty years ſince he made the purchaſe I have mentioned, without firſt deſcribing the conditions of the eſtate.

Briſtol, member of parliament for that city, who died unmarried in October 1721, about the cloſe of his 85th year, 'without decay in his underſtanding, without labour or ſorrow.' See a particular account of this good man and his charities, taken from his funeral ſermon, by James Harcourt, D. D. vicar of All Saints, and prebendary of Briſtol, Lond. 8vo. 1721, in a book entituled, Memorials, &c. of Eminent and Worthy Perſons. Printed for J. Wilford in folio, an. 1741, p. 222. See Guardian, N° 52.

[r] £.100,000.

The eſtate then conſiſted of a good large old houſe, a park of 2000 acres, 8000 acres more of land divided into farms. The land not barren, but the country very thin of people, and theſe the only conſumers of the wheat and barley that grew upon the premiſes. A river running by the houſe, which was in the centre of the eſtate, but the ſame not navigable, and the rendering it navigable had been oppoſed by the generality of the whole country. The roads exceſſive bad, and no poſſibility of getting off the tenants corn, but at ſuch a price of carriage as would exceed the whole value when it came to market. The underwoods all deſtroyed, to lay the country open to my lord's pleaſures; but there was indeed the leſs want of this fuel, there being large coal-pits in the eſtate, within two miles of the houſe, and ſuch a plenty of coals[s] as was ſufficient for whole counties. But then the want of water-carriage made theſe alſo a mere drug, and almoſt every man's for fetching. Many timber-trees were ſtill ſtanding only for want of chapmen, very little being uſed for building in a country ſo thin of people, and thoſe at a greater diſtance being in no likelihood of buying pennyworths, if they muſt be at the charge of land carriage. Yet every tree was valued at a much greater price than would be given for it in the place; ſo was every acre of land in the park; and as for the tenants they were all racked to extremity, and almoſt every one of them beggars. All theſe things Mr. Charwell

[s] The ſcene is ill-choſen, for the country yields none; in Northamptonſhire the inhabitants are ſupplied with coals from other counties.

knew very well, yet was not difcouraged from going on with his purchafe.

But in the firft place, he refolved that a hundred in family fhould not ruin him, as it had done his predeceffor. Therefore pretending to diflike the fituation of the old houfe, he made choice of another at a mile diftance higher up the river, at a corner of the park, where, at the expence of 4 or 5000l. and all the ornaments of the old houfe, he built a new one, with all convenient offices more fuitable to his revenues, yet not much larger than my lord's dog-kennel, and a great deal lefs than his lordfhip's ftables.

The next thing was to reduce his park. He took down a great many pales, and with thefe inclofed only 200 acres of it near adjoining to his new houfe. The reft he converted to breeding cattle, which yielded greater profit.

The tenants began now to be very much diffatisfied with the lofs of my lord's family, which had been a conftant market for great quantities of their corn; and with the difparking fo much land, by which provifions were likely to be increafed in fo difpeopled a country. They were afraid they muft be obliged themfelves to confume the whole product of their farms, and that they fhould be foon undone by the œconomy and frugality of this gentleman.

Mr. Charwell was fenfible their fears were but too juft; and that, if neither their goods could be carried off to diftant markets, nor the markets brought home to their goods, his tenants muft run away from their farms. He had no hopes of making the river navigable, which was a point

that could not be obtained by all the intereſt of his predeceſſor, and was therefore not likely to be yielded up to a man who was not yet known in the country. All that was left for him was to bring the market home to his tenants, which was the very thing he intended before he ventured upon his purchaſe. He had even then projected in his thoughts the plan of a great town juſt below the old houſe; he therefore preſently ſet himſelf about the execution of his project.

The thing has ſucceeded to his wiſh. In the ſpace of twenty years he is ſo fortunate as to ſee 1000 new houſes upon his eſtate[t], and at leaſt 5000 new people, men, women and children, inhabitants of thoſe houſes, who are comfortably ſubſiſted by their own labour, without charge to Mr. Charwell, and to the great profit of his tenants.

It cannot be imagined that ſuch a body of people can be ſubſiſted at leſs than 5l. per head, or 25000l. per annum, the greateſt part of which ſum is annually expended for proviſions among the farmers of the next adjacent lands. And as the tenants of Mr. Charwell are neareſt of all others to the market, they have the beſt prices for their goods by all that is ſaved in the carriage.

But ſome proviſions are of that nature, that they will not bear a much longer carriage than from the extreme parts of his lands; and I think I have been told, that for the ſingle article of milk, at a pint every day for every houſe, his te-

[t] Did ever a thouſand houſes ſtart up any where in one man's time, except at Whitehaven? A.

nants take from this town not much leſs than 500l. per annum.

The ſoil of all kinds, which is made every year by the conſumption of ſo great a town, I have heard has been valued at 200l. per annum. If this be true, the eſtate of Mr. Charwell is ſo much improved in this very article, ſince all this is carried out upon his lands by the back carriage of thoſe very carts which were loaden by his tenants with proviſions and other neceſſaries for the people.

A hundred thouſand buſhels of coal are neceſſary to ſupply ſo great a multitude with yearly fuel. And as theſe are taken out of the coal-pits of Mr. Charwell, he receives a penny for every buſhel; ſo that this very article is an addition of 400l. per annum to his revenues. And as the town and people are every year increaſing, the revenues in the abovementioned, and many other articles, are increaſing in proportion.

There is now no longer any want of the family of the predeceſſor. The conſumption of 5000 people is greater than can be made by any fifty of the greateſt families in Great Britain. The tenants ſtand in no need of diſtant markets, to take off the product of their farms. The people near their own doors are already more than they are able to ſupply; and what is wanting at home for this purpoſe is ſupplied from places at greater diſtance, at whatſoever price of carriage.

All the farmers every where near the river are now, in their turn, for an act of parliament to make it navigable, that they may have an eaſy

carriage for their corn to ſo good a market. The tenants of Mr. Charwell, that they may have the whole market to themſelves, are almoſt the only perſons againſt it. But they will not be long able to oppoſe it: their leaſes are near expiring: and as they are grown very rich there are many other perſons ready to take their farms at more than double the preſent rents, even though the river ſhould be made navigable, and diſtant people let in to ſell their proviſions together with theſe farmers.

As for Mr. Charwell himſelf, he is in no manner of pain leſt his lands ſhould fall in their value by the cheap carriage of proviſions from diſtant places to his town. He knows very well that cheapneſs of proviſions was one great means of bringing together ſo great numbers, and that they muſt be held together by the ſame means. He ſeems to have nothing more in his thoughts, than to increaſe his town to ſuch an extent, that all the country for ten miles round about ſhall be little enough to ſupply it. He conſiders that at how great a diſtance ſoever proviſions ſhall be brought thither, they muſt end at laſt in ſo much ſoil for his eſtate, and that the farmers of other lands will by this means contribute to the improvement of his own.

But by what encouragements and rewards, by what arts and policies, and what ſort of people he has invited to live upon his eſtate, and how he has enabled them to ſubſiſt by their own labour, to the great improvement of his lands, will be the ſubjects of ſome of my future precautions.

'TO THE GUARDIAN.

'SIR, March 16.

'BY your paper of Saturday laſt, you give the town hopes that you will dedicate that day to religion. You could not begin it better than by warning your pupils of the poiſon vented under a pretence to free-thinking. If you can ſpare room in your next Saturday's paper for a few lines on the ſame ſubject, theſe are at your diſpoſal.

'I happened to be preſent at a public converſation of ſome of the defenders of this diſcourſe of free-thinking, and others that differed from them; where I had the diverſion of hearing the ſame man in one breath perſuade us to freedom of thought, and in the next offer to demonſtrate that we had no freedom in any thing. One would think men ſhould bluſh to find themſelves entangled in a greater contradiction than any the diſcourſe ridicules. This principle of free fatality or neceſſary liberty is a worthy fundamental of the new ſect; and indeed this opinion is an evidence and clearneſs ſo nearly related to tranſubſtantiation, that the ſame genius ſeems requiſite for either. It is fit the world ſhould know how far reaſon abandons men that would employ it againſt religion; which intention, I hope, juſtifies this trouble from,

Sir,

Your hearty well-wiſher.

MISATHEUS[u].'

[u] Bp. Berkeley was certainly the author of Guardian N° 3, to which Miſatheus refers; which ſeems to give ſome

Nº 10. Monday, March 23, 1712-13.

Venit ad me sæpe clamitans——
Vestitu nimiùm indulges, nimiùm ineptus es.
Nimiùm ipse est durus præter æquumque et bonum.

TER. Adelph. Act 1. Sc. 1.

He is perpetually coming to me, and ringing in my ears, that I do wrong to indulge him so much in the article of dress: but the fault lies in his own excessive and unreasonable severity.

WHEN I am in deep meditation in order to give my wards proper precautions, I have a principal regard to the prevalence of things which people of merit neglect, and from which those of no merit raise to themselves an esteem: of this nature is the business of dress. It is weak in a man of thought and reflection to be either depressed or exalted from the perfections or disadvantages of his person. However there is a respective conduct to be observed in the habit, according to the eminent distinction of the body, either way. A gay youth in the possession of an ample fortune could not recommend his understanding to those who are not of his acquaintance more suddenly, than by sobriety in his habit; as

countenance to a conjecture, that the bishop was likewise the writer of this short letter, which suggests a new argument on the same subject. No mention is made of this letter in the list of the bishop's papers, communicated, for the use of this work, by his son the rev. George Berkeley, formerly student of Christ-church, and vicar of Bray in Oxfordshire. It rests on indubitable authority, that bp. Berkeley had a guinea and a dinner with Steele for every paper that he furnished.

this is winning at firſt ſight, ſo a perſon gorgeouſly fine, which in itſelf ſhould avoid the attraction of the beholders eyes, gives as immediate offence.

I make it my buſineſs when my lady Lizard's youngeſt daughter, Miſs Molly, is making cloaths, to conſider her from head to foot, and cannot be eaſy when there is any doubt lies upon me concerning the colour of a knot, or any other part of her head-dreſs, which by its darkneſs or liveliness might too much allay or brighten her complexion. There is ſomething looſe in looking as well as you poſſibly can; but it is alſo a vice [v] not to take care how you look.

The indiſcretion of believing that great qualities make up for the want of things leſs conſiderable, is puniſhed too ſeverely in thoſe who are guilty of it. Every day's experience ſhews us, among variety of people with whom we are not acquainted, that we take impreſſions too favourable and too diſadvantageous of men at firſt ſight from their habit. I take this to be a point of great conſideration, and I ſhall conſider it in my future precautions as ſuch. As to the female world, I ſhall give them my opinion at large by way of comment upon a new ſuit of the Sparkler's, which is to come home next week. I deſign it a model for the ladies; ſhe and I have had three private meetings about it. As to the men, I am very glad to hear, being myſelf a fellow of Lincoln-college, that there is at laſt in one of our univerſities ariſen a happy genius for little things.

[v] A blameable neglect, hardly a vice.

It is extremely to be lamented, that hitherto we come from the college as unable to put on our own cloaths as we do from nurſe. We owe many misfortunes, and an unhappy backwardneſs in urging our way in the world, to the neglect of theſe leſs matters. For this reaſon I ſhall authoriſe and ſupport the gentleman who writes me the following letter; and though, out of diffidence of the reception his propoſal ſhould meet with from me, he has given himſelf too ludicrous a figure; I doubt not but from his notices to make men, who cannot arrive at learning in that place, come from thence without appearing ignorant; and ſuch as can, truly knowing without appearing bookiſh.

'TO THE GUARDIAN.

Oxford, March 18, 1712-13.

'SIR,

'I FORESEE that you will have many correſpondents in this place; but as I have often obſerved, with grief of heart, that ſcholars are wretchedly ignorant in the ſcience I profeſs, I flatter myſelf that my letter will gain a place in your papers. I have made it my ſtudy, ſir, in theſe ſeats of learning, to look into the nature of dreſs, and am what they call an academical beau. I have often lamented that I am obliged to wear a grave habit, ſince by that means I have not an opportunity to introduce faſhions amongſt our young gentlemen; and ſo am forced, contrary to my own inclinations, and the expectation of all who know me, to appear in print. I have in-

deed met with ſome ſucceſs in the projects I have communicated to ſome ſparks with whom I am intimate; and I cannot without a ſecret triumph confeſs, that the ſleeves turned up with green velvet, which now flouriſh throughout the univerſity, ſprang originally from my invention.

'As it is neceſſary to have the head clear, as well as the complexion, to be perfect in this part of learning, I rarely mingle with the men (for I abhor wine), but frequent the tea-tables of the ladies. I know every part of their dreſs, and can name all their things by their names. I am conſulted about every ornament they buy; and, I ſpeak it without vanity, have a very pretty fancy to knots and the like. Sometimes I take a needle, and ſpot a piece of muſlin for pretty Patty Croſs-ſtitch, who is my preſent favourite, which, ſhe ſays, I do neatly enough; or read one of your papers, and explain the motto, which they all like mightily. But then I am a ſort of petty tyrant amongſt them, for I own I have my humours. If any thing be amiſs, they are ſure Mr. Sleek will find fault; if any hoity-toity things make a fuſs, they are ſure to be taken to pieces the next viſit. I am the dread of poor Celia, whoſe wrapping-gown is not right India; and am avoided by Thalaſtris in her ſecond-hand mantua, which ſeveral maſters of arts think very fine, whereas I perceived it had been ſcoured with half an eye.

'Thus have I endeavoured to improve my underſtanding, and am deſirous to communicate my innocent diſcoveries to thoſe, who, like me, may diſtinguiſh themſelves more to advantage

by their bodies than their minds. I do not think the pains I have taken, in theſe my ſtudies, thrown away, ſince by theſe means, though I am not very valuable, I am however not diſagreeable. Would gentlemen but reflect upon what I ſay, they would take care to make the beſt of themſelves; for I think it intolerable that a blockhead ſhould be a ſloven. Though every man cannot fill his head with learning, it is in any one's power to wear a pretty periwig; let him who cannot ſay a witty thing, keep his teeth white at leaſt; he who hath no knack at writing ſonnets, may however have a ſoft hand; and he may arch his eye-brows, who hath not ſtrength of genius for the mathematicks.

'After the concluſion of the peace, we ſhall undoubtedly have new faſhions from France; and I have ſome reaſon to think that ſome particularities in the garb of their abbés may be tranſplanted hither to advantage. What I find becoming in their dreſs I hope I may, without the imputation of being popiſhly inclined, adopt into our habits; but would willingly have the authority of the Guardian to countenance me in this harmleſs deſign. I would not hereby aſſume to myſelf a juriſdiction over any of our youth, but ſuch as are incapable of improvement any other way. As for the aukward creatures that mind their ſtudies, I look upon them as irreclaimable. But over the aforementioned order of men, I deſire a commiſſion from you to exerciſe full authority. Hereby I ſhall be enabled from time to time to introduce ſeveral pretty oddneſſes in the taking and tucking up of gowns,

to regulate the dimenſions of wigs, to vary the tufts upon caps, and to enlarge or narrow the hems of bands, as I ſhall think moſt for the public good.

'I have prepared a treatiſe againſt the cravat and berdaſh [x], which I am told is not ill done; and have thrown together ſome haſty obſervations upon ſtockings, which my friends aſſure me I need not be aſhamed of. But I ſhall not offer them to the publick, until they are approved of at our female club; which I am the more willing to do, becauſe I am ſure of their praiſe; for they own I underſtand theſe things better than they do. I ſhall herein be very proud of your encouragement; for, next to keeping the univerſity clean, my greateſt ambition is to be thought,

Sir,

your moſt obedient,

humble ſervant,

SIMON SLEEK [y].'

[x] A kind of neckcloth ſo called, whence ſuch as ſold them were ſtyled haberdaſhers.

[y] In this edition all papers are aſcribed to Steele that could not upon good authority be aſſigned to any other writer. The annotator nevertheleſs ſuſpects that N° 10, and many more attributed here to Steele, were written by other hands.

⁎ The famous Spaniſh blacking for gentlemen's ſhoes, that ever was invented or uſed; it making them always look like new, never daubs the hands in putting it on, or ſoils the ſtockings in wearing; neither has it the ordinary gloſs of German balls, or the intolerable noiſome ſtink of ſize, but it is of an agreeable ſcent. It indeed makes the ſhoes look

extremely neat, and mightily preſerves the leather. All that uſe it admire it, and thoſe that once try it will never uſe any thing elſe. Sold for 1s. 6d. the pot, with directions (which will laſt 3 or 4 months) only at Mr. John Hanman's, a toy-ſhop, at the Three Angels, near Foſter-lane in Cheapſide. Guard. in folio. See Tatler, Nº 224.

Nº 11. Tueſday, March 24, 1712-13.

By GAY.

—Huc propiùs me,
Dum doceo inſanire omnes, vos ordine adite.

Hor. 2 Sat. iii. 80.

Attend my lecture, whilſt I plainly ſhow,
That all mankind are mad, from high to low.

THERE is an oblique way of reproof, which takes off from the ſharpneſs of it; and an addreſs in flattery, which makes it agreeable though never ſo groſs: but of all flatterers, the moſt ſkilful is he who can do what you like, without ſaying any thing which argues he does it for your ſake; the moſt winning circumſtance in the world being the conformity of manners. I ſpeak of this as a practice neceſſary in gaining people of ſenſe, who are not yet given up to ſelf-conceit; thoſe who are far gone in admiration of themſelves need not be treated with ſo much delicacy. The following letter puts this matter in a pleaſant and uncommon light: The author of it attacks this vice with an air of compliance, and alarms us againſt it by exhorting us to it.

'TO THE GUARDIAN[z].

'SIR,

'As you profeſs to encourage all thoſe who any way contribute to the public good, I flatter myſelf I may claim your countenance and protection. I am by profeſſion a mad-doctor, but of a peculiar kind, not of thoſe whoſe aim it is to remove phrenzies, but one who make it my buſineſs to confer an agreeable madneſs on my fellow-creatures, for their mutual delight and benefit. Since it is agreed by the philoſophers, that happineſs and miſery conſiſt chiefly in the imagination, nothing is more neceſſary to mankind in general than this pleaſing delirium, which renders every one ſatisfied with himſelf, and perſuades him that all others are equally ſo.

'I have for ſeveral years, both at home and abroad, made this ſcience my particular ſtudy, which I may venture to ſay I have improved in almoſt all the courts of Europe; and have reduced it into ſo ſafe and eaſy a method, as to practiſe it on both ſexes, of what diſpoſition, age or quality ſoever, with ſucceſs. What enables me to perform this great work, is the uſe of my Obſequium Catholicon, or the Grand Elixir to ſupport the ſpirits of human nature. This remedy is of the moſt grateful flavour in the world, and agrees with all taſtes whatever. It is deli-

[z] This letter is aſcribed to Mr. Pope, and reprinted as his, in the fourth volume of Warburton's edition of Pope's Works, p. 234. 12mo. 6 vols. 1770.

cate to the ſenſes, delightful to the operation, may be taken at all hours without confinement, and is as properly given at a ball or playhouſe as in a private chamber. It reſtores and vivifies the moſt dejected minds, corrects and extracts[a] all that is painful in the knowledge of a man's ſelf. One doſe of it will inſtantly diſperſe itſelf through the whole animal ſyſtem, diſſipate the firſt motions of diſtruſt ſo as never to return, and ſo exhilarate the brain and rarify the gloom of reflection, as to give the patients a new flow of ſpirits, a vivacity of behaviour, and a pleaſing dependence upon their own capacities.

'Let a perſon be ever ſo far gone, I adviſe him not to deſpair; even though he has been troubled many years with reſtleſs reflections, which by long neglect have hardened into ſettled conſideration. Thoſe that have been ſtung with ſatire may here find a certain antidote, which infallibly diſperſes all the remains of poiſon that has been left in the underſtanding by bad cures. It fortifies the heart againſt the rancour of pamphlets, the inveteracy of epigrams, and the mortification of lampoons; as has been often experienced by ſeveral perſons of both ſexes, during the ſeaſons of Tunbridge and the Bath.

'I could as farther inſtances of my ſucceſs, produce certificates and teſtimonials from the favourites and ghoſtly fathers of the moſt eminent princes of Europe; but ſhall content myſelf with the mention of a few cures, which I have performed by this my grand univerſal re-

[a] 'Corrects' and 'extracts,' ſomething like 'builds' and 'cures' ſmoaky chimnies. A.

reſtorative, during the practice of one month only ſince I came to this city.

Cures in the month of February, 1712-13.

'George Spondee, eſq. poet, and inmate of the pariſh of St. Paul's, Covent-garden, fell into violent fits of the ſpleen upon a thin third night. He had been frighted into a vertigo by the ſound of cat-calls on the firſt day; and the frequent hiſſings on the ſecond made him unable to endure the bare pronunciation of the letter S. I ſearched into the cauſes of his diſtemper; and by the preſcription of a doſe of my Obſequium, prepared *ſecundum artem*, recovered him to his natural ſtate of madneſs. I caſt in at proper intervals the words, Ill taſte of the town, Envy of criticks, Bad performance of the actors, and the like. He is ſo perfectly cured that he has promiſed to bring another play upon the ſtage next winter.

'A lady of profeſſed virtue, of the pariſh of St. James's, Weſtminſter, who hath deſired her name may be concealed, having taken offence at a phraſe of double meaning in converſation, undiſcovered by any other in the company, ſuddenly fell into a cold fit of modeſty. Upon a right application of praiſe of her virtue, I threw the lady into an agreeable waking dream, ſettled the fermentation of her blood into a warm charity, ſo as to make her look with patience on the very gentleman that offended.

'Hilaria, of the pariſh of St. Giles's in the fields, a coquette of long practice, was by the reprimand of an old maiden reduced to look

grave in company, and deny herſelf the play of the fan. In ſhort, ſhe was brought to ſuch melancholy circumſtances, that ſhe would ſometimes unawares fall into devotion at church. I adviſed her to take a few innocent freedoms with occaſional kiſſes, preſcribed her the exerciſe of the eyes, and immediately raiſed her to her former ſtate of life. She on a ſudden recovered her dimples, furled her fan, threw round her glances, and for theſe two Sundays laſt paſt has not once been ſeen in an attentive poſture. This the churchwardens are ready to atteſt upon oath.

'Andrew Terror of the Middle temple, Mohock, was almoſt induced by an aged bencher of the ſame houſe to leave off bright converſation, and pore over Coke upon Littleton. He was ſo ill that his hat began to flap, and he was ſeen one day in the laſt term at Weſtminſter-hall. This patient had quite loſt his ſpirit of contradiction; I, by the diſtillation of a few of my vivifying drops in his ear, drew him from his lethargy, and reſtored him to his uſual vivacious miſunderſtanding. He is at preſent very eaſy in his condition.

'I will not dwell upon the recital of the innumerable cures I have performed within twenty days laſt paſt; but rather proceed to exhort all perſons of whatever age, complexion or quality, to take as ſoon as poſſible of this my intellectual oil; which applied at the ear ſeizes all the ſenſes with a moſt agreeable tranſport, and diſcovers its effects, not only to the ſatisfaction of the patient, but all who converſe with, attend upon, or any way relate to him or her that receives the kindly

infection. It is often adminiſtered by chambermaids, valets, or any the moſt ignorant domeſtic; it being one peculiar excellence of this my oil, that it is moſt prevalent, the more unſkilful the perſon is or appears who applies it. It is abſolutely neceſſary for ladies to take a doſe of it juſt before they take coach to go a viſiting.

'But I offend the public, as Horace ſaid, when I treſpaſs on any of your time. Give me leave then, Mr. Ironſide, to make you a preſent of a drachm or two of my oil; though I have cauſe to fear my preſcriptions will not have the effect upon you I could wiſh: therefore I do not endeavour to bribe you in my favour by the preſent of my oil, but wholly depend upon your public ſpirit and generoſity; which, I hope, will recommend to the world the uſeful endeavours of,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient,

moſt faithful, moſt devoted,

moſt humble ſervant and admirer,

GNATHO[b].

'*** Beware of counterfeits, for ſuch are abroad.

'N. B. I teach the arcana of my art at reaſonable rates to gentlemen of the univerſities,

[b] This paper is aſſigned to Mr. John Gay, upon Steele's own authority. See the Publiſher to the Reader, and Guard. Vol. II. N° 149.

It might have been the joint production of Pope and Gay, communicated in Gay's hand-writing, with which it can hardly be ſuppoſed that Steele was unacquainted.

who deſire to be qualified for writing dedications; and to young lovers and fortune-hunters, to be paid at the day of marriage. I inſtruct perſons of bright capacities to flatter others, and thoſe of the meaneſt to flatter themſelves.

'I was the firſt inventor of pocket looking-glaſſes.'

Nº 12. Wedneſday, March 25, 1713.

By STEELE.

Vel quia nil rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt:
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus—

Hor. 2 Ep. i. 84.

IMITATED.

You'd think no fools diſgraced the former reign,
Did not ſome grave examples yet remain,
Who ſcorn a lad ſhould match his father's ſkill,
And having once been wrong, will be ſo ſtill.

Pope.

When a poem makes it firſt appearance in the world, I have always obſerved, that it gives employment to a greater number of critics, than any other kind of writing. Whether it be that moſt men, at ſome time of their lives, have tried their talent that way, and thereby think they have a right to judge; or whether they imagine, that their making ſhrewd obſervations upon the polite arts, gives them a pretty figure; or whether there may not be ſome jealouſy and caution in beſtowing applauſe upon thoſe who write chiefly for fame. Whatever the reaſons be, we find few diſcouraged by the delicacy and danger of ſuch an undertaking.

I think it certain that moſt men are naturally not only capable of being pleaſed with that which raiſes agreeable pictures in the fancy, but willing alſo to own it. But then there are many, who, by falſe applications of ſome rules ill underſtood, or out of deference to men whoſe opinions they value, have formed to themſelves certain ſchemes and ſyſtems of ſatisfaction, and will not be pleaſed out of their own way. Theſe are not critics themſelves, but readers of critics, who, without the labour of peruſing authors, are able to give their characters in general; and know juſt as much of the ſeveral ſpecies of poetry, as thoſe who read books of geography do of the genius of this or that people or nation. Theſe gentlemen deliver their opinions ſententiouſly, and in general terms; to which it being impoſſible readily to frame complete anſwers, they have often the ſatisfaction of leaving the board in triumph. As young perſons, and particularly the ladies, are liable to be led aſide by theſe tyrants in wit, I ſhall examine two or three of the many ſtratagems they uſe, and ſubjoin ſuch precautions as may hinder candid readers from being deceived thereby.

The firſt I ſhall take notice of is an objection commonly offered, viz. ‘that ſuch a poem hath indeed ſome good lines in it, but it is not a regular piece.’ This, for the moſt part, is urged by thoſe whoſe knowledge is drawn from ſome famous French critics, who have written upon the epic poem, the drama, and the great kinds of poetry, which cannot ſubſiſt without great regularity; but ought by no means to be required in

odes, epiſtles, panegyrics, and the like, which naturally admit of greater liberties. The enthuſiaſm in odes, and the freedom of epiſtles, is rarely diſputed: but I have often heard the poems upon public occaſions, written in heroic verſe, which I chooſe to call panegyrics, ſeverely cenſured upon this account; the reaſon whereof I cannot gueſs, unleſs it be, that becauſe they are written in the ſame kind of numbers and ſpirit as an epic poem, they ought therefore to have the ſame regularity. Now an epic poem conſiſting chiefly in narration, it is neceſſary that the incidents ſhould be related in the ſame order that they are ſuppoſed to have been tranſacted. But in works of the abovementioned kind, there is no more reaſon that ſuch order ſhould be obſerved, than that an oration ſhould be as methodical as an hiſtory. I think it ſufficient that the great hints, ſuggeſted from the ſubject, be ſo diſpoſed, that the firſt may naturally prepare the reader for what follows, and ſo on; and that their places cannot be changed without diſadvantage to the whole. I will add further, that ſometimes gentle deviations, ſometimes bold and even abrupt digreſſions, where the dignity of the ſubject ſeems to give the impulſe, are proofs of a noble genius; as winding about and returning artfully to the main deſign are marks of addreſs and dexterity.

Another artifice made uſe of by pretenders to criticiſm, is an inſinuation, 'that all that is good is borrowed from the ancients.' This is very common in the mouths of pedants, and perhaps in their hearts too; but is often urged by men

of no great learning, for reaſons very obvious. Now nature being ſtill the ſame, it is impoſſible for any modern writer to paint her otherwiſe than the ancients have done. If, for example, I was to deſcribe the general's horſe at the battle of Blenheim as my fancy reprented ſuch a noble beaſt, and that deſcription ſhould reſemble what Virgil hath drawn for the horſe of his hero, it would be almoſt as ill-natured to urge that I had ſtolen my deſcription from Virgil, as to reproach the duke of Marlborough for fighting like Æneas. All that the moſt exquiſite judgment can perform is, out of that great variety of circumſtances wherein natural objects may be conſidered, to ſelect the moſt beautiful; and to place images in ſuch views and lights as will affect the fancy after the moſt delightful manner. But over and above a juſt painting of nature, a learned reader will find a new beauty ſuperadded in a happy imitation of ſome famous ancient, as it revives in his mind the pleaſure he took in his firſt reading ſuch an author. Such copyings as theſe give that kind of double delight which we perceive when we look upon the children of a beautiful couple; where the eye is not more charmed with the ſymmetry of the parts, than the mind by obſerving the reſemblance tranſmitted from parents to their offspring, and the mingled features of the father and mother. The phraſes of holy writ, and alluſions to ſeveral paſſages in the inſpired writings (though not produced as proofs of doctrine) add majeſty and authority to the nobleſt diſcourſes of the pulpit: in like manner an imi-

tation of the air of Homer and Virgil raiſes the dignity of modern poetry, and makes it appear ſtately and venerable.

The laſt obſervation I ſhall make at preſent is upon the diſguſt taken by thoſe critics, who put on their cloaths prettily, and diſlike every thing that is not written with eaſe. I hereby therefore give the genteel part of the learned world to underſtand, that every thought which is agreeable to nature, and expreſſed in language ſuitable to it, is written with eaſe. There are ſome things which muſt be written with ſtrength, which nevertheleſs are eaſy. The ſtatue of the gladiator, though repreſented in ſuch a poſture as ſtrains every muſcle, is as eaſy as that of Venus; becauſe the one expreſſes ſtrength and fury as naturally as the other doth beauty and ſoftneſs. The paſſions are ſometimes to be rouſed, as well as the fancy to be entertained; and the ſoul to be exalted and enlarged, as well as ſoothed. This often requires a raiſed figurative ſtyle; which readers of low apprehenſions or ſoft and languid diſpoſitions (having heard of the words, fuſtian and bombaſt) are apt to reject as ſtiff and affected language. But nature and reaſon appoint different garbs for different things; and ſince I write this to the men of dreſs, I will aſk them if a ſoldier who is to mount a breach, ſhould be adorned like a beau, who is ſpruced up for a ball [c]?

[c] See N° 10. note, *ad finem*, and Guard. N° 15.

N° 13. Thurſday, March 26, 1713.

By STEELE.

Pudore et liberalitate liberos
Retinere, ſatius eſſe credo, quàm metu.

TER. Adelph. Act. i. Sc. 1.

I eſteem it better to keep children in awe by a ſenſe of ſhame, and a condeſcenſion to their inclinations, than by fear.

THE reader has had ſome account of the whole family of the Lizards, except the younger ſons. Theſe are the branches which ordinarily ſpread themſelves, when they happen to be hopeful, into other houſes, and new generations, as honourable, numerous, and wealthy as thoſe from whence they are derived. For this reaſon it is, that a very peculiar regard is to be had to their education.

Young men, when they are good for any thing, and left to their own inclinations, delight either in thoſe accompliſhments we call their exerciſe, in the ſports of the field, or in letters. Mr. Thomas, the ſecond ſon, does not follow any of theſe with too deep an attention, but took to each of them enough never to appear ungraceful or ignorant. This general inclination makes him the more agreeable [d], and ſaves him from the imputation of pedantry. His carriage is ſo eaſy, that he is acceptable to all with whom he converſes; he generally falls in with the inclination of his company, is never aſſuming, or prefers

[d] See N° 42. *ad initium.*

himſelf to others. Thus he always gains favour without envy, and has every man's good wiſhes. It is remarkable, that from his birth to this day, though he is now four and twenty, I do not remember that he has ever had a debate with any of his playfellows or friends.

His thoughts, and preſent applications are to get into a court life; for which, indeed, I cannot but think him peculiarly formed: for he has joined to this complacency of manners a great natural ſagacity, and can very well diſtinguiſh between things and appearances. That way of life, wherein all men are rivals, demands great circumſpection to avoid controverſies ariſing from different intereſts; but he who is by nature of a flexible temper has his work half done. I have been particularly pleaſed with his behaviour towards women: he has the ſkill, in their converſation, to converſe with them as a man would with thoſe from whom he might have expectations, but without making requeſts. I do not know that I ever heard him make what they call a compliment, or be particular in his addreſs to any lady; and yet I never heard any woman ſpeak of him but with a peculiar regard. I believe he has been often beloved, but know not that he was ever yet a lover. The great ſecret among them is to be amiable without deſign. He has a voluble ſpeech, a vacant countenance, and eaſy action, which repreſents the fact which he is relating with greater delight than it would have been to have been preſent at the tranſaction he recounts. For you ſee it not only your own way by the bare narration, but have the additional

pleaſure of his ſenſe of it by this manner of repreſenting it. There are mixed in his talk ſo many pleaſant ironies, that things which deſerve the ſevereſt language are made ridiculous inſtead of odious, and you ſee every thing in the moſt good-natured aſpect it can bear. It is wonderfully entertaining to me to hear him ſo exquiſitely pleaſant, and never ſay an ill-natured thing. He is with all his acquaintance the perſon generally choſen to reconcile any difference, and if it be capable of accommodation, Tom Lizard is an unexceptionable referee. It has happened to him more than once, that he has been employed, by each oppoſite in a private manner, to feel the pulſe of the adverſary; and when each has propoſed the deciſion of the matter by any whom the other ſhould name, he has taken hold of the occaſion, and put on the authority aſſigned by them both, ſo ſeaſonably, that they have begun a new correſpondence with each other, fortified by his friendſhip to whom they both owe the value they have for one another, and conſequently confer a greater meaſure of their good-will upon the interpoſer. I muſt repeat, that above all, my young man is excellent at raiſing the ſubject on which he ſpeaks, and caſting a light upon it more agreeable to his company, than they thought the ſubject was capable of. He avoids all emotion and violence, and never is warm but on an affectionate occaſion. Gentleneſs is what peculiarly diſtinguiſhes him from other men, and it runs through all his words and actions.

Mr. William, the next brother, is not of this ſmooth make, nor ſo ready to accommodate him-

ſelf to the humours and inclinations of other men, but to weigh what paſſes with ſome ſeverity. He is ever ſearching into the firſt ſprings and cauſes of any action or circumſtance, inſomuch, that if it were not to be expected that experience and converſation would allay that humour, it muſt inevitably turn him to ridicule. But it is not proper to break in upon an inquiſitive temper, that is of uſe to him in the way of life which he propoſes to himſelf, to wit, the ſtudy of the law, and the endeavour to arrive at a faculty in pleading. I have been very careful to kill in him any pretenſions to follow men already eminent, any farther than as their ſucceſs is an encouragement; but make it my endeavour to cheriſh, in the principal and firſt place, his eager purſuit of ſolid knowledge in his profeſſion: for I think that clear conception will produce clear expreſſion, and clear expreſſion proper action: I never ſaw a man ſpeak very well, where I could not apparently obſerve this, and it ſhall be a maxim with me till I ſee an inſtance to the contrary. When young and unexperienced men take any particular perſon for their pattern, they are apt to imitate them in ſuch things, to which their want of knowledge makes them attribute ſucceſs, and not to the real cauſes of it. Thus one may have an air, which proceeds from a juſt ſufficiency and knowledge of the matter before him, which may naturally produce ſome motion of his head and body, which might become the bench better than the bar. How painfully wrong would this be in a youth at his firſt appearance, when it is not well even for the ſergeant of the greateſt weight

and dignity. But I will, at this time, with an hint only of his way of life, leave Mr. William at his ſtudy in the Temple.

The youngeſt ſon, Mr. John, is now in the twentieth year of his age, and has had the good fortune and honour to be choſen laſt election fellow of All-Souls college in Oxford. He is very graceful in his perſon; has height, ſtrength, vigour, and a certain chearfulneſs and ſerenity that creates a ſort of love, which people at firſt ſight obſerve is ripening into eſteem. He has a ſublime vein in poetry, and a warm manner in recommending, either in ſpeech or writing, whatever he has earneſtly at heart. This excellent young man has devoted himſelf to the ſervice of his Creator; and with an aptitude to every agreeable quality, and every happy talent, that could make a man ſhine in a court, or command in a camp, he is reſolved to go into holy orders. He is inſpired with a true ſenſe of that function, when choſen from a regard to the intereſts of piety and virtue, and a ſcorn of whatever men call great in a tranſitory being, when it comes in competition with what is unchangeable and eternal. Whatever men would undertake from a paſſion to glory, whatever they would do for the ſervice of their country, this youth has a mind prepared to atchieve for the ſalvation of ſouls. What gives me great hopes that he will one day make an extraordinary figure in the Chriſtian world, is, that his invention, his memory, judgment and imagination, are always employed in this one view; and I do not doubt but in my future precautions to preſent the youth of this age with more agree-

able narrations, compiled by this young man on the ſubject of heroic piety, than any they can meet with in the legends of love and honour [e].

Nº 14. Friday, March 27, 1713.
By STEELE.

Nec ſcit, qua ſit iter, nec ſi ſciat imperet——
OVID. Met. l. ii. 170.

——————Nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor would the horſes, had he known, obey.
ADDISON.

'TO THE GUARDIAN.

'SIR,

'YOU having in your firſt paper declared, among other things, that you will publiſh whatever you think may conduce to the advancement of the converſation of gentlemen, I cannot but hope you will give my young maſters, when I have told you their age, condition, and how they lead their lives, and who, though I ſay it, are as docile as any youths in Europe, a leſſon which they very much want, to reſtrain them from the infection of bad company, and ſquandering away their time in idle and unworthy purſuits. A word from you, I am very well aſſured, will prevail more with them than any remonſtrance they will meet with at home. The eldeſt is now about ſeventeen years of age, and the younger fifteen, born of noble parentage, and to plentiful for-

[e] See Nº 24; and Nº 59.

tunes. They have a very good father and mother, and alſo a governor, but come very ſeldom (except againſt their wills) in the ſight of any of them. That which I obſerve they have moſt reliſh to, is horſes and cock-fighting, which they too well underſtand, being almoſt poſitive at firſt ſight to tell you which horſe will win the match, and which cock the battle; and if you are of another opinion, will lay you what you pleaſe on their own, and it is odds but you loſe. What I fear to be the greateſt prejudice to them, is their keeping much cloſer to their horſes heels than their books, and converſing more with their ſtablemen and lackies than with their relations and gentlemen: and I apprehend, are at this time better ſkilled how to hold the reins, and drive a coach, than to tranſlate a verſe in Virgil or Horace. For the other day, taking a walk abroad, they meet accidentally in the fields with two young ladies, whoſe converſation they were very much pleaſed with, and being deſirous to ingratiate themſelves further into their favour, prevailed with them, though they had never ſeen them before in their lives, to take the air in a coach of their father's which waited for them at the end of Grays-inn-lane. The youths ran with the wings of love, and ordered the coachman to wait at the town's end till they came back. One of our young gentlemen got up before, and the other behind[f], to act the parts they had long, by the direction and example of their comrades, taken much pains to qualify themſelves for, and

[f] See Spectator, Vol. VII. N° 526.

ſo gallopped off. What theſe mean entertainments will end in, it is impoſſible to foreſee; but a precaution upon that ſubject might prevent very great calamities in a very worthy family, who take in your papers, and might perhaps be alarmed at what you lay before them upon this ſubject.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

T. S.'

'TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'I WRIT to you on the 21ſt of this month, which you did not think fit to take notice of; it gives me the greater trouble that you did not, becauſe I am confident the father of the young lads, whom I mentioned, would have conſidered how far what was ſaid in my letter concerned himſelf; upon which it is now too late to reflect. His ingenious ſon, the coachman, aged ſeventeen years, has ſince that time ran away with, and married, one of the girls I ſpoke of in my laſt. The manner of carrying on the intrigue, as I have picked it out of the younger brother, who is almoſt ſixteen, ſtill a bachelor, was as follows. One of the young women whom they met in the fields ſeemed very much taken with my maſter the elder ſon, and was prevailed with to go into a cake-houſe not far off the town. The girl, it ſeems, acted her part ſo well, as to enamour the boy, and make him inquiſitive into her place of abode, with all

other queſtions which were neceſſary toward further intimacy. The matter was ſo managed, that the lad was made to believe there was no poſſibility of converſing with her, by reaſon of a very ſevere mother, but with the utmoſt caution. What, it ſeems, made the mother, forſooth, the more ſuſpicious was, that becauſe the men ſaid her daughter was pretty, ſomebody or other would perſuade her to marry while ſhe was too young to know how to govern a family. By what I can learn from pretences as ſhallow as this, ſhe appeared ſo far from having a deſign upon her lover, that it ſeemed impracticable to him to get her, except it were carried on with much ſecrecy and ſkill. Many were the interviews theſe lovers had in four and twenty hours time: for it was managed by the mother, that he ſhould run in and out as unobſerved by her, and the girl be called every other inſtant into the next room, and rated (that ſhe could not ſtay in a place) in his hearing. The young gentleman was at laſt ſo much in love, as to be thought by the daughter engaged far enough to put it to the venture that he could not live without her. It was now time for the mother to appear, who ſurpriſed the lovers together in private, and baniſhed the youth her houſe. What is not in the power of love! the charioteer, attended by his faithful friend the younger brother, got out the other morning a little earlier than ordinary, and having made a ſudden friendſhip with a lad of their own age by the force of ten ſhillings[g], who drove a hackney

[g] Then probably the common fare for a day.

coach, the elder brother took his poſt in the coach-box, where he could act with a great deal of ſkill and dexterity, and waited at the corner of the ſtreet where his miſtreſs lived, in hopes of carrying her off under that diſguiſe. The whole day was ſpent in expectation of an opportuniy; but in many parts of it he had kind looks from a diſtant window, which was anſwered by a brandiſh of his whip, and a compaſs taken to drive round and ſhow his activity, and readineſs to convey her where ſhe ſhould command him. Upon the approach of the evening, a note was thrown into his coach by a porter, to acquaint him that his miſtreſs and her mother ſhould take coach exactly at ſeven o'clock; but that the mother was to be ſet down, and the daughter to go further, and call again. The happy minute came at laſt, when our hack had the happineſs to take in his expected fare, attended by her mother, and the young lady with whom he had firſt met her. The mother was ſet down in the Strand, and her daughter ordered to call on her when ſhe came from her couſin's an hour afterwards. The mother was not ſo unſkilful as not to have inſtructed her daughter whom to ſend for, and how to behave herſelf when her lover ſhould urge her conſent. We yet know no further particulars, but that my young maſter was married that night at Knightſbridge, in the preſence of his brother and two or three other perſons; and that juſt before the ceremony he took his brother aſide, and aſked him to marry the other young woman. Now, ſir, I will not harangue upon this adventure, but only obſerve, that if the

education of this compound creature had been more careful as to his rational part, the animal life in him had not, perhaps, been ſo forward, but he might have waited longer before he was a huſband. However, as the whole town will in a day or two know the names, perſons, and other circumſtances, I think this properly lies before your Guardianſhip to conſider for the admonition of others; but my young maſter's fate is irrevocable.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant [h].'

[h] See N° 10, note *ad finem.* 'The Publiſher to the Reader,' coming from Steele himſelf, is almoſt the only authentic ſource of information concerning the writers of the Guardian. It appears on the face of it, to leave us at a loſs to diſtinguiſh the particular papers of moſt of the authors there mentioned. Neverthelеſs, by a judicious attention to it, an examiner of penetration and ſagacity, reading carefully with that view, may make ſhrewd gueſſes, and be able to aſſign each paper to its writer, with great probability. The annotator noted his own conjectures, preſuming that as they ſprang from the combination of a variety of little circumſtances that can hardly occur in one view to a common reader, they might not be altogether unworthy of notice, and farther conſideration. They originated from warily ſifting the conjectures of others, or reſt on little things ſeparately taken of little conſequence, and only conſiderable when taken collectively. After all as they authenticate nothing ſufficiently to make what was dubious certain, and at beſt bear ſome ſimilitude to the pretty card-buildings of children, I purpoſe for the future to keep them ſolely for my own amuſement, and to leave what I once conceived to be a rightful part of my province, entirely free and open to every reader. I only take the liberty to ſay here, that from all I know, I hardly pretend to determine for myſelf, whether this paper was written by Mr. John Hughes or Mr. Ince, though

Nº 15. Saturday, March 28, 1713.
BY STEELE.

——ſibi quivis
Spiret idem, ſudet multùm, fruſtraque laboret,
Auſas idem—— HOR. Ars Poet. v. 240.

All men will try, and hope to write as well,
And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.
ROSCOMMON.

I CAME yeſterday into the parlour, where I found Mrs. Cornelia, my lady's third daughter, all alone, reading a paper, which, as I afterwards found, contained a copy of verſes upon love and friendſhip. She, I believe, apprehended that I had glanced my eye upon the paper, and by the order and diſpoſition of the lines might diſtinguiſh that they were poetry; and therefore, with an innocent confuſion in her face, ſhe told me I might read them if I pleaſed, and ſo withdrew. By the hand, at firſt ſight, I could not gueſs whether they came from a beau or a lady; but having put on my ſpectacles, and peruſed them carefully, I found by ſome peculiar modes in ſpelling, and a certain negligence in grammar, that it was a female ſonnet. I have ſince learned, that ſhe hath a correſpondent in the country, who is as bookiſh as herſelf; that they write to one another by the names of Aſtrea and Dorin-

various circumſtances too minute to mention, incline me to think the right of aſſignment lies between them. Some ſurviving friend of Mr. Ince may be able to ſpeak more deciſively, and this is ſaid, in order to elicit ſuch information.

da, and are mightily admired for their eaſy lines. As I ſhould be loth to have a poeteſs in our family, and yet am unwilling harſhly to croſs the bent of a young lady's genius, I choſe rather to throw together ſome thoughts upon that kind of poetry which is diſtinguiſhed by the name of Eaſy, than to riſk the fame of Mrs. Cornelia's friend, by expoſing her work to public view.

I have ſaid, in a foregoing paper[i], that every thought which is agreeable to nature, and expreſſed in a language ſuitable to it, is written with eaſe: which I offered in anſwer to thoſe who aſk for eaſe in all kinds of poetry; and it is ſo far true, as it ſtates the notion of eaſy writing in general, as that is oppoſed to what is forced or affected. But as there is an eaſy mien, and eaſy dreſs, peculiarly ſo called; ſo there is an eaſy ſort of poetry. In order to write eaſily, it is neceſſary in the firſt place to think eaſily. Now, according to different ſubjects, men think differently; anger, fury, and the rough paſſions, awaken ſtrong thoughts; glory, grandeur, power, raiſe great thoughts: love, melancholy, ſolitude, and whatever gently touches the ſoul, inſpire eaſy thoughts.

Of the thoughts ſuggeſted by theſe gentle ſubjects, there are ſome which may be ſet off by ſtyle and ornament. Others there are, which the more ſimply they are conceived, and the more clearly they are expreſſed, give the ſoul proportionably the more pleaſing emotions. The figures of ſtyle added to them ſerve only to hide

i Nº 12.

a beauty, however gracefully they are put on, and are thrown away like paint upon a fine complexion. But here not only livelineſs of fancy is requiſite to exhibit a great variety of images; but alſo niceneſs of judgment to cull out thoſe, which, without the advantage of foreign art, will ſhine by their own intrinſic beauty. By theſe means, whatſoever ſeems to demand labour being rejected, that only which appears to be eaſy and natural will come in; and ſo art will be hid by art, which is the perfection of eaſy writing.

I will ſuppoſe an author to be really poſſeſſed with the paſſion which he writes upon, and then we ſhall ſee how he would acquit himſelf. This I take to be the ſafeſt way to form a judgment of him: ſince if he be not truly moved, he muſt at leaſt work up his imagination as near as poſſible, to reſemble reality. I chooſe to inſtance in love, which is obſerved to have produced the moſt finiſhed performances in this kind. A lover will be full of ſincerity, that he may be believed by his miſtreſs; he will therefore think ſimply; he will expreſs himſelf perſpicuouſly; that he may not perplex her; he will therefore write unaffectedly. Deep reflections are made by a head undiſturbed; and points of wit and fancy are the work of an heart at eaſe; theſe two dangers then, into which poets are apt to run, are effectually removed out of the lover's way. The ſelecting proper circumſtances, and placing them in agreeable lights, are the fineſt ſecrets of all poetry; but the recollection of little circumſtances is the lover's ſole meditation, and relating them pleaſantly, the buſineſs of his life. Accordingly we

find that the moſt celebrated authors of this rank excel in love-verſes. Out of ten thouſand inſtances I ſhall name one, which I think the moſt delicate and tender I ever ſaw.

'To myſelf I ſigh often, without knowing why;
And when abſent from Phyllis, methinks I could die.'

A man who hath ever been in love will be touched at the reading of theſe lines; and every one, who now feels that paſſion, actually feels that they are true.

From what I have advanced it appears, how difficult it is to write eaſily. But when eaſy writings fall into the hand of an ordinary reader, they appear to him ſo natural and unlaboured, that he immediately reſolves to write, and fancies that all he hath to do is to take no pains. Thus he thinks indeed ſimply, but the thoughts, not being choſen with judgment, are not beautiful: he, it is true, expreſſes himſelf plainly, but flatly withal. Again, if a man of vivacity takes it in his head to write this way, what ſelf-denial muſt he undergo, when bright points of wit occur to his fancy! How difficult will he find it to reject florid phraſes, and pretty embelliſhments of ſtyle! So true it is, that ſimplicity of all things is the hardeſt to be copied, and eaſe to be acquired with the greateſt labour. Our family knows very well how ill Lady Flame looked, when ſhe imitated Mrs. Jane in a plain black ſuit. And, I remember, when Frank Courtly was ſaying the other day, that any man might write eaſy [k]. I

[k] Blockheads (ſaid Congreve) ſuppoſe eaſy writing to be what any man can eaſily write. See Guardian, Nº 12.

only aſked him, if he thought it poſſible that ſquire Hawthorn ſhould ever come into a room as he did? He made me a very handſome bow, and anſwered with a ſmile, 'Mr. Ironſide, you have convinced me.'

I ſhall conclude this paper by obſerving that paſtoral poetry, which is the moſt conſiderable kind of eaſy writing, has the ofteneſt been attempted with ill ſucceſs, of any ſort whatſoever. I ſhall therefore, in a little time, communicate my thoughts upon that ſubject to the public[1].

Nº. 16. Monday, March 30, 1713.

By STEELE. See Nº 10, Note, *ad finem.*

——— Ne fortè pudori
Sit tibi muſa lyræ ſolers, et cantor Apollo.

HOR. Ars Poet. v. 406.

Bluſh not to patroniſe the muſe's ſkill.

Two mornings ago a gentleman came in to my lady Lizard's tea-table, who is diſtinguiſhed in town by the good taſte he is known to have in polite writings, eſpecially ſuch as relate to love and gallantry. The figure of the man had ſome-

[1] See Nº 22, Nº 23, Nº 28, Nº 30, Nº 32, and Nº 40. It is ſuppoſed, and appears very credible, that Mr. Tickell was the author of this Number, and of the following papers on paſtoral poetry, excepting Nº 40. Mr. A. Philips is likewiſe ſuppoſed to have written this paper, and ſome of the numbers here referred to. They are mentioned together by Steele; and perhaps theſe papers might be their joint productions; and Addiſon, with whom they both lived familiarly, might have had ſome ſhare in them all. See The Publiſher to the Reader, and Nº 10, note, *ad finem.*

thing odd and grotefque in it, though his air and manner were genteel and eafy, and his wit agreeable. The ladies, in complaifance to him, turned the difcourfe to poetry. This foon gave him an occafion of producing two new fongs to the company; which, he faid, he would venture to recommend as compleat performances. The firft, continued he, is by a gentleman of an unrivalled reputation in every kind of writing[m]; and the fecond by a lady who does me the honour to be in love with me, becaufe I am not handfome. Mrs. Annabella upon this (who never lets flip an occafion of doing fprightly things) gives a twitch to the paper with a finger and a thumb, and fnatches it out of the gentleman's hands: then cafting her eye over it with a feeming impatience, fhe read us the fongs; and in a very obliging manner, defired the gentleman would let her have a copy of them, together with his judgment upon fongs in general; that I may be able, faid fhe, to judge of gallantries of this nature, if ever it fhould be my fortune to have a poetical lover. The gentleman complied; and accordingly Mrs. Annabella, the very next morning, when fhe was at her toilet, had the following packet delived to her by a fpruce valet de chambre.

THE FIRST SONG.

I.

On Belvidera's bofom lying,
Wifhing, panting, fighing, dying,

[m] Probably Addifon.

The cold regardleſs maid to move,
With unavailing prayers I ſue:
'You firſt have taught me how to love,
Ah teach me to be happy too!'

II.

But ſhe, alas! unkindly wiſe,
To all my ſighs and tears replies,
''Tis every prudent maid's concern
Her lover's fondneſs to improve;
If to be happy you ſhall learn,
You quickly would forget to love.'

THE SECOND SONG[n].

I.

BOAST not, miſtaken ſwain, thy art
To pleaſe my partial eyes;
The charms that have ſubdued my heart,
Another may deſpiſe.

II.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright:
Perhaps, by ſome fond whim betray'd,
In oddneſs I delight.

III.

Vain youth to your confuſion know,
'Tis to my love's exceſs
You all your fancy'd beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows leſs.

[n] This ſong, in Mr. Aikin's Collection, is aſcribed to Mr. Philips, but no authority is given for the aſſignment. If it be juſt, probably Mr. Philips was the author of this paper.

IV.

For your own ſake, if not for mine,
You ſhould preſerve my fire:
Since you, my ſwain, no more will ſhine,
When I no more admire.

V.

By me, indeed, you are allow'd
The wonder of your kind;
But be not of my judgment proud,
Whom love has render'd blind.

'TO MRS. ANNABELLA LIZARD.

'MADAM,

'To let you ſee how abſolute your commands are over me, and to convince you of the opinion I have of your good ſenſe, I ſhall, without any preamble of compliments, give you my thoughts upon Song-writing, in the ſame order as they have occurred to me. Only allow me, in my own defence, to ſay, that I do not remember ever to have met with any piece of criticiſm upon this ſubject°; ſo that if I err, or ſeem ſingular in my opinions, you will be the more at liberty to differ from them, ſince I do not pretend to ſupport them by any authority.

'In all ages, and in every nation where poetry has been in faſhion, the tribe of ſonneteers hath been very numerous. Every pert young fellow

° The curious reader may find inſtructive and elegant entertainment on the ſubject of this paper, in the peruſal of the ingenious Eſſays on Song-writing, &c. Printed for J. Johnſon, Lond. 2 vols.

that has a moving fancy, and the leaſt jingle of verſe in his head, ſets up for a writer of ſongs, and reſolves to immortalize his bottle or his miſtreſs. What a world of inſipid productions in this kind have we been peſtered with ſince the revolution, to go no higher! This, no doubt, proceeds in a great meaſure from not forming a right judgment of the nature of theſe little compoſitions. It is true, they do not require an elevation of thought, nor any extraordinary capacity, nor an extenſive knowledge; but then they demand great regularity, and the utmoſt nicety; an exact purity of ſtyle, with the moſt eaſy and flowing numbers; an elegant and unaffected turn of wit, with one uniform and ſimple deſign. Greater works cannot well be without ſome inequalities and overſights, and they are in them pardonable; but a ſong loſes all its luſtre if it be not poliſhed with the greateſt accuracy. The ſmalleſt blemiſh in it, like a flaw in a jewel, takes off the whole value of it. A ſong is, as it were, a little image in enamel, that requires all the nice touches of the pencil, a gloſs and a ſmoothneſs, with thoſe delicate finiſhing ſtrokes, which would be ſuperfluous and thrown away upon larger figures, where the ſtrength and boldneſs of a maſterly hand gives all the grace.

‘ Since you may have recourſe to the French and Engliſh tranſlations, you will not accuſe me of pedantry, when I tell you that Sappho, Anacreon, and Horace in ſome of his ſhorter lyrics, are the completeſt models for little odes or ſonnets. You will find them generally purſuing a ſingle thought in their ſongs, which is driven to

a point, without thoſe interruptions and deviations ſo frequent in the modern writers of this order. To do juſtice to the French, there is no living language that abounds ſo much in good ſongs. The genius of the people, and the idiom of their tongue, ſeems adapted to compoſitions of this ſort. Our writers generally croud into one ſong, materials enough for ſeveral; and ſo they ſtarve every thought, by endeavouring to nurſe up more than one at a time. They give you a ſtring of imperfect ſonnets, inſtead of one finiſhed piece, which is a fault Mr. Waller (whoſe beauties cannot be too much admired) ſometimes falls into. But, of all our countrymen, none are more defective in their ſongs, through a redundancy of wit, than Dr. Donne, and Mr. Cowley. In them, one point of wit flaſhes ſo faſt upon another, that the reader's attention is dazzled by the continual ſparkling of their imagination; you find a new deſign ſtarted almoſt in every line, and you come to the end without the ſatisfaction of ſeeing any one of them executed.

'A ſong ſhould be conducted like an epigram; and the only difference between them is, that one does not require the lyric numbers, and is uſually employed upon ſatirical occaſions; whereas the buſineſs of the other, for the moſt part, is to expreſs (as my lord Roſcommon tranſlates it from Horace)

'Love's pleaſing cares, and the free joys of wine.'

'I ſhall conclude what I have to ſay upon this ſubject, by obſerving, that the French do very often confound the ſong and the epigram, and

and take the one reciprocally for the other. An inſtance of which I ſhall give you in a remarkable epigram which paſſes current abroad for an excellent ſong.

'Tu parles mal par-tout de moi,
Je dis du bien par-tout de toi;
Quel malheur eſt le nôtre?
L'on ne croit ni l'un ni l'autre.'

'For the ſatisfaction of ſuch of your friends as may not underſtand the original, I ſhall venture to tranſlate it after my faſhion, ſo as to keep ſtrictly to the turn of thought, at the expence of loſing ſomething in the poetry and verſification.

'Thou ſpeakeſt always ill of me,
I ſpeak always well of thee:
But ſpite of all our noiſe and pother,
The world believes nor one nor t'other.'

'Thus, madam, I have endeavoured to comply with you commands; not out of vanity of erecting myſelf into a critic, but out of an earneſt deſire of being thought, upon all occaſions,

Your moſt obedient ſervant[p],'

[p] The reader will pleaſe to carry this along with him, that wherever a paper is not aſcribed ſimply to Steele, but with the addition of 'See No 10, and note,' or a reference to Nº 14, the annotator at the time doubted the ſtrict propriety of the aſſignment, though he could not then poſitively give any other on ſufficient authority. The moſt faſtidious reader can hardly be more weary of conjectures, or more ſcrupulous about authorities, than the annotator.

N° 17. Tuesday, March 31, 1713.
By STEELE.

—*Minimumque libidine peccant.* Juv. Sat. vi. 134.

Luſt is the ſmalleſt ſin they own. Dryden.

If it were poſſible to bear up againſt the force of ridicule, which faſhion has brought upon people for acknowledging a veneration for the moſt ſacred things, a man might ſay that the time we now are in[q] is ſet apart for humiliation; and all our actions ſhould at preſent more particularly tend that way. I remember about thirty years ago an eminent divine, who was alſo moſt exactly well bred, told his congregation at Whitehall, that if they did not vouchſafe to give their lives a new turn, they muſt certainly go to a place which he did not think fit to name in that courtly audience[r]. It is with me as with that gentleman. I would, if poſſible, repreſent the errors of life, eſpecially thoſe ariſing from what we call gallantry, in ſuch a manner as the people of pleaſure may read me. In this caſe I muſt not be rough to gentlemen and ladies, but ſpeak of ſin as a gentleman. It might not perhaps be amiſs, if, therefore, I ſhould call my preſent precaution A Criticiſm upon Fornication; and, by repreſenting the unjuſt taſte they have who affect that way of pleaſure, bring a diſtaſte upon it among all thoſe who are judicious in their ſatisfactions.

[q] Viz. Lent.

[r] Pope's 'Dean, and ears polite.' A.

I will be bold then to lay it down for a rule, that he who follows this kind of gratification, gives up much greater delight in purſuing it, than he can poſſibly enjoy from it. As to the common women and the ſtews, there is no one but will allow this aſſertion at firſt ſight; but if it will appear, that they who deal with thoſe of the ſex who are leſs profligate, deſcend to greater baſeneſſes than if they frequented brothels, it ſhould, methinks, bring this iniquity under ſome diſcountenance. The rake, who without ſenſe of character or decency wallows and ranges in common houſes, is guilty no farther than of proſtituting himſelf, and expoſing his health to diſeaſes: but the man of gallantry cannot purſue his pleaſures without treachery to ſome man he ought to love, and making deſpicable the woman he admires. To live in a continual deceit: to reflect upon the diſhonour you do ſome huſband, father, or brother, who does not deſerve this of you, and whom you would deſtroy did you know they did the like towards you, are circumſtances which pall the appetite, and give a man of any ſenſe of honour very painful mortification. What more need be ſaid againſt a gentleman's delight, than that he himſelf thinks himſelf a baſe man in purſuing it; when it is thoroughly conſidered he gives up his very being as a man of integrity who commences gallant? Let him or her who is guilty this way but weigh the matter a little, and the criminal will find that thoſe whom they moſt eſteemed are of a ſudden become the moſt diſagreeable companions; nay, their good qualities are grown odious and painful. It is ſaid, people who have

the plague have a delight in communicating the infection; in like manner, the ſenſe of ſhame, which is never wholly overcome, inclines the guilty this way to contribute to the deſtruction of others. And women are pleaſed to introduce more women into the ſame condition, though they can have no other ſatisfaction from it, than that the infamy is ſhared among greater numbers, which they flatter themſelves eaſes the burden of each particular perſon.

It is a moſt melancholy conſideration, that for momentary ſenſations of joy, obtained by ſtealth, men are forced into a conſtraint of all their words and actions in the general and ordinary occurrences of life. It is an impoſſibility in this caſe to be faithful to one perſon, without being falſe to all the reſt of the world. The gay figures in which poetical men of looſe morals have placed this kind of ſtealth are but feeble conſolations, when a man is inclined to ſoliloquy or meditation upon his paſt life; flaſhes of wit can promote joy, but they cannot allay grief.

Diſeaſe, ſickneſs, and misfortune, are what all men living are liable to; it is therefore ridiculous and mad to purſue, inſtead of ſhunning, what muſt add to our anguiſh under diſeaſe, ſickneſs, or misfortune. It is poſſible there may be thoſe whoſe bloods are too warm to admit of theſe compunctions: if there are ſuch, I am ſure they are laying up ſtore for them: but I have better hopes of thoſe who have not yet eraſed the impreſſions and advantages of a good education and fortune; they may be aſſured, that whoever

wholly gives themſelves up to luſt, will find it the leaſt fault they are guilty of.

Irreconcileable hatred to thoſe they have injured, mean ſhifts to cover their offences, envy and malice to the innocent, and a general ſacrifice of all that is good-natured or praiſe-worthy when it interrupts them, will poſſeſs all their faculties, and make them utter ſtrangers to the noble pleaſures which flow from honour and virtue. Happy are they, who from the viſitation of ſickneſs, or any other accident, are awakened from a courſe which leads to an inſenſibility of the greateſt enjoyments in human life.

A French author, giving an account of a very agreeable man, in whoſe character he mingles good qualities and infirmities, rather than vices or virtues, tells the following ſtory.

'Our knight' ſays he, 'was pretty much addicted to the moſt faſhionable of all faults. He had a looſe rogue for a lackey, not a little in his favour, though he had no other name for him when he ſpoke of him but "the raſcal," or, to him, but "ſirrah." One morning when he was dreſſing, "Sirrah," ſays he, "be ſure you bring home this evening a pretty wench." The fellow was a perſon of diligence and capacity, and had for ſome time addreſſed himſelf to a decayed old gentlewoman, who had a young maiden to her daughter, beauteous as an angel, not yet ſixteen years of age. The mother's extreme poverty, and the inſinuations of this artful lackey concerning the ſoft diſpoſition and generoſity of his maſter, made her conſent to deliver up her daughter.

But many were the intreaties and repreſentations of the mother to gain her child's conſent to an action, which ſhe ſaid ſhe abhorred, at the ſame time ſhe exhorted her to it; "but child," ſays ſhe, "can you ſee your mother die for hunger?" The virgin argued no longer, but burſting into tears, ſaid ſhe would go any where. The lackey conveyed her with great obſequiouſneſs and ſecrecy to his maſter's lodging, and placed her in a commodious apartment till he came home. The knight, who knew his man never failed of bringing in his prey, indulged his genius at a banquet, and was in high humour at an entertainment with ladies, expecting to be received in the evening by one as agreeable as the beſt of them. When he came home, his lackey met him with a ſaucy and joyful familiarity, crying out, "She is as handſome as an angel (for there is no other ſimile on theſe occaſions); but the tender fool has wept till her eyes are ſwelled and bloated; for ſhe is a maid and a gentlewoman." With that he conducted his maſter to the room where ſhe was, and retired. The knight, when he ſaw her bathed in tears, ſaid in ſome ſurpriſe, "Do not you know, young woman, why you are brought hither?" The unhappy maid fell on her knees, and with many interruptions of ſighs and tears, ſaid to him "I know, alas! too well why I am brought hither; my mother, to get bread for her and myſelf, has ſent me to do what you pleaſed; but would it would pleaſe Heaven I could die, before I am added to the number of thoſe miſerable wretches who live without honour!" With this reflection ſhe wept anew, and beat her boſom.

The knight, ſtepping back from her, ſaid, "I am not ſo abandoned as to hurt your innocence againſt your will."

'The novelty of the accident ſurprized him into virtue; and, covering the young maid with a cloak, he lėd her to a relation's houſe, to whoſe care he recommended her for that night. The next morning he ſent for her mother, and aſked her if her daughter was a maid? The mother aſſured him, that when ſhe delivered her to his ſervant, ſhe was a ſtranger to man. "Are not you then," replied the knight, "a wicked woman to contrive the debauchery of your own child?" She held down her face with fear and ſhame, and in her confuſion uttered ſome broken words concerning her poverty. "Far be it," ſaid the gentleman, "that you ſhould relieve yourſelf from want by a much greater evil: your daughter is a fine young creature; do you know of none that ever ſpoke of her for a wife? The mother anſwered, "There is an honeſt man in our neighbourhood that loves her, who has often ſaid he would marry her with two hundred pounds." The knight ordered his man to reckon out that ſum, with an addition of fifty to buy the bride cloaths, and fifty more as a help to her mother.'

I appeal to all the gallants in the town, whether poſſeſſing all the beauties in Great-Britain could give half the pleaſure as this young gentleman had in the reflection of having relieved a miſerable parent from guilt and poverty, an innocent virgin from public ſhame, and beſtowing a virtuous wife upon an honeſt man?

Though all men who are guilty this way have

not fortunes or opportunities for making ſuch atonements for their vices, yet all men may do what is certainly in their power at this good ſeaſon[s]. For my part, I do not care how ridiculous the mention of it may be, provided I hear it has any good conſequence upon the wretched, that I recommend the moſt abandoned and miſerable of mankind to the charity of all in proſperous conditions under the ſame guilt with thoſe wretches. The Lock hoſpital in Kent-ſtreet, Southwark, for men; that in Kingſland for women, is a receptacle for all ſufferers mangled by this iniquity[t]. Penitents ſhould in their own hearts take upon them all the ſhame and ſorrow they have eſcaped; and it would become them to make an oblation

[s] Viz. Lent.

[t] Both theſe hoſpitals were originally founded for lepers; and being appendages to the city hoſpitals, were afterwards applied to the relief of patients of the deſcription above alluded to. Though the foundation in 1747 of a larger hoſpital near Hyde-park-corner, for the expreſs purpoſes to which theſe had been appropriated, with the increaſed conveniences and revenues of the city hoſpitals, having rendered the continuance of the ſmaller ones unneceſſary; it becomes our province to ſay that both of them have been rebuilt ſince the publication of this paper. That in Kent-ſtreet, a ſmall neat edifice, with a row of trees before, a garden behind, and a wall next the ſtreet, is ſtill in uſe; and has at its ſouth end the original chapel-walk, built at the beginning of the laſt century. The houſe at Kingſland, which has long been applied to other purpoſes, is a large brick building, well adapted to the uſes for which it was intended, and adjoins the ſmall old chapel of eaſe belonging to Iſlington pariſh, where the patients had an opportunity of attending the ſervice of the church without being themſelves ſeen. At the end of the building was a dial with this motto, *Poſt voluptatem miſericordia.* N.

for their crimes, by charity to thoſe upon whom vice appears in that utmoſt miſery and deformity, which they themſelves are free from by their better fortune, rather than greater innocence. It would quicken our compaſſion in this caſe, if we conſidered there may be objects there, who would now move horror and loathing, that we have once embraced with tranſport: and as we are men of honour (for I muſt not ſpeak as we are Chriſtians) let us not deſert our friends for the loſs of their noſes.

Nº 18. Wedneſday, April 1, 1713.
By STEELE.

——*Animæque capaces*
Mortis——— LUCAN.
Souls, undiſmay'd by death.

THE proſpect of death is ſo gloomy and diſmal, that if it were conſtantly before our eyes, it would imbitter all the ſweets of life. The gracious Author of our being hath therefore ſo formed us, that we are capable of many pleaſing ſenſations and reflections, and meet with ſo many amuſements and ſolicitudes, as divert our thoughts from dwelling upon an evil, which, by reaſon of its ſeeming diſtance, makes but languid impreſſions upon the mind. But how diſtant ſoever the time of our death may be, ſince it is certain that we muſt die, it is neceſſary to allot ſome portion of our life to conſider the end of it; and it is highly convenient to fix ſome ſtated times to meditate upon the final period of our

existence here. The principle of self-love, as we are men, will make us enquire, what is like to become of us after our dissolution; and our conscience, as we are Christians, will inform us, that according to the good or evil of our actions here, we shall be translated to the mansions of eternal bliss or misery. When this is seriously weighed, we must think it madness to be unprepared against the black moment; but when we reflect that perhaps that black moment may be to-night, how watchful ought we to be!

I was wonderfully affected with a discourse I had lately with a clergyman of my acquaintance upon this head, which was to this effect: 'The consideration,' said the good man, 'that my being is precarious, moved me many years ago to make a resolution, which I have diligently kept, and to which I owe the greatest satisfaction that a mortal man can enjoy. Every night before I address myself in private to my Creator, I lay my hand upon my heart, and ask myself, whether if God should require my soul of me this night, I could hope for mercy from him? The bitter agonies I underwent in this my first acquaintance with myself were so far from throwing me into despair of that mercy which is over all God's works, that they rather proved motives to greater circumspection in my future conduct. The oftener I exercised myself in meditations of this kind, the less was my anxiety; and by making the thoughts of death familiar, what was at first so terrible and shocking is become the sweetest of my enjoyments. These contemplations have indeed made me serious, but not sullen; nay,

they are ſo far from having ſoured my temper, that as I have a mind perfectly compoſed, and a ſecret ſpring of joy in my heart, ſo my converſation is pleaſant, and my countenance ſerene; I have no ſhare in pleaſures that leave a ſting behind them, nor am I cheated with that kind of mirth, "in the midſt of which there is heavineſs."

Of all the profeſſions of men, a ſoldier's chiefly ſhould put him upon this religious vigilance. His duty expoſes him to ſuch hazards, that the evil which to men in other ſtations may ſeem far diſtant, to him is inſtant and ever before his eyes. The conſideration, that what men in a martial life purchaſe is gained with danger and labour, and muſt perhaps be parted with very ſpeedily, is the cauſe of much licence and riot. As moreover it is neceſſary to keep up the ſpirits of thoſe who are to encounter the moſt terrible dangers, offences of this nature meet with great indulgence. But there is a courage better founded than this animal fury. The ſecret aſſurance, that all is right within, that if he falls in battle, he will the more ſpeedily be crowned with true glory, will add ſtrength to a warrior's arm, and intrepidity to his heart.

One of the moſt ſucceſsful ſtratagems whereby Mahomet became formidable, was the aſſurance that impoſtor gave his votaries, that whoever was ſlain in battle ſhould be immediately conveyed to that luxurious paradiſe his wanton fancy had invented. The ancient Druids taught a doctrine which had the ſame effect, though with this difference from Mahomet's, That the ſouls of the

ſlain ſhould tranſmigrate into other bodies, and in them be rewarded according to the degrees of their merit. This is told by Lucan with his uſual ſpirit.

‘ You teach that ſouls, from fleſhy chains unbound,
Seek not pale ſhades and Erebus profound,
But fleeting hence to other regions ſtray,
Once more to mix with animated clay;
Hence death's a gap (if men may truſt the lore)
'Twixt lives behind and ages yet before.
A bleſt miſtake! which fate's dread power diſarms;
And ſpurs its vot'ries on to war's alarms;
Laviſh of life, they ruſh with fierce delight
Amidſt the legions, and provoke the fight;
O'er-matching death, and freely caſt away
That loan of life the gods are bound to pay.’

Our gallant countryman, ſir Philip Sidney, was a noble example of courage and devotion. I am particularly pleaſed to find that he hath tranſlated the whole book of Pſalms into Engliſh verſe. A friend of mine informs me, that he hath the manuſcript by him, which is ſaid in the title to have been done ‘ By the moſt noble and virtuous Gent. Sir Philip Sidney, Knight[u].’ They having been never printed, I ſhall preſent the public with one of them, which my correſpondent aſſures me he hath faithfully tranſcribed, and wherein I have taken the liberty only to alter one word.

[u] Has not Mr. Wharton ſettled it that only a part of the book of pſalms was tranſlated, and that by ſir Philip's ſiſter? A.

PSALM CXXXVII[x].

NIGH ſeated where the river flows,
That watereth Babel's thankful plain,
Which then our tears, in pearled rows,
Did help to water with the rain:
The thought of Sion bred ſuch woes,
That though our harps we did retain,
Yet uſeleſs and untouched there,
On willows only hang'd they were.

II.

Now while our harps were hanged ſo,
The men whoſe captives then we lay,
Did on our griefs inſulting go,
And more to grieve us thus did ſay:
You that of muſic make ſuch ſhow,
Come ſing us now a Sion's lay:
Oh no! we have no voice nor hand
For ſuch a ſong in ſuch a land.

III.

Though far I be, ſweet Sion hill,
In foreign ſoil exil'd from thee,
Yet let my hand forget his ſkill
If ever thou forgotten be;
And let my tongue faſt glewed ſtill
Unto my roof, lie mute in me;
If thy neglect within me ſpring,
Or aught I do, but Salem ſing.

x Dr. Donne's Poems, &c. Pſ. 137, p. 284, edit. 1719, 24to.

IV.

But thou, O Lord, ſhalt not forget
To quit the plains of Edom's race,
Who cauſeleſsly, yet hotly ſet
Thy holy city to deface,
Did thus the bloody victors whet,
What time they enter'd firſt the place,
'Down, down with it at any hand,
Make all a waſte, let nothing ſtand.'

V.

And Babylon, that didſt us waſte,
Thyſelf ſhalt one day waſted be:
And happy he, who what thou haſt
Unto us done, ſhall do to thee;
Like bitterneſs ſhall make thee taſte,
Like woeful objects make thee ſee:
Yea, happy who thy little ones
Shall take and daſh againſt the ſtones [y].

y See N° 10, note, *ad finem*.

*** Adv. For the benefit of Signora Albergotti Romano. At Mr. Hickford's great dancing room, over againſt the Tennis-court, in James's-ſtreet, near the Haymarket, on Thurſday, the 9th inſtant, will be a concert of vocal and inſtrumental muſic. Performing ſeveral ſongs out of the neweſt operas, ſome one and two trumpets, with variety of new concertos for flutes, hautboy, and other inſtruments. Compoſed by Mr Corbett, and performed by him and the beſt maſters in the opera. To begin at 6 o'clock. Tickets may be had at the place of performance, half a guinea each. Guardian, in folio.

Nº 19. Thurſday, April 2, 1713.

By STEELE.

Ne te ſemper inops agitet vexetque cupido ;
Ne pavor, et rerum mediocriter utilium ſpes.
Hor. 1 Ep. xviii. 98.

Leſt avarice, ſtill poor, diſturb thine eaſe ;
Or fear ſhould ſhake, or cares thy mind abuſe,
Or ardent hope for things of little uſe. Creech.

It was prettily obſerved by ſomebody concerning the great vices, that there are three which give pleaſure, as covetouſneſs, gluttony, and luſt; one, which taſtes of nothing but pain, as envy; the reſt have a mixture of pleaſure and pain, as anger and pride. But when a man conſiders the ſtate of his own mind, about which every member of the Chriſtian world is ſuppoſed at this time to be employed, he will find that the beſt defence againſt vice is preſerving the worthieſt part of his own ſpirit pure from any great offence againſt it. There is a magnanimity which makes us look upon ourſelves with diſdain, after we have been betrayed by ſudden deſire, opportunity of gain, the abſence of a perſon who excels us, the fault of a ſervant, or the ill fortune of an adverſary, into the gratification of luſt, covetouſneſs, envy, rage, or pride; when the more ſublime part of our ſouls is kept alive, and we have not repeated infirmities until they become vicious habits.

The vice of covetouſneſs is what enters deepeſt into the ſoul of any other; and you may have

ſeen men, otherwiſe the moſt agreeable creatures in the world, ſo ſeized with the deſire of being richer, that they ſhall ſtartle at indifferent things, and live in a continual guard and watch over themſelves from a remote fear of expence. No pious man can be ſo circumſpect in the care of his conſcience, as the covetous man is in that of his pocket.

If a man would preſerve his own ſpirit, and his natural approbation of higher and more worthy purſuits, he could never fall into this littleneſs, but his mind would be ſtill open to honour and virtue, in ſpite of infirmities and relapſes. But what extremely diſcourages me in my precautions as a Guardian, is, that there is an univerſal defection from the admiration of virtue. Riches and outward ſplendor have taken up the place of it; and no man thinks he is mean, if he is not poor. But alas! this deſpicable ſpirit debaſes our very being, and makes our paſſions take a new turn from their natural bent.

It was a cauſe of great ſorrow and melancholy to me ſome nights ago at a play, to ſee a crowd in the habits of the gentry of England ſtupid to the nobleſt ſentiments we have. The circumſtance happened in the ſcene of diſtreſs betwixt Percy and Anna Bullen: One of the centinels who ſtood on the ſtage, to prevent the diſorders which the moſt unmannerly race of young men that ever were ſeen in any age frequently raiſe in public aſſemblies, upon Percy's beſeeching to be heard, burſt into tears; upon which the greateſt part of the audience fell into a loud and ignorant laughter; which others, who were touched with

the liberal compaſſion of the poor fellow, could hardly ſuppreſs by their clapping. But the man, without the leaſt confuſion or ſhame in his countenance for what had happened, wiped away the tears and was ſtill intent upon the play. The diſtreſs ſtill riſing, the ſoldier was ſo much moved, that he was obliged to turn his face from the audience, to their no ſmall merriment. Percy had the gallantry to take notice of his honeſt heart; and, as I am told, gave him a crown to help him in his affliction. It is certain this poor fellow, in his humble condition, had ſuch a lively compaſſion as a ſoul unwedded to the world; were it otherwiſe, gay lights and dreſſes, with appearance of people of faſhion and wealth, to which his fortune could not be familiar, would have taken up all his attention and admiration.

It is every thing that is praiſe-worthy, as well as pure religion (according to a book too ſacred for me to quote), ‘ to viſit the fatherleſs and widows in their affliction, and to keep himſelf unſpotted from the world.’ Every ſtep that a man makes beyond moderate and reaſonable proviſion, is taking ſo much from the worthineſs of his own ſpirit; and he that is entirely ſet upon making a fortune, is all that while undoing the man. He muſt grow deaf to the wretched, eſtrange himſelf from the agreeable, learn hardneſs of heart, diſreliſh every thing that is noble, and terminate all in his deſpicable ſelf. Indulgence in any one immoderate deſire or appetite engroſſes the whole creature, and his life is ſacrificed to that one deſire or appetite; but how much otherwiſe is it with thoſe that preſerve

alive in them ſomething that adorns their condition and ſhews the man, whether a prince or a beggar, above his fortune!

I have juſt now recorded a foot-ſoldier for the politeſt man in a Britiſh audience, from the force of nature, untainted with the ſingularity of an ill-applied education. A good ſpirit that is not abuſed, can add new glories to the higheſt ſtate in the world, as well as give beauties to the meaneſt. I ſhall exemplify this by inſerting a prayer of Harry the fourth of France juſt before a battle, in which he obtained an entire victory.

'O Lord of hoſts, who canſt ſee through the thickeſt veil and cloſeſt diſguiſe, who vieweſt the bottom of my heart, and the deepeſt deſigns of my enemies, who haſt in thy hands, as well as before thine eyes, all the events which concern human life; if thou knoweſt that my reign will promote thy glory and the ſafety of thy people; if thou knoweſt that I have no other ambition in my ſoul, but to advance the honour of thy holy name, and the good of this ſtate; favour, O great God, the juſtice of my arms, and reduce all the rebels to acknowledge him whom thy ſacred decrees, and the order of a lawful ſucceſſion, have made their ſovereign: but, if thy good providence has ordered it otherwiſe, and thou ſeeſt that I ſhould prove one of thoſe kings whom thou giveſt in thine anger, take from me, O merciful God, my life and my crown, make me this day a ſacrifice to thy will, let my death end the calamities of France, and let my blood be the laſt that is ſpilt in this quarrel.'

The king uttered this generous prayer in a voice, and with a countenance, that inſpired all who heard and beheld him with like magnanimity: then turning to the ſquadron, at the head of which he deſigned to charge, 'My fellow-ſoldiers,' ſaid he, 'as you run my fortune, ſo do I yours; your ſafety conſiſts in keeping well your ranks; but if the heat of the action ſhould force you to diſorder, think of nothing but rallying again; if you loſe ſight of your colours and ſtandards, look round for the white plume in my beaver; you ſhall ſee it wherever you are, and it ſhall lead you to glory and victory.'

The magnanimity of this illuſtrious prince was ſupported by a firm reliance on Providence, which inſpired him with a contempt of life, and an aſſurance of conqueſt. His generous ſcorn of royalty, but as it conſiſted with the ſervice of God, and good of his people, is an inſtance, that the mind of man, when it is well diſpoſed, is always above its condition, even though it be that of a monarch.

Nº 20. Friday, April 3, 1713.
By STEELE.

——Minuti
Semper et infirmi eſt animi exiguique voluptas
Ultio— JUV. Sat. xiii. 189.

—Revenge, which ſtill we find
The weakeſt frailty of a feeble mind. CREECH.

ALL gallantry and faſhion, one would imagine, ſhould riſe out of the religion and laws of that

nation wherein they prevail; but, alas! in this kingdom, gay characters, and those which lead in the pleasure and inclinations of the fashionable world, are such as are readiest to practise crimes the most abhorrent to nature, and contradictory to our faith[z]. A Christian and a gentleman are made inconsistent appellations of the same person; you are not to expect eternal life, if you do not forgive injuries; and your mortal life is uncomfortable, if you are not ready to commit a murder in resentment for an affront: for good sense as well as religion is so utterly banished the world, that men glory in their very passions, and pursue trifles with the utmost vengeance; so little do they know that to forgive is the most arduous pitch human nature can arrive at. A coward has often fought, a coward has often conquered, but 'a coward never forgave.' The power of doing that flows from a strength of soul conscious of its own force; whence it draws a certain safety, which its enemy is not of consideration enough to interrupt; for it is peculiar in the make of a brave man to have his friends seem much above him, his enemies much below him.

Yet though the neglect of our enemies may, so intense a forgiveness as the love of them is not to be in the least accounted for by the force of constitution, but is a more spiritual and refined moral, introduced by him who died for those that persecuted him; yet very justly delivered to

[z] See the admirable papers on duelling in the Tatler, N° 25, 26, 29. 31. 38, 39. Spect. N° 84. 97. 99. Guard. N° 129 133. 161, Theatre, N° 19. 26. and, The Conscious Lovers, *passim*.

us, when we conſider ourſelves offenders, and to be forgiven on the reaſonable terms of forgiving; for who can aſk what he will not beſtow, eſpecially when that gift is attended with a redemption from the cruelleſt ſlavery to the moſt acceptable freedom? For when the mind is in contemplation of revenge, all its thoughts muſt ſurely be tortured with the alternate pangs of rancour, envy, hatred, and indignation; and they who profeſs a ſweet in the enjoyment of it, certainly never felt the conſummate bliſs of reconciliation. At ſuch an inſtant the falſe ideas we received unravel, and the ſhyneſs, the diſtruſt, the ſecret ſcorns, and all the baſe ſatisfactions men had in each other's faults and misfortunes, are diſpelled, and their ſouls appear in their native whiteneſs, without the leaſt ſtreak of that malice or diſtaſte which ſullied them: and perhaps thoſe very actions, which, when we looked at them in the oblique glance with which hatred doth always ſee things, were horrid and odious, when obſerved with honeſt and open eyes, are beauteous and ornamental.

But if men are averſe to us in the moſt violent degree, and we can never bring them to an amicable temper, then indeed we are to exert an obſtinate oppoſition to them; and never let the malice of our enemies have ſo effectual an advantage over us, as to eſcape our good-will. For the neglected and deſpiſed tenets of religion are ſo generous, and in ſo tranſcendent and heroic a manner diſpoſed for public good, that it is not in a man's power to avoid their influence; for the Chriſtian is as much inclined to your ſer-

vice when your enemy, as the moral man when your friend.

But the followers of a crucified Saviour muſt root out of their hearts all ſenſe that there is any thing great and noble in pride or haughtineſs of ſpirit; yet it will be very difficult to fix that idea in our ſouls, except we can think as worthily of ourſelves, when we practiſe the contrary virtues. We muſt learn, and be convinced, that there is ſomething ſublime and heroic in true meekneſs and humility, for they ariſe from a great, not a groveling idea of things; for as certainly as pride proceeds from a mean and narrow view of the little advantages about a man's ſelf, ſo meekneſs is founded on the extended contemplation of the place we bear in the univerſe, and a juſt obſervation how little, how empty, how wavering, are our deepeſt reſolves and counſels. And as to a well-taught mind, when you have ſaid an haughty and proud man, you have ſpoke a narrow conception, little ſpirit, and deſpicable carriage; ſo when you have ſaid a man is meek and humble, you have acquainted us that ſuch a perſon has arrived at the hardeſt taſk in the world, in an univerſal obſervation round him, to be quick to ſee his own faults, and other men's virtues, and at the height of pardoning every man ſooner than himſelf; you have alſo given us to underſtand, that to treat him kindly, ſincerely, and reſpectfully, is but a mere juſtice to him that is ready to do us the ſame offices. This temper of ſoul keeps us always awake to a juſt ſenſe of things, teaches us that we are as well akin to worms as to angels; and as nothing is above theſe, ſo is no-

thing below thoſe. It keeps our underſtanding tight about us, ſo that all things appear to us great or little, as they are in nature and the ſight of heaven, not as they are gilded or ſullied by accident or fortune.

It were to be wiſhed that all men of ſenſe would think it worth their while to reflect upon the dignity of Chriſtian virtues; it would poſſibly enlarge their ſouls into ſuch a contempt of what faſhion and prejudice have made honourable, that their duty, inclination, and honour, would tend the ſame way, and make all their lives an uniform act of religion and virtue.

As to the great cataſtrophe of this day[a], on which the Mediator of the world ſuffered the greateſt indignities and death itſelf for the ſalvation of mankind, it would be worth gentlemens conſideration, whether from his example it would not be proper to kill all inclinations to revenge; and examine whether it would not be expedient to receive new motions of what is great and honourable.

This is neceſſary againſt the day wherein he who died ignominiouſly for us 'ſhall deſcend from heaven to be our judge, in majeſty and glory.' How will the man who ſhall die by the ſword of pride and wrath, and in contention with his brother, appear before him, at 'whoſe preſence nature ſhall be in an agony, and the great and glorious bodies of light be obſcured; when the ſun ſhall be darkened, the moon turned into blood, and all the powers of heaven ſhaken;

[a] Viz. Good-Friday.

when the heavens themſelves ſhall paſs away with a great noiſe, and the elements diſſolve with fervent heat; when the earth alſo, and all the works that are therein, ſhall be burnt up!'

What may juſtly damp in our minds the diabolical madneſs, which prompts us to decide our petty animoſities by the hazard of eternity, is, that in that one act the criminal does not only highly offend, but forces himſelf into the preſence of his judge; that is certainly his caſe who dies in a duel. I cannot but repeat it, he that dies in a duel knowingly offends God, and in that very action ruſhes into his offended preſence. Is it poſſible for the heart of man to conceive a more terrible image than that of a departed ſpirit in this condition? Could we but ſuppoſe it has juſt left its body, and ſtruck with the terrible reflection, that to avoid the laughter of fools, and being the by-word of idiots, it has now precipitated itſelf into the din of demons, and the howlings of eternal deſpair, how willingly now would it ſuffer the imputation of fear and cowardice, to have one moment left not to tremble in vain!

The ſcriptures are full of pathetical and warm pictures of the condition of an happy or miſerable futurity; and, I am confident, that the frequent reading of them would make the way to an happy eternity ſo agreeable and pleaſant, that he who tries it will find the difficulties, which he before ſuffered in ſhunning the allurements of vice, abſorpt in the pleaſure he will take in the purſuit of virtue: and how happy muſt that mortal be, who thinks himſelf in the favour of an

Almighty, and can think of death as a thing which it is an infirmity not to desire?

Nº 21. Saturday, April 4, 1713.

By STEELE.

——*Fungar inani*
Munere—— VIRG. Æn. vi. 885.

An empty office I'll discharge.

DOCTOR Tillotson, in his discourse concerning the danger of all known sin, both from the light of nature and revelation, after having given us the description of the last-day out of holy writ, has this remarkable passage:

'I appeal to any man, whether this be not a representation of things very proper and suitable to that great day, wherein he who made the world shall come to judge it? And whether the wit of men ever devised any thing so awful, and so agreeable to the majesty of God, and the solemn judgment of the whole world? The description which Virgil makes of the Elysian Fields, and the Infernal Regions, how infinitely do they fall short of the majesty of the holy scripture, and the description there made of heaven and hell, and of the great and terrible day of the Lord! so that in comparison they are childish and trifling; and yet perhaps he had the most regular and most governed imagination of any man that ever lived, and observed the greatest decorum in his characters and descriptions. But who

can declare the great things of God, but he to whom God ſhall reveal them?'

This obſervation was worthy a moſt polite man, and ought to be of authority with all who are ſuch, ſo far as to examine whether he ſpoke that as a man of a juſt taſte and judgment, or advanced it merely for the ſervice of his doctrine as a clergyman.

I am very confident whoever reads the goſpels, with an heart as much prepared in favour of them as when he ſits down to Virgil or Homer, will find no paſſage there which is not told with more natural force than any epiſode in either of thoſe wits, which were the chief of mere mankind.

The laſt thing I read was the xxivth chapter of St. Luke, which gives an account of the manner in which our bleſſed Saviour, after his reſurrection, joined with two diſciples on the way to Emmaus as an ordinary traveller, and took the privilege as ſuch to inquire of them, what occaſioned a ſadneſs he obſerved in their countenances; or whether it was from any public cauſe? Their wonder that any man ſo near Jeruſalem ſhould be a ſtranger to what had paſſed there; their acknowledgement to one they met accidently that they had believed in this prophet; and that now, the third day after his death, they were in doubt as to their pleaſing hope, which occaſioned the heavineſs he took notice of; are all repreſented in a ſtyle which men of letters call 'the great and noble ſimplicity.' The attention of the diſciples when he expounded the ſcriptures concerning himſelf, his offering to take his leave of them, their fondneſs of his ſtay, and

the manifeſtation of the great gueſt whom they had entertained while he was yet at meat with them, are all incidents which wonderfully pleaſe the imagination of a chriſtian reader; and give to him ſomething of that touch of mind which the brethren felt, when they ſaid one to another, 'Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the ſcriptures?'

I am very far from pretending to treat theſe matters as they deſerve; but I hope thoſe gentlemen who are qualified for it, and called to it, will forgive me, and conſider that I ſpeak as a mere ſecular man, impartially conſidering the effect which the ſacred writings will have upon the ſoul of an intelligent reader; and it is ſome argument, that a thing is the immediate work of God, when it ſo infinitely tranſcends all the labours of man. When I look upon Raphael's picture of our Saviour appearing to his diſciples after his reſurrection, I cannot but think the juſt diſpoſition of that piece has in it the force of many volumes on the ſubject. The evangeliſts are eaſily diſtinguiſhed from the reſt by a paſſionate zeal and love which the painter has thrown into their faces; the huddled group of thoſe who ſtand moſt diſtant are admirable repreſentations of men abaſhed with their late unbelief and hardneſs of heart. And ſuch endeavours as this of Raphael, and of all men not called to the altar, are collateral helps not to be deſpiſed by the miniſters of the goſpel.

It is with this view that I preſume upon ſubjects of this kind; and men may take up this pa-

per, and be catched by an admonition under the diſguiſe of a diverſion.

All the arts and ſciences ought to be employed in one confederacy againſt the prevailing torrent of vice and impiety; and it will be no ſmall ſtep in the progreſs of religion, if it is as evident as it ought to be, that he wants the beſt ſenſe a man can have, who is cold to the 'Beauty of Holineſs,'

As for my part, when I have happened to attend the corpſe of a friend to his interment, and have ſeen a graceful man at the entrance of a church-yard, who became the dignity of his function, and aſſumed an authority which is natural to truth, pronounce 'I am the reſurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet ſhall he live; and whoſoever liveth and believeth in me ſhall never die:' I ſay, upon ſuch an occaſion, the retroſpect upon paſt actions between the deceaſed whom I followed and myſelf, together with the many little circumſtances that ſtrike upon the ſoul, and alternately give grief and conſolation, have vaniſhed like a dream; and I have been relieved as by a voice from heaven, when the ſolemnity has proceeded, and after a long pauſe I again heard the ſervant of God utter, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he ſhall ſtand at the latter day upon the earth; and though worms deſtroy this body, yet in my fleſh ſhall I ſee God; whom I ſhall ſee for myſelf, and my eyes ſhall behold, and not another.' How have I been raiſed above this world and all its regards, and how well prepared to receive the next ſentence which the holy man has ſpoken! 'We brought nothing into this world,

and it is certain we can carry nothing out; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, bleſſed be the name of the Lord!'

There are, I know, men of heavy temper without genius, who can read theſe expreſſions of Scripture with as much indifference as they do the reſt of theſe looſe papers. However, I will not deſpair but to bring men of wit into a love and admiration of the ſacred writings; and, old as I am, I promiſe myſelf to ſee the day when it ſhall be as much in faſhion among men of politeneſs to admire a rapture of St. Paul, as any fine expreſſion in Virgil or Horace; and to ſee a well-dreſſed young man produce an evangeliſt out of his pocket, and be no more out of countenance than if it were a claſſic printed by Elzevir.

It is a gratitude that ought to be paid to Providence by men of diſtinguiſhed faculties, to praiſe and adore the author of their being with a ſpirit ſuitable to thoſe faculties, and rouſe ſlower men by their words, actions, and writings, to a participation of their tranſports and thankſgivings.

⁎ A Concert advertiſed on Tueſday 7th inſtant, at Mr. Hickford's great dancing room, over againſt the Tennis-court in St. James's-ſtreet, near the Hay-market, for the benefit of Signior Claudio Roieri; tickets 5s each.

⁎ Another Concert adv. *ibidem* on Thurſday the 9th of April, for the benefit of Signora Albergotti Romano; tickets, half a guinea each; to begin at 6 o'clock. Guard. in folio.

⁎ Juſt publiſhed, A Letter from Mr. Maccartney to a Friend in London, dated Oſtend, Dec. 15, 1712, giving a particular account of the duel between his grace the duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun. Price 6d. *ibidem*.

N° 22. Monday, April 6, 1713.

BY STEELE.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in valibus amnes,
Flumina amem ſylvaſque inglorius—

VIRG. Georg. ii. 485.

My next deſire is, void of care and ſtrife,
To lead a ſoft, ſecure, inglorious life,
A country cottage near a cryſtal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood. DRYDEN.

PASTORAL poetry[b], not only amuſes the fancy the moſt delightfully, but is likewiſe more indebted to it than any other ſort whatſoever. It tranſports us into a kind of fairy-land, where our ears are ſoothed with the melody of birds, bleating flocks, and purling ſtreams; our eyes inchanted with flowery meadows and ſpringing greens; we are laid under cool ſhades, and entertained with all the ſweets and freſhneſs of nature. It is a dream, it is a viſion, which we wiſh may be real, and we believe that it is true.

Mrs. Cornelia Lizard's head was ſo far turned with theſe imaginations, when we were laſt in the country, that ſhe loſt her reſt by liſtening to nightingales; ſhe kept a pair of turtles cooing in her chamber, and had a tame lamb running after her up and down the houſe. I uſed all gentle methods to bring her to herſelf; as having had a deſign heretofore of turning ſhepherd myſelf, when I read Virgil or Theocritus at Oxford. But as my age and experience have armed me againſt

[b] See N° 15, N° 23, N° 32, and N° 40.

any temptation to the paſtoral life, I can now with the greater ſafety conſider it; and ſhall lay down ſuch rules, as thoſe of my readers, who have the aforeſaid deſign, ought to obſerve, if they would follow the ſteps of the ſhepherdeſſes of ancient times.

In order to form a right judgment of paſtoral poetry, it will be neceſſary to caſt back our eyes on the firſt ages of the world. For ſince that way of life is not now in being, we muſt inquire into the manner of it when it actually did exiſt. Before mankind was formed into large ſocieties, or cities were built, and commerce eſtabliſhed, the wealth of the world conſiſted chiefly in flocks and herds. The tending of theſe, we find to have been the employment of the firſt princes, whoſe ſubjects were ſheep and oxen, and their dominions the adjoining vales. As they lived in great affluence and eaſe, we may preſume that they enjoyed ſuch pleaſures as that condition afforded, free and uninterrupted. Their manner of life gave them vigour of body, and ſerenity of mind. The abundance they were poſſeſſed of, ſecured them from avarice, ambition, or envy; they could ſcarce have any anxieties or contentions, where every one had more than he could tell what to do with. Love indeed might occaſion ſome rivalſhips amongſt them, becauſe many lovers fix upon one object, for the loſs of which they will be ſatisfied with no compenſation. Otherwiſe it was a ſtate of eaſe, innocence, and contentment; where plenty begot pleaſure, and pleaſure begot ſinging, and ſinging begot poetry, and poetry begot pleaſure again.

Thus happy was the firſt race of men, but rude withal, and uncultivated. For before they could make any conſiderable progreſs in arts and ſciences, the tranquillity of the rural life was deſtroyed by turbulent and ambitious ſpirits; who, having built cities, raiſed armies, and ſtudied policies of ſtate, made vaſſals of the defenceleſs ſhepherds, and rendered that which was before eaſy and unreſtrained, a mean, laborious, miſerable condition. Hence, if we conſider the paſtoral period before learning, we ſhall find it unpoliſhed.

The uſe that I would make of this ſhort review of the country-life ſhall be this. An author that would amuſe himſelf by writing paſtorals, ſhould form in his fancy a rural ſcene of perfect eaſe and tranquillity, where innocence, ſimplicity, and joy abound. It is not enough that he writes about the country; he muſt give us what is agreeable in that ſcene, and hide what is wretched. It is indeed commonly affirmed, that truth well painted will certainly pleaſe the imagination; but it is ſometimes convenient not to diſcover the whole truth, but that part which only is delightful. We muſt ſometimes ſhow only half an image to the fancy; which if we diſplay in a lively manner, the mind is ſo dexterouſly deluded, that it doth not readily perceive that the other half is concealed. Thus in writing paſtorals, let the tranquillity of that life appear full and plain, but hide the meanneſs of it; repreſent its ſimplicity as clear as you pleaſe, but cover its miſery. I would not hereby be ſo underſtood, as if I thought nothing that is irkſome or unpleaſant ſhould have a place in theſe writings; I only mean that this ſtate of

life in general ſhould be ſuppoſed agreeable. But as there is no condition exempt from anxiety, I will allow ſhepherds to be afflicted with ſuch misfortunes, as the loſs of a favourite lamb, or a faithleſs miſtreſs. He may, if you pleaſe, pick a thorn out of his foot; or vent his grief for loſing the prize in dancing; but theſe being ſmall torments, they recommend that ſtate which only produces ſuch trifling evils. Again I would not ſeem ſo ſtrict in my notions of innocence and ſimplicity, as to deny the uſe of a little railing, or the liberty of ſtealing a kid or a ſheep-hook. For theſe are likewiſe ſuch petty enormities, that we muſt think the country happy where theſe are the greateſt tranſgreſſions.

When a reader is placed in ſuch a ſcene as I have deſcribed, and introduced into ſuch company as I have choſen, he gives himſelf up to the pleaſing deluſion; and ſince every one doth not know how it comes to paſs, I will venture to tell him why he is pleaſed.

The firſt reaſon is, becauſe all mankind love eaſe. Though ambition and avarice employ moſt mens thoughts, they are ſuch uneaſy habits, that we do not indulge them out of choice, but from ſome neceſſity, real or imaginary. We ſeek happineſs, in which eaſe is the principle ingredient, and the end propoſed in our moſt reſtleſs purſuits is tranquillity. We are therefore ſoothed and delighted with the repreſentation of it, and fancy we partake of the pleaſure.

A ſecond reaſon is our ſecret approbation of innocence and ſimplicity. Human nature is not ſo much depraved, as to hinder us from reſpecting

goodneſs in others, though we ourſelves want it. This is the reaſon why we are ſo much charmed with the pretty prattle of children, and even the expreſſions of pleaſure or uneaſineſs in ſome part of the brute creation. They are without artifice or malice; and we love truth too well to reſiſt the charms of ſincerity.

A third reaſon is our love of the country. Health, tranquillity and pleaſing objects are the growth of the country, and though men, for the general good of the world, are made to love populous cities, the country hath the greateſt ſhare in an uncorrupted heart. When we paint, deſcribe, or any way indulge our fancy, the country is the ſcene which ſupplies us with the moſt lovely images. This ſtate was that wherein God placed Adam when in Paradiſe; nor could all the fanciful wits of antiquity imagine any thing that could adminiſter more exquiſite delight in their Elyſium[c].

[c] This, and the following papers on paſtoral poetry, excepting N° 40, are attributed to Steele, for want of good authority to aſcribe them to any other writer or writers. They have been aſcribed to Mr. Thomas Tickell, and it does not appear that there is much to be ſaid for or againſt the propriety of this aſſignment. It is conjectured that Mr. Ambroſe Philips was concerned in them, and that he was the author of this paper in particular. Philips is ſuppoſed to have lived in the ſame houſe with Addiſon about this time, and the papers on paſtoral poetry were probably among the earlieſt joint contributions of Addiſon, and the two gentlemen above-mentioned to Steele's new paper, to which it may well be ſuppoſed that Addiſon was the warmeſt well-wiſher, and if not the firſt, at leaſt among the earlieſt contributors. Neverthelefs, N° 29. is the firſt paper in the Guardian ſo much in Addiſon's manner throughout, as to engage the an-

notator in a fruitlefs fearch of fome decifive authority to afcribe it to him. See Johnfon's Lives, &c. Vol. II. p. 399. 8vo. 1781; and Guardian, N° 40.

*** Creation: A philofophical poem in feven books. By fir R. Blackmore, knt. M. D. & F. R. S. The fecond edition. Guard. in folio. N° 22.

N° 23. Tuefday, April 7, 1713.

By STEELE.

——*Extrema per illos*
Juftitia excedens terris veftigia fecit.
VIRG. Georg. ii. 473.

From hence Aftrea took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing fteps appear.
DRYDEN.

Having already conveyed my reader into the fairy or paftoral land, and informed him what manner of life the inhabitants of that region lead; I fhall, in this day's paper, give him fome marks whereby he may difcover whether he is impofed upon by thofe who pretend to be of that country; or, in other words, what are the characteriftics of a true Arcadian.

From the foregoing account of the paftoral life, we may difcover that fimplicity is neceffary in the character of fhepherds. Their minds muft be fuppofed fo rude and uncultivated, that nothing but what is plain and unaffected can come from them. Neverthelefs we are not obliged to reprefent them dull and ftupid, fince fine fpirits were undoubtedly in the world before arts were invented to polifh and adorn them. We may therefore introduce fhepherds with good fenfe and even

with wit, provided their manner of thinking be not too galant or refined. For all men, both rude and polite, think and conceive things the ſame way (truth being eternally the ſame to all) though they expreſs them very differently. For here lies the difference. Men, who, by long ſtudy and experience have reduced their ideas to certain claſſes, and conſider the general nature of things abſtracted from particulars, expreſs their thoughts after a more conciſe, lively, ſurpriſing manner. Thoſe who have little experience, or cannot abſtract, deliver their ſentiments in plain deſcriptions, by circumſtances, and thoſe obſervations which either ſtrike upon the ſenſes, or are the firſt motions of the mind. And though the former raiſes our admiration more, the latter gives more pleaſure, and ſoothes us more naturally. Thus a courtly lover may ſay to his miſtreſs,

'With thee for ever I in woods could reſt,
Where never human foot the ground hath preſt;
Thou e'en from dungeons darkneſs canſt exclude,
And from a deſart baniſh ſolitude.'

A ſhepherd will content himſelf to ſay the ſame thing more ſimply:

'Come, Roſalind, oh! come, for without thee
What pleaſure can the country have for me?'

Again, ſince ſhepherds are not allowed to make deep reflections, the addreſs required is ſo to relate an action, that the circumſtances put together ſhall cauſe the reader to reflect. Thus, by one delicate circumſtance Corydon tells Alexis that he is the fineſt ſongſter of the country;

‘ Of ſeven ſmooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath Damœtas gave:
And ſaid, “ This, Corydon, I leave to thee,
For only thou deſerv’ſt it after me.”

As in another paſtoral writer, after the ſame manner a ſhepherd informs us how much his miſtreſs likes him:

‘ As I to cool me bath’d one ſultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the ſedges lay.
The wanton laugh’d, and ſeem’d in haſte to fly,
Yet often ſtopp’d, and often turn’d her eye.’

If ever a reflection be pardonable in paſtorals, it is where the thought is ſo obvious, that it ſeems to come eaſily to the mind; as in the following admirable improvement of Virgil and Theocritus:

‘ Fair is my flock, nor yet uncomely I,
If liquid fountains flatter not. And why
Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet ſhow
The bordering flow’rs leſs beauteous than they grow[d]?’

A ſecond characteriſtic of a true ſhepherd is ſimplicity of manners, or innocence. This is ſo obvious from what I have before advanced, that it would be but repetition to inſiſt long upon it. I ſhall only remind the reader, that as the paſtoral life is ſuppoſed to be where nature is not much depraved, ſincerity and truth will generally run through it. Some ſlight tranſgreſſions for the ſake of variety may be admitted, which in effect will only ſerve to ſet off the ſimplicity of

[d] From the firſt paſtoral of Mr. A. Philips, entitled, Lobbin, l. 90, &c.

it in general. I cannot better illuſtrate this rule than by the following example of a ſwain who found his miſtreſs aſleep:

‘Once Delia ſlept on eaſy moſs reclin'd,
Her lovely limbs half-bare, and rude the wind:
I ſmooth'd her coats, and ſtole a ſilent kiſs;
Condemn me, ſhepherds, if I did amiſs[e].'

A third ſign of a ſwain is, that ſomething of religion, and even ſuperſtition is part of his character. For we find that thoſe who have lived eaſy lives in the country, and contemplate the works of Nature, live in the greateſt awe of their Author. Nor doth this humour prevail leſs now than of old. Our peaſants ſincerely believe the tales of goblins and fairies, as the heathens thoſe of fauns, nymphs, and ſatyrs. Hence we find the works of Virgil and Theocritus ſprinkled with left-handed ravens, blaſted oaks, witch-crafts, evil eyes, and the like. And I obſerve with great pleaſure that our Engliſh author[f] of the paſtorals I have quoted hath practiſed this ſecret with admirable judgment.

I will yet add another mark, which may be obſerved very often in the above-named poets, which is agreeable to the character of ſhepherds, and nearly allied to ſuperſtition, I mean the uſe

[e] From the ſixth paſtoral of Mr. A. Philips, intituled, Geron, Hobbinol, and Langret, l. 73, *et ſeqq.* The four lines in the preceding page, relative to Lydia, are quoted from the ſame paſtoral, l. 81, &c.

[f] Mr. Ambroſe Philips, whoſe paſtorals muſt have been publiſhed before the year 1708, becauſe they are evidently prior to thoſe of Pope. See Dr. Johnſon's Lives of Engliſh Poets, &c. Vol. IV. p. 295. 8vo. 1781.

of proverbial ſayings. I take the common ſimilitudes in paſtoral to be of the proverbial order, which are ſo frequent, that it is needleſs and would be tireſome to quote them. I ſhall only take notice upon this head, that it is a nice piece of art to raiſe a proverb above the vulgar ſtyle, and ſtill keep it eaſy and unaffected. Thus the old wiſh, 'God reſt his ſoul,' is finely turned:

'Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the ſhepherd's friend,
Eternal bleſſings on his ſhade attend[g]!'

[g] See N° 22, note, *ad finem.* The quotations from Philips's poems in this, and the compliment paid to him in the following papers on paſtoral poetry, are againſt the ſuppoſition of his concern in them, and countenance the opinion that they were written by Mr. Thomas Tickell, under Addiſon's inſpection, and perhaps with his aſſiſtance.

*** Lately printed for J. Tonſon, at Shakeſpear's Head, againſt Catharine-ſtreet, in the Strand, Tatlers in four volumes, 8vo and 12mo; Spectator, in four volumes, 8vo and 12mo. N. B. The three laſt volumes of the Spectator will be publiſhed in a few days. Guard. in fol. N° 23.

N° 24. Wedneſday, April 8, 1713.

——*Dicenda tacendaque calles?* PERS. Sat. iv. 5.

——Doſt thou, ſo young,
Know when to ſpeak, and when to hold thy tongue?
DRYDEN.

JACK LIZARD was about fifteen when he was firſt entered in the univerſity, and being a youth of a great deal of fire, and a more than ordinary application to his ſtudies, it gave his converſation a very particular turn. He had too much ſpirit to hold his tongue in company; but at the ſame

time ſo little acquaintance with the world, that he did not know how to talk like other people.

After a year and a half's ſtay at the univerſity, he came down among us to paſs away a month or two in the country. The firſt night after his arrival, as we were at ſupper, we were all of us very much improved by Jack's table talk. He told us, upon the appearance of a diſh of wild fowl, that according to the opinion of ſome natural philoſophers they might be lately come from the moon. Upon which the Sparkler burſting out into a laugh, he inſulted her with ſeveral queſtions relating to the bigneſs and diſtance of the moon and ſtars; and after every interrogation would be winking upon me, and ſmiling at his ſiſter's ignorance. Jack gained his point; for the mother was pleaſed, and all the ſervants ſtared at the learning of their young maſter. Jack was ſo encouraged at this ſucceſs, that for the firſt week he dealt wholly in paradoxes. It was a common jeſt with him to pinch one of his ſiſter's lap-dogs, and afterwards prove he could not feel it. When the girls were ſorting a ſet of knots, he would demonſtrate to them that all the ribbands were of the ſame colour; or rather, ſays Jack, of no colour at all. My lady Lizard herſelf, though ſhe was not a little pleaſed with her ſon's improvements, was one day almoſt angry with him; for having accidentally burnt her fingers as ſhe was lighting the lamp for her tea-pot, in the midſt of her anguiſh, Jack laid hold of the opportunity to inſtruct her that there was no ſuch thing as heat in fire. In ſhort, no day paſſed over our heads, in

which Jack did not imagine he made the whole family wiſer than they were before.

That part of his converſation which gave me the moſt pain, was what paſſed among thoſe country gentlemen that came to viſit us. On ſuch occaſions Jack uſually took upon him to be the mouth of the company; and thinking himſelf obliged to be very merry, would entertain us with a great many odd ſayings and abſurdities of their college-cook. I found this fellow had made a very ſtrong impreſſion upon Jack's imagination; which he never conſidered was not the caſe of the reſt of the company, until after many repeated trials he found that his ſtories ſeldom made any body laugh but himſelf.

I all this while looked upon Jack as a young tree ſhooting out into bloſſoms before its time; the redundancy of which, though it was a little unſeaſonable, ſeemed to foretell an uncommon fruitfulneſs.

In order to wear out the vein of pedantry which ran through his converſation, I took him out with me one evening, and firſt of all inſinuated to him this rule, which I had myſelf learned from a very great author[h], 'To think with the wiſe, but talk with the vulgar.' Jack's good ſenſe ſoon made him reflect that he had expoſed himſelf to the laughter of the ignorant by a contrary behaviour; upon which he told me, that he would take care for the future to

[h] B Gratian. See L'Homme de Cour, or, The Courtier, maxim 43; Spect. Nº 397, and note, *ibidem*.

keep his notions to himſelf, and converſe in the common received ſentiments of mankind. He at the ſame time deſired me to give him any other rules of converſation which I thought might be for his improvement. I told him I would think of it; and accordingly, as I have a particular affection for the young man, I gave him the next morning the following rules in writing, which may perhaps have contributed to make him the agreeable man he is now.

The faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we expreſs by the word converſation, has always been repreſented by moral writers as one of the nobleſt privileges of reaſon, and which more particularly ſets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

Though nothing ſo much gains upon the affections as this extempore eloquence, which we have conſtantly occaſion for, and are obliged to practiſe every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The converſation of moſt men is diſagreeable, not ſo much for want of wit and learning, as of good-breeding and diſcretion.

If you reſolve to pleaſe, never ſpeak to gratify any particular vanity or paſſion of your own, but always with a deſign either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims at one of theſe, is always eaſy in his diſcourſe. He is never out of humour at being interrupted, becauſe he conſiders that thoſe who hear him are the beſt judges whether what he was ſaying could either divert or inform them.

A modeſt perſon ſeldom fails to gain the good-

will of thoſe he converſes with, becauſe nobody envies a man, who does not appear to be pleaſed with himſelf.

We ſhould talk extremely little of ourſelves. Indeed what can we ſay? it would be as imprudent to diſcover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. Our private and domeſtic affairs are no leſs improper to be introduced in converſation. What does it concern the company how many horſes you keep in your ſtables? or whether your ſervant is moſt knave or fool?

A man may equally affront the company he is in, by engroſſing all the talk, or obſerving a contemptuous ſilence.

Before you tell a ſtory, it may be generally not amiſs to draw a ſhort character, and give the company a true idea of the principal perſons concerned in it. The beauty of moſt things conſiſting not ſo much in their being ſaid or done, as in their being ſaid or done by ſuch a particular perſon, or on ſuch a particular occaſion.

Notwithſtanding all the advantages of youth, few young people pleaſe in converſation; the reaſon is, that want of experience makes them poſitive, and what they ſay is rather with a deſign to pleaſe themſelves than any one elſe.

It is certain that age itſelf ſhall make many things paſs well enough, which would have been laughed at in the mouth of one much younger.

Nothing, however, is more inſupportable to men of ſenſe, than an empty formal man who ſpeaks in proverbs, and decides all controverſies with a ſhort ſentence. This piece of ſtupidity

is the more inſufferable, as it puts on the air of wiſdom.

A prudent man will avoid talking much of any particular ſcience, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not, methinks, an handſomer thing ſaid of Mr. Cowley in his whole life, than that none but his intimate friends ever diſcovered he was a great poet by his diſcourſe: beſides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded in good policy. A man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to loſe. I might add, that he who is ſometimes ſilent on a ſubject where every one is ſatiſfied he could ſpeak well, will often be thought no leſs knowing in other matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

Women are frightened at the name of argument, and are ſooner convinced by a happy turn, or witty expreſſion, than by demonſtration.

Whenever you commend, add your reaſons for doing ſo; it is this which diſtinguiſhes the approbation of a man of ſenſe from the flattery of ſycophants, and admiration of fools.

Raillery is no longer agreeable than while the whole company is pleaſed with it. I would leaſt of all be underſtood to except the perſon raillied.

Though good humour, ſenſe and diſcretion can ſeldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy ſometimes to prepare yourſelf in a particular manner for converſation, by looking a little further than your neighbours into whatever is become a reigning ſubject. If our armies are beſieging a place of importance abroad, or our houſe of commons debating a bill of conſequence

at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with pleaſure, if you have nicely informed yourſelf of the ſtrength, ſituation, and hiſtory of the firſt, or of the reaſons for and againſt the latter. It will have the ſame effect, if when any ſingle perſon begins to make a noiſe in the world, you can learn ſome of the ſmalleſt accidents in his life or converſation, which though they are too fine for the obſervation of the vulgar, give more ſatisfaction to men of ſenſe (as they are the beſt openings to a real character) than the recital of his moſt glaring actions. I know but one ill conſequence to be feared from this method, namely, that, coming full charged into company, you ſhall reſolve to unload whether a handſome opportunity offers itſelf or no.

Though the aſking of queſtions may plead for itſelf the ſpecious names of modeſty, and a deſire of information, it affords little pleaſure to the reſt of the company who are not troubled with the ſame doubts; beſides which, he who aſks a queſtion would do well to conſider that he lies wholly at the mercy of another before he receive an anſwer.

Nothing is more ſilly than the pleaſure ſome people take in what they call 'ſpeaking their minds.' A man of this make will ſay a rude thing for the mere pleaſure of ſaying it, when an oppoſite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preſerved his friend, or made his fortune.

It is not impoſſible for a man to form to himſelf as exquiſite a pleaſure in complying with the humour and ſentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; ſince it is the certain

ſign of a ſuperior genius, that can take and become whatever dreſs it pleaſes.

I ſhall only add, that, beſides what I have here ſaid, there is ſomething which can never be learnt but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching as well as their vices; and your own obſervations added to theſe will ſoon diſcover what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes you tired and diſpleaſed with the diſcourſe of another.

N. B. In the ſecond paragraph, of this paper, it is ſaid, that 'Lady Lizard burnt her fingers as ſhe was lighting the lamp for her tea-pot.' Silver tea-pots with lamps under them are ſtill preſerved among the college-plate. See Guard. N° 66. let. paragr. 3. A.

N° 25. Thurſday, April 9, 1713.

By Mr. E. BUDGELL.

——Quis tam Lucili fautor ineptè eſt,
Ut non hoc fateatur? HOR. 1 Sat. x. 2.

——What friend of his [i]
So blindly partial, to deny me this? CREECH.

THE prevailing humour of crying up authors that have writ in the days of our forefathers, and of paſſing ſlightly over the merit of our contemporaries, is a grievance, that men of a free and unprejudiced thought have complained of through all ages in their writings.

I went home laſt night full of theſe reflections from a coffee-houſe, where a great many excel-

[i] Of the poet Lucilius.

lent writings were arraigned, and as many very indifferent ones applauded, more (as it ſeemed to me) upon the account of their date, than upon any intrinſic value or demerit. The converſation ended with great encomiums upon my lord Verulam's Hiſtory of Henry the VIIth. The company were unanimous in their approbation of it. I was too well acquainted with the traditional vogue of that book throughout the whole nation, to venture my thoughts upon it. Neither would I now offer my judgment upon that work to the public (ſo great a veneration have I for the memory of a man whoſe writings are the glory of our nation), but that the authority of ſo leading a name may perpetuate a vicious taſte amongſt us, and betray future hiſtorians to copy after a model, which I cannot help thinking far from complete.

As to the fidelity of the hiſtory, I have nothing to ſay; to examine it impartially in that view would require much pains and leiſure. But as to the compoſition of it, and ſometimes the choice of matter, I am apt to believe it will appear a little faulty to an unprejudiced reader. A compleat hiſtorian ſhould be endowed with the eſſential qualifications of a great poet. His ſtyle muſt be majeſtic and grave, as well as ſimple and unaffected; his narration ſhould be animated, ſhort, and clear, and ſo as even to outrun the impatience of the reader, if poſſible. This can only be done by being very ſparing and choice in words, by retrenching all cold and ſuperfluous circumſtances in an action, and by dwelling upon ſuch alone as are material, and fit to delight

or inſtruct a ſerious mind. This is what we find in the great models of antiquity, and in a more particular manner in Livy, whom it is impoſſible to read without the warmeſt emotions.

But my lord Verulam, on the contrary, is ever, in the tedious ſtyle of declaimers, uſing two words for one; ever endeavouring to be witty, and as fond of out-of-the-way ſimilies as ſome of our old play-writers. He abounds in low phraſes, beneath the dignity of hiſtory, and often condeſcends to little conceits and quibbles. His political reflections are frequently falſe, almoſt every where trivial and puerile. His whole manner of turning his thoughts is full of affectation and pedantry; and there appears throughout his whole work more the air of a recluſe ſcholar, than of a man verſed in the world.

After paſſing ſo free a cenſure upon a book which for theſe hundred years and upwards has met with the moſt univerſal approbation, I am obliged in my own defence to tranſcribe ſome of the many paſſages I formerly collected for the uſe of my firſt charge ſir Marmaduke Lizard. It would be endleſs ſhould I point out the frequent tautologies and circumlocutions that occur in every page, which do (as it were) rarify inſtead of condenſing his thoughts and matter. It was, in all probability, his application to the law that gave him a habit of being ſo wordy; of which I ſhall put down two or three examples.

‘ That all records, wherein there was any memory or mention of the king's attainder, ſhould be defaced, cancelled, and taken off the file— Divers ſecret and nimble ſcouts and ſpies, &c. to

learn, ſearch, and diſcover all the circumſtances and particulars—to aſſail, ſap, and work into the conſtancy of ſir Robert Clifford.'

I leave the following paſſages to every one's conſideration, without making any farther remarks upon them.

'He ſhould be well enough able to ſcatter the Iriſh as a flight of birds, and rattle away this ſwarm of bees with their king.——The rebels took their way towards York, &c. but their ſnow-ball did not gather as it went.—So that (in a kind of *mattacina*[k] of human fortune) he turned a broach[l] that had worn a crown; whereas fortune commonly doth not bring in a comedy or farce after a tragedy—The queen was crowned, &c. about two years after the marriage, like an old chriſtening that had ſtayed long for god-fathers—Deſirous to trouble the waters in Italy, that he might fiſh the better, caſting the net not out of St. Peter's, but out of Borgia's bark—And therefore upon the firſt grain of incenſe that was ſacrificed upon the altar of peace at Bulloigne, Perkin was ſmoaked away—This was the end of this little cockatrice of a king, that was able to deſtroy thoſe that did not eſpy him firſt—It was obſerved, that the great tempeſt which drove Philip into England blew down the Golden Eagle from the ſpire of St. Paul's; and in the fall, it fell upon a ſign of the Black Eagle, which was in St. Paul's church-yard, in the place where the ſchool-houſe now ſtandeth, and battered it, and broke it down: which was a ſtrange ſtooping of

k A frolickſome dance. l A ſpit.

a hawk upon a fowl.—The king began to find where his ſhoe did wring him—in whoſe boſom or budget moſt of Perkins's ſecrets were laid up. —One might know afar off where the owl was by the flight of birds—Bold men, and careleſs of fame, and that took toll of their maſter's griſt —Empſon and Dudley would have cut another chop out of him—Peter Hialas, ſome call him Elias; ſurely he was the forerunner of, &c.—Lionel biſhop of Concordia was ſent as nuncio, &c. but, notwithſtanding he had a good ominous name to have made a peace, nothing followed—Taxing him for a great taxer of his people, not by proclamations, but by court-fames, which commonly print better than printed proclamations—Sir Edward Poynings was enforced to make a wild chace upon the Wild Iriſh—In ſparing of blood by the bleeding of ſo much treaſure—And although his own caſe had both ſteel and parchment more than the other; that is to ſay, a conqueſt in the field, and an act of parliament—That Pope knowing that King Henry the Sixth was reputed in the world abroad but for a ſimple man, was afraid it would but diminiſh the eſtimation of that kind of honour, if there were not a diſtance kept between innocents and ſaints.'

Not to trouble my reader with any more inſtances of the like nature, I muſt obſerve that the whole work is ill-conducted, and the ſtory of Perkin Warbeck (which ſhould have been only like an epiſode in a poem) is ſpun out to near a third part of the book. The character of Henry the Seventh, at the end, is rather an abſtract of his hiſtory than a character. It is tedious, and

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diverſified with ſo many particulars as confound the reſemblance, and make it almoſt impoſſible for the reader to form any diſtinct idea of the perſon. It is not thus the antients drew their characters; but in a few juſt and bold ſtrokes gave you the diſtinguiſhing features of the mind (if I may be allowed the metaphor) in ſo diſtinct a manner, and in ſo ſtrong a light, that you grew intimate with your man immediately, and knew him from a hundred.

After all, it muſt be conſidered in favour of my lord Verulam, that he lived in an age wherein chaſte and correct writing was not in faſhion, and when pedantry was the mode even at court; ſo that it is no wonder if the prevalent humour of the times bore down his genius, though ſuperior in force perhaps to any of our countrymen, that have either gone before or ſucceeded him.

Nº 26. Friday, April 10, 1713.

By STEELE.

Non ego illam mihi dotem eſſe puto, quæ dos dicitur,
Sed pudicitiam et pudorem et ſedatam cupidinem.

PLAUT.

A woman's true dowry, in my opinion, is not that which is uſually ſo called; but virtue, modeſty, and reſtrained deſires.

AN healthy old fellow, that is not a fool, is the happieſt creature living. It is at that time of life only, men enjoy their faculties with pleaſure and ſatisfaction. It is then we have nothing to manage, as the phraſe is; we ſpeak the down-

right truth, and whether the reſt of the world will give us the privilege or not, we have ſo little to aſk of them, that we can take it. I ſhall be very free with the women from this one conſideration; and, having nothing to deſire of them, ſhall treat them as they ſtand in nature, and as they are adorned with virtue, and not as they are pleaſed to form and diſguiſe themſelves. A ſet of fops, from one generation to another, has made ſuch a pother with 'Bright eyes, the fair ſex, the charms, the air,' and ſomething ſo incapable to be expreſſed but with a ſigh, that the creatures have utterly gone out of their very being, and there are no women in all the world. If they are not nymphs, ſhepherdeſſes, graces, or goddeſſes, they are to a woman all of them 'the ladies.' Get to a chriſtening at any alley in the town, and at the meaneſt artificer's, and the word is, 'Well, who takes care of the ladies?' I have taken notice that ever ſince the word Forſooth was baniſhed for Madam, the word Woman has been diſcarded for Lady. And as there is now never a woman in England, I hope I may talk of women without offence to the ladies. What puts me in this preſent diſpoſition to tell them their own, is, that in the holy week I very civilly deſired all delinquents in point of chaſtity to make ſome atonement for their freedoms, by beſtowing a charity upon the miſerable wretches who languiſh in the Lock hoſpital. But I hear of very little done in that matter; and I am informed, they are pleaſed, inſtead of taking notice of my precaution, to call me an ill-bred old fellow, and ſay I do not underſtand the world. It

is not, it ſeems, within the rules of good-breeding to tax the vices of people of quality, and the Commandments were made for the vulgar. I am indeed informed of ſome oblations ſent into the houſe, but they are all come from the ſervants of criminals of condition. A poor chamber-maid has ſent in ten ſhillings out of her huſh-money, to expiate her guilt of being in her miſtreſs's ſecret; but ſays ſhe dare not aſk her ladyſhip for any thing, for ſhe is not to ſuppoſe that ſhe is locked up with a young gentleman, in the abſence of her huſband, three hours together. for any harm; but as my lady is a perſon of great ſenſe, the girl does not know but that they were reading ſome good book together; but becauſe ſhe fears it may be otherwiſe, ſhe has ſent her ten ſhillings for the guilt of concealing it. We have a thimble from a country girl that owns ſhe has had dreams of a fine gentleman who comes to their houſe, who gave her half a crown, and bid her have a care of the men in this town; but ſhe thinks he does not mean what he ſays, and ſends the thimble, becauſe ſhe does not hate him as ſhe ought. The ten ſhillings, this thimble, and an occamy ſpoon from ſome other poor ſinner, are all the atonement which is made for the body of ſin in London and Weſtminſter. I have computed that there is one in every three hundred who is not chaſte; and if that be a modeſt computation, how great a number are thoſe who make no account of my admonition! It might be expected one or two of the two hundred and ninety-nine honeſt, might out of mere charity and compaſſion to iniquity, as it is a misfortune,

have done ſomething upon ſo good a time as that wherein they were ſolicited. But major Crabtree, a ſour pot companion of mine, ſays, the two hundred ninety and nine are one way or other as little virtuous as the three hundredth unchaſte woman—I would ſay lady. It is certain, that we are infeſted with a parcel of jilflirts, who are not capable of being mothers of brave men, for the infant partakes of the temper and diſpoſition of its mother. We ſee the unaccountable effects which ſudden frights and longings have upon the offspring; and it is not to be doubted, but the ordinary way of thinking of the mother has its influence upon what ſhe bears about her nine months. Thus from the want of care in this particular of chooſing wives, you ſee men after much care, labour, and ſtudy, ſurprized with prodigious ſtarts of ill-nature and paſſion, that can be accounted for no otherwiſe but from hence, that it grew upon them *in embrio*, and the man was determined ſurly, peeviſh, froward, ſullen, or outrageous, before he ſaw the light. The laſt time I was in a public place I fell in love by proxy for Sir Harry Lizard. The young woman happens to be of quality. Her father was a gentleman of as noble a diſpoſition, as any I ever met with. The widow her mother, under whoſe wing ſhe loves to appear, and is proud of it, is a pattern to perſons of condition. Good-ſenſe, heightened and exerted with good-breeding, is the parent's diſtinguiſhing character; and if we can get this young woman into our family, we ſhall think we have a much better purchaſe than others, who without her good

qualities, may bring into theirs the greateſt acceſſion of riches. I ſent ſir Harry by laſt night's poſt the following letter on the ſubject.

'Dear Sir Harry,

'Upon our laſt parting, and as I had juſt mounted the little roan I am ſo fond of, you called me back; and when I ſtooped to you, you ſqueezed me by the hand, and with alluſion to ſome pleaſant diſcourſe we had had a day or two before in the houſe, concerning the preſent mercantile way of contracting marriages, with a ſmile and a bluſh you bid me look upon ſome women for you, and ſend word how they went. I did not ſee one to my mind till the laſt opera before Eaſter. I aſſure you I have been as unquiet ever ſince, as I wiſh you were till you had her. Her height, her complexion, and every thing but her age, which is under twenty, are very much to my ſatisfaction: there is an ingenuous ſhame in her eyes, which is to the mind what the bloom of youth is to the body; neither implies that there are virtuous habits and accompliſhments already attained by the poſſeſſor, but they certainly ſhew an unprejudiced capacity towards them. As to the circumſtance of this young woman's age, I am reconciled to her want of years, becauſe ſhe pretends to nothing above them; you do not ſee in her the odious forwardneſs to I know not what, as in the aſſured countenances, naked boſoms, and confident glances of her contemporaries.

'I will vouch for her, that you will have her whole heart, if you can win it; ſhe is in no fa-

milarities with the fops, her fan has never been yet out of her own hand, and her brother's face is the only man's ſhe ever looked in ſtedfaſtly.

'When I have gone thus far, and told you that I am very confident of her as to her virtue and education, I may ſpeak a little freely to you as you are a young man. There is a dignity in the young lady's beauty, when it ſhall become her to receive your friends with a good air, and affable countenance; when ſhe is to repreſent that part of you which you muſt delight in, the frank and chearful reception of your friends, her beauties will do as much honour to your table, as they will give you pleaſure in your bed.

'It is no ſmall inſtance of felicity to have a woman, from whoſe behaviour your friends are more endeared to you; and for whoſe ſake your children are as much valued as for your own.

'It is not for me to celebrate the lovely height of her forehead, the ſoft pulp of her lips, or to deſcribe the amiable profile which her fine hair, cheeks and neck, made to the beholders that night, but ſhall leave them to your own obſervation when you come to town; which you may do at your leiſure, and be time enough, for there are many in town richer than her whom I recommend.

I am Sir,

your moſt obedient and

moſt humble ſervant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.'

Nº 27. Saturday, April 11, 1713.
By G. BERKELEY, D.D.

Multa putans, ſortemque animo miſeratus iniquam.
VIRG. Æn. vi. 332.

Struck with compaſſion of ſo ſad a ſtate.

IN compaſſion to thoſe gloomy mortals, who by their unbelief are rendered incapable of feeling thoſe impreſſions of joy and hope, which the celebration of the late glorious feſtival[m] naturally leaves on the mind of a Chriſtian, I ſhall in this paper endeavour to evince that there are grounds to expect a future ſtate, without ſuppoſing in the reader any faith at all, not even the belief of a Deity. Let the moſt ſtedfaſt unbeliever open his eyes, and take a ſurvey of the ſenſible world, and then ſay if there be not a connexion, and adjuſtment, and exact and conſtant order diſcoverable in all the parts of it. Whatever be the cauſe, the thing itſelf is evident to all our faculties. Look into the animal ſyſtem, the paſſions, ſenſes, and locomotive powers; is not the like contrivance and propriety obſervable in theſe too? Are they not fitted to certain ends, and are they not by nature directed to proper objects?

Is it poſſible then that the ſmalleſt bodies ſhould, by a management ſuperior to the wit of man, be diſpoſed in the moſt excellent manner agreeable to their reſpective natures; and yet the ſpirits or ſouls of men be neglected, or managed by ſuch rules as fall ſhort of man's underſtand-

[m] Viz. Eaſter.

ing? Shall every other paſſion be rightly placed by nature, and ſhall that appetite of immortality natural to all mankind be alone miſplaced, or deſigned to be fruſtrated? Shall the induſtrious application of the inferior animal powers in the meaneſt vocations be anſwered by the ends we propoſe, and ſhall not the generous efforts of a virtuous mind be rewarded? In a word, ſhall the corporeal world be all order and harmony, the intellectual diſcord and confuſion? He who is bigot enough to believe theſe things, muſt bid adieu to that natural rule, of 'reaſoning from analogy;' muſt run counter to that maxim of common ſenſe, 'That men ought to form their judgements of things unexperienced, from what they have experienced.'

If any thing looks like a recompence of calamitous virtue on this ſide the grave, it is either an aſſurance that thereby we obtain the favour and protection of heaven, and ſhall, whatever befalls us in this, in another life meet with a juſt return; or elſe that applauſe and reputation, which is taught to attend virtuous actions. The former of theſe, our free-thinkers, out of their ſingular wiſdom and benevolence to mankind, endeavour to eraſe from the minds of men. The latter can never be juſtly diſtributed in this life, where ſo many ill actions are reputable, and ſo many good actions diſeſteemed or miſinterpreted; where ſubtle hypocriſy is placed in the moſt engaging light, and modeſt virtue lies concealed; where the heart and the ſoul are hid from the eyes of men, and the eyes of men are dimmed and vitiated. Plato's ſenſe in relation to this

point is contained in his Georgias, where he introduces Socrates ſpeaking after this manner.

'It was in the reign of Saturn provided by a law, which the gods have continued down to this time, that they who had lived virtuouſly and piouſly upon earth, ſhould after death enjoy a life full of happineſs, in certain iſlands appointed for the habitation of the bleſſed: but that ſuch as have lived wickedly ſhould go into the receptacle of damned ſouls, named Tartarus, there to ſuffer the puniſhments they deſerved. But in all the reign of Saturn, and in the beginning of the reign of Jove, living judges were appointed, by whom each perſon was judged in his life-time, in the ſame day on which he was to die. The conſequence of which was, that they often paſſed wrong judgments. Pluto, therefore, who preſided in Tartarus, and the guardians of the bleſſed iſlands, finding that on the other ſide many unfit perſons were ſent to their reſpective dominions, complained to Jove, who promiſed to redreſs the evil. He added, 'The reaſon of theſe unjuſt procedings are that men are judged in the body. Hence many conceal the blemiſhes and imperfections of their minds by beauty, birth, and riches; not to mention, that at the time of trial there are crowds of witneſſes to atteſt their having lived well. Theſe things miſlead the judges, who being themſelves alſo of the number of the living, are ſurrounded each with his own body, as with a veil thrown over his mind. For the future, therefore, it is my intention that men do not come on their trial till after death, when they ſhall appear before the judge, diſrobed of all

their corporeal ornaments. The judge himſelf too ſhall be a pure unveiled ſpirit, beholding the very ſoul, the naked ſoul of the party before him. With this view I have already conſtituted my ſons, Minos and Rhadamanthus, judges, who are natives of Aſia; and Æacus, a native of Europe. Theſe, after death, ſhall hold their court in a certain meadow, from which there are two roads, leading the one to Tartarus, the other to the Iſlands of 'the Bleſſed.'

From this, as from numberleſs other paſſages of his writings, may be ſeen Plato's opinion of a future ſtate. A thing therefore in regard to us ſo comfortable, in itſelf ſo juſt and excellent, a thing ſo agreeable to the analogy of nature, and ſo univerſally credited by all orders and ranks of men, of all nations and ages, what is it that ſhould move a few men to reject? Surely there muſt be ſomething of prejudice in the caſe. I appeal to the ſecret thoughts of a free-thinker, if he does not argue within himſelf after this manner. 'The ſenſes and faculties I enjoy at preſent are viſibly deſigned to repair or preſerve the body from the injuries it is liable to in its preſent circumſtances. But in an eternal ſtate, where no decays are to be repaired, no outward injuries to be fenced againſt, where there are no fleſh and bones, nerves or blood-veſſels, there will certainly be none of the ſenſes: and that there ſhould be a ſtate of life without the ſenſes is inconceivable.'

But as this manner of reaſoning proceeds from a poverty of imagination, and narrowneſs of ſoul in thoſe that uſe it, I ſhall endeavour to remedy

thoſe defects, and open their views, by laying before them a caſe which, being naturally poſſible, may perhaps reconcile them to the belief of what is ſupernaturally revealed.

Let us ſuppoſe a perſon blind and deaf from his birth, who, being grown to man's eſtate, is by the dead palſy, or ſome other cauſe, deprived of his feelings, taſting, and ſmelling, and at the ſame time has the impediment of his hearing removed, and the film taken from his eyes. What the five ſenſes are to us, that the touch, taſte, and ſmell, were to him. And any other ways of perception of a more refined and extenſive nature were to him as inconceivable, as to us thoſe are which will one day be adapted to perceive thoſe things which 'eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.' And it would be juſt as reaſonable in him to conclude, that the loſs of thoſe three ſenſes could not poſſibly be ſucceeded by any new inlets of perception; as in a modern free-thinker to imagine there can be no ſtate of life and perception without the ſenſes he enjoys at preſent. Let us further ſuppoſe the ſame perſon's eyes, at their firſt opening, to be ſtruck with a great variety of the moſt gay and pleaſing objects, and his ears with a melodious concert of vocal and inſtrumental muſic. Behold him amazed, raviſhed, tranſported; and you have ſome diſtant repreſentation, ſome faint and glimmering idea of the ecſtatic ſtate of the ſoul in that article in which ſhe emerges from this ſepulchre of fleſh into life and immortality.

N. B. 'It has been obſerved by the Chriſ-

tians, that a certain ingenious foreigner [n], who has publiſhed many exemplary jeſts for the uſe of perſons in the article of death, was very much out of humour in a late fit of ſickneſs, till he was in a fair way of recovery.'

Nº 28. Monday, April 13, 1713.

By STEELE.

Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitioſiorem. HOR. 5 Od. vi. 46.

Our fathers have been worſe than theirs,
And we than ours: next age will ſee
A race more profligate than we. ROSCOMMON.

THEOCRITUS, Bion and Moſchus are the moſt famous amongſt the Greek writers of paſtorals. The two latter of theſe are judged to be far ſhort of Theocritus, whom I ſhall ſpeak of more largely, becauſe he rivals the greateſt of all poets, Virgil himſelf. He hath the advantage confeſſedly of the Latin, in coming before him, and writing in a tongue more proper for paſtoral. The ſoftneſs of the Doric dialect, which this poet is ſaid to have improved beyond any who came before him, is what the ancient Roman writers owned their language could not approach. But beſides this beauty, he ſeems to me to have had

[n] M. Deſlandes, who came about this time from France with the duke D'Aumont, was a Freethinker, and had publiſhed an hiſtorical liſt of all who died laughing. He had the ſmall-pox here in England, of which he recovered. See Guardian, Nº 39.

a ſoul more ſoftly and tenderly inclined to this way of writing than Virgil, whoſe genius led him naturally to ſublimity. It is true that the great Roman, by the niceneſs of his judgment, and great command of himſelf, has acquitted himſelf dexterouſly this way. But a penetrating judge will find there the ſeeds of that fire which burned afterwards ſo bright in the Georgics, and blazed out in the Æneid. I muſt not, however, diſſemble that theſe bold ſtrokes appear chiefly in thoſe Eclogues of Virgil, which ought not to be numbered amongſt his paſtorals, which are indeed generally thought to be all of the paſtoral kind; but by the beſt judges are only called his ſelect poems, as the word Eclogue originally means.

Thoſe who will take the pains to conſult Scaliger's compariſon of theſe two poets, will find that Theocritus hath out-done him in thoſe very paſſages which the critic hath produced in honour of Virgil. There is, in ſhort, more innocence, ſimplicity, and whatever elſe hath been laid down as the diſtinguiſhing marks of paſtoral, in the Greek than the Roman; and all arguments from the exactneſs, propriety, conciſeneſs and nobleneſs of Virgil, may very well be turned againſt him. There is indeed ſometimes a groſſneſs and clowniſhneſs in Theocritus, which Virgil, who borrowed his greateſt beauties from him, hath avoided. I will however add, that Virgil out of the excellence of genius only, hath come ſhort of Theocritus: and had poſſibly excelled him, if in greater ſubjects he had not been born to excel all mankind.

The Italians were the firſt, amongſt the mo-

derns, that fell into paſtoral writing. It is obſerved, that the people of that nation are very profound and abſtruſe in their poetry as well as politics; fond of ſurpriſing conceits and far-fetched imaginations, and labour chiefly to ſay what was never ſaid before. From perſons of this character, how can we expect that air of ſimplicity and truth which hath been proved ſo eſſential to ſhepherds? There are two paſtoral plays in this language, which they boaſt of as the moſt elegant performances in poetry that the latter ages have produced; the Aminta of Taſſo °, and Guarini's Paſtor Fido. In theſe the names of the perſons are indeed paſtoral, and the Sylvan Gods, the Dryads, and the Satyrs, appointed with the equipage of antiquity; but neither the language, ſentiments, paſſions, or deſigns, like thoſe of the pretty triflers in Virgil and Theocritus. I ſhall produce an example out of each, which are commonly taken notice of, as patterns of the Italian way of thinking in paſtoral. Sylvia in Taſſo's poem enters adorned with a garland of flowers, and views herſelf in a fountain with ſuch ſelf-admiration, that ſhe breaks out into a ſpeech to the flowers on her head, and tells them, 'She doth not wear them to adorn herſelf, but to make them aſhamed.' In the Paſtor Fido, a ſhepherdeſs reaſons after an abſtruſe philoſophical manner about the violence of love, and expoſtulates with the gods, 'for making laws ſo rigorous to reſtrain us, and at the ſame time giving us invincible deſires.' Who-

° See Guardian, N° 32.

ever can bear theſe, may be aſſured he hath no taſte for paſtoral.

When I am ſpeaking of the Italians, it would be unpardonable to paſs by Sannazarius. He hath changed the ſcene in this kind of poetry from woods and lawns, to the barren beach and boundleſs ocean: introduces ſea-calves in the room of kids and lambs, ſea-mews for the lark and the linnet, and preſents his miſtreſs with oyſters inſtead of fruits and flowers. How good ſoever his ſtyle and thoughts may be; yet who can pardon him for his arbitrary change of the ſweet manners and pleaſing objects of the country, for what in their own nature are uncomfortable and dreadful? I think he hath few or no followers, or, if any, ſuch as knew little of his beauties, and only copied his faults, and ſo are loſt and forgotten.

The French are ſo far from thinking abſtruſely, that they often ſeem not to think at all. It is all a run of numbers, common-place deſcriptions of woods, floods, groves, loves, &c. Thoſe who write the moſt accurately fall into the manner of their country; which is gallantry. I cannot better illuſtrate what I would ſay of the French than by the dreſs in which they make their ſhepherds appear in their paſtoral interludes upon the ſtage, as I find it deſcribed by a celebrated author, ‘ The ſhepherds,’ ſaith he, ‘ are all embroidered, and acquit themſelves in a ball better than our Engliſh dancing-maſters. I have ſeen a couple of rivers appear in red ſtockings; and Alpheus, inſtead of having his head covered with ſedges and bull-ruſhes, making love in a

fair full-bottomed periwig and a plume of feathers; but with a voice ſo full of ſhakes and quivers, that I ſhould have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable muſic [p].'

N° 29. Tueſday, April 14, 1713.

By STEELE [q].

Ride ſi ſapis—— MART. 2 Epig. xli. 1.

If you have taſte, ſhew it by your laugh.

In order to look into any perſon's temper, I generally make my firſt obſervation upon his laugh, whether he is eaſily moved, and what are the paſſages which throw him into that agreeable kind of convulſion. People are never ſo much unguarded, as when they are pleaſed: And laughter being a viſible ſymptom of ſome inward ſatisfaction, it is then, if ever, we may believe the face. There is, perhaps, no better index to point us to the particularities of the mind than this, which is in itſelf one of the chief

p See N° 15, 22, 23, and notes *ad fines*. This paper, and the numbers here referred to, are aſcribed to Steele; but they were all written, it is ſaid, by Mr. T. Tickell; though no deciſive authority appears to ſupport this aſſignment, which ſeems indeed to be the moſt unexceptionable, on a ſuppoſition of their being all written by one hand, of which the reader muſt judge for himſelf. It has alſo been ſaid with equal uncertainty, that N° 9, attributed likewiſe to Steele, was the compoſition of Mr. H. Martyn. See N° 32. N° 40. and Spect. N° 555.

q This paper is much in Addiſon's manner, but there appears to be no other authority to aſcribe it to him.

diſtinctions of our rationality. For, as Milton ſays,

'—Smiles from reaſon flow, to brutes deny'd,—
And are of love the food——'

It may be remarked in general under this head, that the laugh of men of wit is for the moſt part but a faint conſtrained kind of half-laugh, as ſuch perſons are never without ſome diffidence about them; but that of fools is the moſt honeſt, natural, open laugh in the world.

I have often had thoughts of writing a treatiſe upon this faculty, wherein I would have laid down rules for the better regulation of it at the theatre. I would have criticiſed on the laughs now in vogue, by which our comic writers might the better know how to tranſport an audience into this pleaſing affection. I had ſet apart a chapter for a diſſertation on the talents of ſome of our modern comedians; and as it was the manner of Plutarch to draw compariſons of his heroes and orators, to ſet their actions and eloquence in a fairer light; ſo I would have made the parallel of Pinkethman, Norris, and Bullock[r]; and ſo far ſhown their different methods of raiſing mirth, that any one ſhould be able to diſtinguiſh whether the jeſt was the poet's, or the actor's.

As the play-houſe affords us the moſt occaſions of obſerving upon the behaviour of the face, it may be uſeful (for the direction of thoſe who

[r] Three comic actors in vogue at the time when this paper was written.

would be critics this way) to remark, that the virgin ladies uſually diſpoſe themſelves in the front of the boxes, the young married women compoſe the ſecond row, while the rear is generally made up of mothers of long ſtanding, undeſigning maids, and contented widows. Whoever will caſt his eye upon them under this view, during the repreſentation of a play, will find me ſo far in the right, that a double entendre ſtrikes the firſt row into an affected gravity, or careleſs indolence, the ſecond will venture at a ſmile, but the third take the conceit entirely, and expreſs their mirth in a downright laugh.

When I deſcend to particulars, I find the reſerved prude will relapſe into a ſmile, at the extravagant freedoms of the coquette; the coquette in her turn laughs at the ſtarchneſs and aukward affectation of the prude; the man of letters is tickled with the vanity and ignorance of the fop; and the fop confeſſes his ridicule at the unpoliteneſs of the pedant.

I fancy we may range the ſeveral kinds of laughers under the following heads:

The Dimplers.
The Smilers.
The Laughers.
The Grinners.
The Horſe-laughers.

The dimple is practiſed to give a grace to the features, and is frequently made a bait to entangle a gazing lover; this was called by the ancients the Chian laugh.

The ſmile is for the moſt part confined to the

fair ſex, and their male retinue. It expreſſes our ſatisfaction in a ſilent ſort of approbation, doth not too much diſorder the features, and is practiſed by lovers of the moſt delicate addreſs. This tender motion of the phyſiognomy the ancients called the Ionic laugh.

The laugh among us is the common riſus of the ancients.

The grin by writers of antiquity is called the Syncruſian; and was then, as it is at this time, made uſe of to diſplay a beautiful ſet of teeth.

The horſe-laugh, or the Sardonic, is made uſe of with great ſucceſs in all kinds of diſputation. The proficients in this kind, by a well-timed laugh, will baffle the moſt ſolid argument. This upon all occaſions ſupplies the want of reaſon, is always received with great applauſe in coffee-houſe diſputes; and that ſide the laugh joins with, is generally obſerved to gain the better of his antagoniſt.

The prude hath a wonderful eſteem for the Chian laugh or dimple: ſhe looks upon all the other kinds of laughter as exceſſes of levity; and is never ſeen upon the moſt extravagant jeſts to diſorder her countenance with the ruffle of a ſmile. Her lips are compoſed with a primneſs peculiar to her character, all her modeſty ſeems collected into her face, and ſhe but very rarely takes the freedom to ſink her cheek into a dimple.

The young widow is only a Chian for a time; her ſmiles are confined by decorum, and ſhe is obliged to make her face ſympathize with her habit: ſhe looks demure by art, and by the

ſtricteſt rules of decency is never allowed the ſmile till the firſt offer or advance towards her is over.

The effeminate fop, who by the long exerciſe of his countenance at the glaſs, hath reduced it to an exact diſcipline, may claim a place in this clan. You ſee him upon any occaſion, to give ſpirit to his diſcourſe, admire his own eloquence by a dimple.

The Ionics are thoſe ladies that take a greater liberty with their features; yet even theſe may be ſaid to ſmother a laugh, as the former to ſtifle a ſmile.

The beau is an Ionic out of complaiſance, and practiſes the ſmile the better to ſympathize with the fair. He will ſometimes join in a laugh to humour the ſpleen of a lady, or applaud a piece of wit of his own, but always takes care to confine his mouth within the rules of good-breeding; he takes the laugh from the ladies, but is never guilty of ſo great an indecorum as to begin it.

The Ionic laugh is of univerſal uſe to men of power at their levées; and is eſteemed by judicious place-hunters a more particular mark of diſtinction than the whiſper. A young gentleman of my acquaintance valued himſelf upon his ſucceſs, having obtained this favour after the attendance of three months only.

A judicious author ſome years ſince publiſhed a collection of ſonnets, which he very ſucceſsfully called Laugh and be fat; or, Pills to purge Melancholy: I cannot ſufficiently admire the facetious title of theſe volumes, and muſt cen-

ſure the world of ingratitude, while they are ſo negligent in rewarding the jocoſe labours of my friend Mr. D'Urfey [s], who was ſo large a contributor to this treatiſe, and to whoſe humorous production ſo many rural ſquires in the remoteſt parts of this iſland are obliged for the dignity and ſtate which corpulency gives them. The ſtory of the ſick man's breaking an impoſthume by a ſudden fit of laughter, is too well known to need a recital. It is my opinion, that the above pills would be extremely proper to be taken with aſſes milk, and mightily contribute towards the renewing and reſtoring decayed lungs. Democritus is generally repreſented to us as a man of the largeſt ſize, which we may attribute to his frequent exerciſe of his riſible faculty. I remember Juvenal ſays of him,

'*Perpetuo riſu pulmonem agitare ſolebat.*'—Sat. x. 33.
'He ſhook his ſides with a perpetual laugh.'

That ſort of man whom a late writer has called the Butt is a great promoter of this healthful agitation, and is generally ſtocked with ſo much good-humour, as to ſtrike in with the gaiety of converſation, though ſome innocent blunder of his own be the ſubject of the raillery.

I ſhall range all old amorous dotards under the denomination of Grinners; when a young blooming wench touches their fancy, by an endeavour to recall youth into their cheeks, they immediately overſtrain their muſcular features,

[s] See Guard. N° 67. Tat. N° 1, N° 11, N° 43, and notes.

and ſhrivel their countenance into this frightful merriment.

The wag is of the ſame kind, and by the ſame artifice labours to ſupport his impotence of wit: but he very frequently calls in the horſe-laugh to his aſſiſtance.

There are another kind of grinners, which the ancients call Megarics; and ſome moderns have, not injudiciouſly, given them the name of the Sneerers. Theſe always indulge their merit at the expence of their friends, and all their ridicule conſiſts in unſeaſonable ill-nature. I could wiſh theſe laughers would conſider, that let them do what they can, there is no laughing away their own follies by laughing at other people's.

The mirth of the tea-table is for the moſt part Megaric; and in viſits the ladies themſelves very ſeldom ſcruple the ſacrificing a friendſhip to a laugh of this denomination.

The coquette hath a great deal of the Megaric in her; but, in ſhort, ſhe is a proficient in laughter, and can run through the whole exerciſe of the features; ſhe ſubdues the formal lover with the dimple, accoſts the fop with a ſmile, joins with the wit in the downright laugh; to vary the air of her countenance frequently raillies with the grin; and when ſhe has ridiculed her lover quite out of his underſtanding, to complete his misfortunes, ſtrikes him dumb with the horſe-laugh.

The horſe-laugh is a diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of the rural hoyden, and it is obſerved to be the laſt ſymptom of ruſticity that forſakes her under the diſcipline of the boarding-ſchool.

Punſters, I find, very much contributed towards the Sardonic, and the extremes of either wit or folly ſeldom fail of raiſing this noiſy kind of applauſe. As the ancient phyſicians held the Sardonic laugh very beneficial to the lungs; I ſhould, methinks, adviſe all my countrymen of conſumptive and hectical conſtitutions to aſſociate with the moſt facetious punſters of the age. Perſius hath very elegantly deſcribed a Sardonic laughter in the following line,

'*Ingeminat tremulos naſo criſpante cachinnos.*'
Sat. iii. 87.

'Redoubled peals of trembling laughter burſt,
Convulſing every feature of the face.'

Laughter is a vent of any ſudden joy that ſtrikes upon the mind, which being too volatile and ſtrong, breaks out in this tremor of the voice. The poets make uſe of this metaphor when they would deſcribe nature in her richeſt dreſs, for beauty is never ſo lovely as when adorned with the ſmile, and converſation never ſits eaſier upon us, than when we now and then diſcharge ourſelves in a ſymphony of laughter, which may not improperly be called, The Chorus of Converſation.

N° 30. Wednefday, April 15, 1713.
By STEELE.

——*redeunt Saturnia Regna.* VIRG. Ecl. iv. 6.

——Saturnian times
Roll round again. DRYDEN.

THE Italians and French being difpatched, I come now to the Englifh, whom I fhall treat with fuch meeknefs as becomes a good patriot; and fhall fo far recommend this our ifland as a proper fcene for paftoral, under certain regulations, as will fatisfy the courteous reader that I am in the landed intereft.

I muft in the firft place obferve, that our countrymen have fo good an opinion of the ancients, and think fo modeftly of themfelves, that the generality of paftoral-writers have either ftolen all from the Greeks and Romans, or fo fervilely imitated their manners and cuftoms, as makes them very ridiculous. In looking over fome Englifh paftorals a few days ago, I perufed at leaft fifty lean flocks, and reckoned up an hundred left-handed ravens, befides blafted oaks, withering meadows, and weeping deities. Indeed moft of the occafional paftorals we have, are built upon one and the fame plan. A fhepherd afks his fellow, 'Why he is fo pale? if his favourite fheep hath ftrayed? if his pipe be broken? or Phyllis unkind?" He anfwers, 'None of thefe misfortunes have befallen him, but one much greater, for Damon (or fometimes the god Pan) is dead.' This immediately caufes the other to make com-

plaints, and call upon the lofty pines and ſilver ſtreams to join in the lamentation. While he goes on, his friend interrupts him, and tells him that Damon lives, and ſhews him a track of light in the ſkies to confirm it; then invites him to cheſnuts and cheeſe. Upon this ſcheme moſt of the noble families in Great-Britain have been comforted; nor can I meet with any right honourable ſhepherd that doth not die and live again, after the manner of the aforeſaid Damon.

Having already informed my reader wherein the knowledge of antiquity may be ſerviceable, I ſhall now direct him where he may lawfully diviate from the ancients. There are ſome things of an eſtabliſhed nature in paſtoral, which are eſſential to it, ſuch as a country ſcene, innocence, ſimplicity. Others there are of a changeable kind, ſuch as habits, cuſtoms, and the like. The difference of the climate is alſo to be conſidered, for what is proper in Arcadia, or even in Italy, might be very abſurd in a colder country. By the ſame rule the difference of the ſoil, of fruits and flowers, is to be obſerved. And in ſo fine a country as Britain, what occaſion is there for that profuſion of hyacinths and Pæſtan roſes, and that cornucopia of foreign fruits which the Britiſh ſhepherds never heard of? How much more pleaſing is the following ſcene to an Engliſh reader!

'This place may ſeem for ſhepherds' leiſure made,
So lovingly theſe elms unite their ſhade.
Th' ambitious woodbine, how it climbs to breathe
Its balmy ſweets around on all beneath!
The ground with graſs of chearful green beſpread,
Thro' which the ſpringing flow'r up-rears its head!

Lo here the king-cup of a golden hue
Medley'd with daiſies white, and endive blue!
Hark, how the gaudy goldfinch and the thruſh,
With tuneful warblings fill that bramble-buſh!
In pleaſing concert all the birds combine,
And tempt us in the various ſong to join[t].'

The theology of the ancient paſtoral is ſo very pretty, that it were pity intirely to change it; but I think that part only is to be retained which is univerſally known, and the reſt to be made up out of our own ruſtical ſuperſtition of hobthruſhes, fairies, goblins, and witches. The fairies are capable of being made very entertaining perſons, as they are deſcribed by ſeveral of our poets; and particularly by Mr. Pope:

'About this ſpring (if ancient fame ſay true)
The dapper elves their moon-light ſports purſue,
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful ſprings a merry concert made,
And airy muſic warbled through the ſhade.'

What hath been ſaid upon the difference of climate, ſoil, and theology, reaches the proverbial ſayings, dreſs, cuſtoms and ſports of ſhepherds. The following examples of our paſtoral ſports are extremely beautiful:

Whilome did I, tall as this poplar fair,
Up-raiſe my heedleſs head, devoid of care,
'Mong ruſtic routs the chief for wanton game;
Nor could they merry make till Lobbin came.
Who better ſeen than I in ſhepherds arts,
To pleaſe the lads, and win the laſſes hearts?

[t] Philips's Fourth Paſtoral, *ab initio*.

How deftly to mine oaten reed, ſo ſweet,
Wont they upon the green to ſhift their feet?
And weary'd in the dance, how would they yearn
Some well deviſed tale from me to learn?
For many ſongs and tales of mirth had I,
To chace the lingring ſun a-down the ſky.

———O now! if ever, bring
The laurel green, the ſmelling eglantine,
And tender branches from the mantling vine,
The dewy cowſlip that in meadow grows,
The fountain violet, and garden roſe:
Your hamlet ſtraw, and every public way,
And conſecrate to mirth Albino's day.
Myſelf will laviſh all my little ſtore:
And deal about the goblet flowing o'er:
Old Moulin there ſhall harp, your Mico ſing,
And cuddy dance the round amidſt the ring,
And Hobbinol his antic gambols play [u].'

The reaſon why ſuch changes from the ancients ſhould be introduced is very obvious; namely, that poetry being imitation, and that imitation being the beſt which deceives the moſt eaſily, it follows that we muſt take up the cuſtoms which are moſt familiar or univerſally known, ſince no man can be deceived or delighted with the imitation of what he is ignorant of.

It is eaſy to be obſerved that theſe rules are drawn from what our countrymen Spencer and Philips have performed in this way. I ſhall not preſume to ſay any more of them, than that both have copied and improved the beauties of the ancients, whoſe manner of thinking I would above

[u] Philips's Firſt Paſtoral, l. 31, &c. Third Part, l. 106, &c.

all things recommend. As far as our language would allow them, they have formed a paſtoral ſtyle according to the Doric of Theocritus, in which I dare not ſay they have excelled Virgil! but I may be allowed, for the honour of our language, to ſuppoſe it more capable of that pretty ruſticity than the Latin. To their works I refer my reader to make obſervations upon the paſtoral ſtyle: where he will ſooner find that ſecret than from a folio of criticiſms[x].

[x] Probably by Mr. T. Tickell, with ſome ſlight aſſiſtance from Addiſon, who about this time was giving the laſt politure to his Cato. See N° 15, 22, 23, 28, 33, and 40, and notes.

⁂ This day is publiſhed the life and character of M. P. Cato, collected from Plutarch in the Greek, and from Lucan, Salluſt, Florus, and other authors, in the Latin tongue. Pr. 6d.

N. B. On the 14th of April, 1713, the Tragedy of Cato was acted for the firſt time. The prologue and epilogue written by Dr. Garth and Mr. Pope. Guard. in folio. N° 29, and N° 30.

N° 31. Thurſday, April 16, 1713.

By Mr. E. BUDGELL.

Fortem poſce animum— JUV. Sat. x. 357.

Aſk of the gods content and ſtrength of mind.

My lady Lizard is never better pleaſed than when ſhe ſees her children about her engaged in any profitable diſcourſe. I found her laſt night ſitting in the midſt of her daughters, and forming a very beautiful ſemi-circle about the fire. I immediately took my place in an elbow chair, which is always left empty for me in one corner.

Our converſation fell inſenſibly upon the ſubject of happineſs, in which every one of the young ladies gave her opinion, with that freedom and unconcernedneſs which they always uſe when they are in company only with their mother and myſelf.

Mrs. Jane declared, that ſhe thought it the greateſt happineſs to be married to a man of merit, and placed at the head of a well-regulated family. I could not but obſerve, that, in her character of a man of merit, ſhe gave us a lively deſcription of Tom Worthy, who has long made his addreſs to her. The ſiſters did not diſcover this at firſt, 'till ſhe began to run down fortune in a lover, and, among the accompliſhments of a man of merit, unluckily mentioned white teeth and black eyes.

Mrs. Annabella, after having rallied her ſiſter upon her man of merit, talked much of conveniencies of life, affluence of fortune, and eaſineſs of temper, in one whom ſhe ſhould pitch upon for a huſband. In ſhort, though the baggage would not ſpeak out, I found the ſum of her wiſhes was a rich fool, or a man ſo turned to her purpoſes, that ſhe might enjoy his fortune, and inſult his underſtanding.

The romantic Cornelia was for living in a wood among choirs of birds, with zephyrs, echos, and rivulets, to make up the concert: ſhe would not ſeem to include a huſband in her ſcheme, but at the ſame time talked ſo paſſionately of cooing turtles, moſſy banks, and beds of violets, that one might eaſily perceive ſhe was not without thoughts of a companion in her ſolitudes.

Miſs Betty placed her *ſummum bonum* in equipages, aſſemblies, balls, and birth-nights, talked in raptures of ſir Edward Shallow's gilt coach, and my lady Tattle's room, in which ſhe ſaw company; nor would ſhe have eaſily given over, had ſhe not obſerved that her mother appeared more ſerious than ordinary, and by her looks ſhewed that ſhe did not approve ſuch a redundance of vanity and impertinence.

My favourite, the Sparkler, with an air of innocence and modeſty, which is peculiar to her, ſaid that ſhe never expected ſuch a thing as happineſs, and that ſhe thought the moſt any one could do was to keep themſelves from being uneaſy; for, as Mr. Ironſide has often told us, ſays ſhe, we ſhould endeavour to be eaſy here, and happy hereafter: at the ſame time ſhe begged me to acquaint them by what rules this eaſe of mind, or if I would pleaſe to call it happineſs, is beſt attained.

My lady Lizard joined in the ſame requeſt with her youngeſt daughter, adding, with a ſerious look, The thing ſeemed to her of ſo great conſequence, that ſhe hoped I would for once forget they were all women, and give my real thoughts of it with the ſame juſtneſs I would uſe among a company of my own ſex. I complied with her deſire, and communicated my ſentiments to them on this ſubject, as near as I can remember, pretty much to the following purpoſe.

As nothing is more natural than for every one to deſire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at that the wiſeſt men in all ages have ſpent ſo

much time to diſcover what happineſs is, and wherein it chiefly conſiſts. An eminent writer, named Varro, reckons up no leſs than two hundred eighty-eight different opinions upon this ſubject; and another, called Lucian, after having given us a long catalogue of the notions of ſeveral philoſophers, endeavours to ſhew the abſurdity of all of them, without eſtabliſhing any thing of his own.

That which ſeems to have made ſo many err in this caſe, is the reſolution they took to fix a man's happineſs to one determined point; which I conceive cannot be made up but by the concurrence of ſeveral particulars.

I ſhall readily allow Virtue the firſt place, as ſhe is the mother of Content. It is this which calms our thoughts, and makes us ſurvey ourſelves with eaſe and pleaſure. Naked virtue, however, is not alone ſufficient to make a man happy. It muſt be accompanied with at leaſt a moderate proviſion of all the neceſſaries of life, and not ruffled and diſturbed by bodily pains. A fit of the ſtone was ſharp enough to make a ſtoick cry out, 'that Zeno, his maſter, taught him falſe, when he told him that pain was no evil.'

But, beſides this, virtue is ſo far from being alone ſufficient to make a man happy, that the exceſs of it in ſome particulars, joined to a ſoft and feminine temper, may often give us the deepeſt wounds, and chiefly contribute to render us uneaſy. I might inſtance in pity, love, and friendſhip. In the two laſt paſſions it often happens, that we ſo entirely give up our hearts, as

to make our happineſs wholly depend upon another perſon; a truſt for which no human creature, however excellent, can poſſibly give us a ſufficient ſecurity.

The man therefore who would be truly happy, muſt, beſides an habitual virtue, attain to ſuch a 'ſtrength of mind,' as to confine his happineſs within himſelf, and keep it from being dependent upon others. A man of this make will perform all thoſe good-natured offices that could have been expected from the moſt bleeding pity, without being ſo far affected at the common misfortunes of human life, as to diſturb his own repoſe. His actions of this kind are ſo much more meritorious than another's, as they flow purely from a principle of virtue, and a ſenſe of his duty; whereas a man of a ſofter temper, even while he is aſſiſting another, may in ſome meaſure be ſaid to be relieving himſelf.

A man endowed with that ſtrength of mind I am here ſpeaking of, tho' he leaves it to his friend or miſtreſs to make him ſtill more happy, does not put it in the power of either to make him miſerable.

From what has been already ſaid it will alſo appear, that nothing can be more weak than to place our happineſs in the applauſe of others, ſince by this means we make it wholly independent of ourſelves. People of this humour, who place their chief felicity in reputation and applauſe, are alſo extremely ſubject to envy, the moſt painful as well as the moſt abſurd of all paſſions.

The ſureſt means to attain that ſtrength of

mind, and independent ſtate of happineſs I am here recommending, is a virtuous mind ſufficiently furniſhed with ideas to ſupport ſolitude and keep up an agreeable converſation with itſelf. Learning is a very great help on this occaſion, as it lays up an infinite number of notions in the memory, ready to be drawn out, and ſet in order upon any occaſion. The mind often takes the ſame pleaſure in looking over theſe her treaſures, in augmenting and diſpoſing them into proper forms, as a prince does in a review of his army.

At the ſame time I muſt own, that as a mind thus furniſhed feels a ſecret pleaſure in the conſciouſneſs of its own perfection, and is delighted with ſuch occaſions as call upon it to try its force, a living imagination ſhall produce a pleaſure very little inferior to the former in perſons of much weaker heads. As the firſt therefore may not be improperly called ‘ the heaven of a wiſe man,’ the latter is extremely well repreſented by our vulgar expreſſion, which terms it ‘ a fool's paradiſe.’ There is, however, this difference between them, that as the firſt naturally produces that ſtrength and greatneſs of mind I have been all along deſcribing as ſo eſſential to render a man happy, the latter is ruffled and diſcompoſed by every accident, and loſt under the moſt common misfortune.

It is this ſtrength of mind that is not to be overcome by the changes of fortune, that ariſes at the ſight of dangers, and could make Alexander (in that paſſage of his life ſo much admired by the prince of Conde), when his army muti-

nied, bid his ſoldiers return to Macedon, and tell their countrymen that they had left their king conquering the world; ſince for his part he could not doubt of raiſing an army wherever he appeared. It is this that chiefly exerts itſelf when a man is moſt oppreſſed, and gives him always in proportion to whatever malice or injuſtice would deprive him of. It is this, in ſhort, that makes the virtuous man inſenſibly ſet a value upon himſelf, and throws a varniſh over his words and actions, that will at leaſt command eſteem, and give him a greater aſcendant over others, than all the advantages of birth and fortune.

N° 32. Friday, April 17, 1713.

By STEELE.

——ipſe volens, faciliſque ſequetur,
Si te fata vocant: aliter non viribus ullis
Vincas—— VIRG. Æn. vi. 146.

The willing metal will obey thy hand,
Following with eaſe, if, favour'd by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian ſtate:
If not no labour can the tree conſtrain:
And ſtrength of ſtubborn arms and ſteel are vain.
DRYDEN.

HAVING delivered my thoughts upon paſtoral poetry, after a didactic manner, in ſome foregoing papers, wherein I have taken ſuch hints from the critics as I thought rational, and departed from them according to the beſt of my judgment, and ſubſtituted others in their place

I ſhall cloſe the whole with the following fable or allegory.

In ancient times there dwelt in a pleaſant vale of Arcadia a man of very ample poſſeſſions, named Menalcas; who, deriving his pedigree from the god Pan, kept very ſtrictly up to the rules of the paſtoral life, as it was in the golden age. He had a daughter, his only child, called Amaryllis. She was a virgin of a moſt inchanting beauty, of a moſt eaſy and unaffected air; but having been bred up wholly in the country, was baſhful to the laſt degree. She had a voice that was exceeding ſweet, yet had a ruſticity in its tone, which however to moſt who heard her ſeemed an additional charm. Though in her converſation in general ſhe was very engaging, yet to her lovers, who were numerous, ſhe was ſo coy, that many left her in diſguſt after a tedious courtſhip, and matched themſelves where they were better received. For Menalcas had not only reſolved to take a ſon-in-law, who ſhould inviolably maintain the cuſtoms of his family; but had received one evening as he walked in the fields, a pipe of an antique form from a Faun, or, as ſome ſay, from Oberon the fairy, with a particular charge not to beſtow his daughter upon any one who could not play the ſame tune upon it as at that time he entertained him with.

When the time that he had deſigned to give her in marriage was near at hand, he publiſhed a decree, whereby he invited the neighbouring youths to make trial of his muſical inſtrument, with promiſe that the victor ſhould poſſeſs his daughter, on condition that the vanquiſhed ſhould

ſubmit to what puniſhment he thought fit to inflict. Thoſe who were not yet diſcouraged, and had high conceits of their own worth, appeared on the appointed day, in a dreſs and equipage ſuitable to their reſpective fancies.

The place of meeting was a flowery meadow, through which a clear ſtream murmured in many irregular meanders. The ſhepherds made a ſpacious ring for the contending lovers: and in one part of it there ſat upon a little throne of turf, under an arch of eglantine and woodbines, the father of the maid, and at his right hand the damſel crowned with roſes and lilies. She wore a flying robe of a ſlight green ſtuff; ſhe had her ſheep-hook in one hand, and the fatal pipe in the other.

The firſt who approached her was a youth of a graceful preſence and courtly air, but dreſt in a richer habit than had ever been ſeen in Arcadia. He wore a crimſon veſt, cut indeed after the ſhepherd's faſhion, but ſo enriched with embroidery, and ſparkling with jewels, that the eyes of the ſpectators were diverted from conſidering the mode of the garment by the dazzling of the ornaments. His head was covered with a plume of feathers, and his ſheep-hook glittered with gold and enamel. He accoſted the damſel after a very gallant manner, and told her [y], 'Madam, you need not to conſult your glaſs to adorn yourſelf to-day; you may ſee the greatneſs of your beauty in the number of your conqueſts.' She, having never heard any compliment ſo polite,

y See Fontenelle.

could give him no anſwer, but preſented the pipe. He applied it to his lips, and began a tune which he ſet off with ſo many graces and quavers, that the ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes (who had paired themſelves in order to dance) could not follow it; as indeed it required great ſkill and regularity of ſteps, which they had never been bred to. Menalcas ordered him to be ſtripped of his coſtly robes, and to be clad in a ruſſet weed, and confined him to tend the flocks in the vallies for a year and a day.

The ſecond that appeared was in a very different garb. He was cloathed in a garment of rough goatſkins, his hair was matted, his beard neglected; in his perſon uncouth, and aukward in his gait. He came up fleering to the nymph, and told her [z] 'he had hugged his lambs, and kiſſed his young kids, but he hoped to kiſs one that was ſweeter.' The fair one bluſhed with modeſty and anger, and prayed ſecretly againſt him as ſhe gave him the pipe. He ſnatched it from her, but with ſome difficulty made it ſound; which was in ſuch harſh and jarring notes, that the ſhepherds cried one and all, that he underſtood no muſic. He was immediately ordered to the moſt craggy parts of Arcadia, to keep the goats, and commanded never to touch a pipe any more.

The third that advanced appeared in cloaths that were ſo ſtrait and uneaſy to him, that he ſeemed to move with pain. He marched up to the maiden with a thoughtful look and ſtately

[z] See Theocritus.

pace, and ſaid [a], 'Divine Amaryllis, you wear not thoſe roſes to improve your beauty, but to make them aſhamed.' As ſhe did not comprehend his meaning, ſhe preſented the inſtrument without reply. The tune that he played was ſo intricate and perplexing, that the ſhepherds ſtood ſtock-ſtill, like people aſtoniſhed and confounded. In vain did he plead that it was the perfection of muſic, and compoſed by the moſt ſkilful maſter in Heſperia. Menalcas, finding that he was a ſtranger, hoſpitably took compaſſion on him, and delivered him to an old ſhepherd, who was ordered to get him cloaths that would fit him, and teach him to ſpeak plain.

The fourth that ſtepped forward was young Amyntas, the moſt beautiful of all the Arcadian ſwains, and ſecretly beloved by Amaryllis. He wore that day the ſame colours as the maid for whom he ſighed. He moved towards her with an eaſy but unaſſured air: ſhe bluſhed as he came near her, and when ſhe gave him the fatal preſent, they both trembled, but neither could ſpeak. Having ſecretly breathed his vows to the gods, he poured forth ſuch melodious notes, that though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every heart with delight. The ſwains immediately mingled in the dance; and the old ſhepherds affirmed, that they had often heard ſuch muſic by night, which they imagined to be played by ſome of the rural deities. The good old man leaped from his throne, and, after he had em-

[a] See Taſſo.

braced him, presented him to his daughter, which caused a general acclamation.

While they were in the midst of their joy, they were surprised with a very odd appearance. A person in a blue mantle, crowned with sedges and rushes, stepped into the middle of the ring. He had an angling-rod in his hand, a panier upon his back, and a poor meagre wretch in wet clothes carried some oysters before him[b]. Being asked, whence he came, and what he was? he told them, he was come to invite Amaryllis from the plains to the sea-shore, that his substance consisted in sea-calves, and that he was acquainted with the Nereids and the Naiads. 'Art thou acquainted with the Naiads?' said Menalcas; 'to them then shalt thou return.' The shepherds immediately hoisted him up as an enemy to Arcadia, and plunged him in the river, where he sunk, and was never heard of since.

Amyntas and Amaryllis lived a long and happy life, and governed the vales of Arcadia. Their generation was very long-lived, there having been but four descents in above two thousand years. His heir was called Theocritus, who left his dominions to Virgil; Virgil left his to his son Spencer; and Spencer was succeeded by his eldest-born Philips[c].

[b] Sanazarius, mentioned N° 28.

[c] See N° 15, N° 22, N° 23, N° 28, and notes.

N° 33. Saturday, April 18.
By STEELE.

——*Dignum ſapiente, bonoque eſt.* Hor. 1 Ep. iv. 5.
Worthy a wiſe man, and a good.

I have made it a rule to myſelf, not to publiſh any thing on a Saturday, but what ſhall have ſome analogy to the duty of the day enſuing. It is an unſpeakable pleaſure to me, that I have lived to ſee the time when I can obſerve ſuch a law to myſelf, and yet turn my diſcourſe upon what is done at the play-houſe. I am ſure the reader knows I am going to mention the tragedy of Cato. The principal character is moved by no conſideration but reſpect to that ſort of virtue, the ſenſe of which is retained in our language under the word Public Spirit. All regards to his domeſtic are wholly laid aſide, and the hero is drawn as having, by this motive, ſubdued inſtinct itſelf, and taken comfort from the diſtreſſes of his family, which are brought upon them by their adherence to the cauſe of truth and liberty. There is nothing uttered by Cato but what is worthy the beſt of men; and the ſentiments which are given him are not only the moſt warm for the conduct of this life, but ſuch as we may think will not need to be eraſed, but conſiſt with the happineſs of the human ſoul in the next. This illuſtrious character has its proper influence on all below it: the other virtuous perſonages are, in their degree, as worthy, and as exemplary, as the principal; the conduct of the lovers

(who are more warm, though more diſcreet, than ever yet appeared on the ſtage) has in it a conſtant ſenſe of the great cataſtrophe which was expected from the approach of Cæſar. But to ſee the modeſty of an heroine, whoſe country and family were at the ſame time in the moſt imminent danger, preſerved, while ſhe breaks out into the moſt fond and open expreſſions of her paſſion for her lover, is an inſtance of no common addreſs. Again, to obſerve the body of a gallant young man brought before us, who, in the bloom of his youth, in the defence of all that is good and great, had received numberleſs wounds; I ſay, to obſerve that this dead youth is introduced only for the example of his virtue, and that his death is ſo circumſtantiated, that we are ſatisfied, for all his virtue, it was for the good of the world, and his own family, that his warm temper was not to be put upon farther trial, but his taſk of life ended while it was yet virtuous, is an employment worthy the conſideration of our young Britons. We are obliged to authors, that can do what they will with us, that they do not play our affections and paſſions againſt ourſelves; but to make us ſo ſoon reſigned to the death of Marcus, of whom we were ſo fond, is a power that would be unfortunately lodged in a man without the love of virtue.

Were it not that I ſpeak, on this occaſion, rather as a Guardian than a critic, I could proceed to the examination of the juſtneſs of each character, and take notice that the Numidian is as well drawn as the Roman. There is not an idea in all the part of Syphax which does not appa-

rently ariſe from the habits which grow in the mind of an African; and the ſcene between Juba and his general, where they talk for and againſt a liberal education, is full of inſtruction. Syphax urges all that can be ſaid againſt philoſophy, as it is made ſubſervient to ill ends by men who abuſe their talents; and Juba ſets the leſſer excellences of activity, labour, patience of hunger, and ſtrength of body, which are the admired qualifications of a Numidian, in their proper ſubordination to the accompliſhments of the mind. But this play is ſo well recommended by others, that I will not for that, and ſome private reaſons, enlarge any farther. Doctor Garth has very agreeably rallied the mercenary traffic between men and women of this age in the epilogue, by Mrs. Porter, who acted Lucia. And Mr. Pope has prepared the audience for a new ſcene of paſſion and tranſport on a more noble foundation than they have before been entertained with, in the prologue. I ſhall take the liberty to gratify the impatience of the town by inſerting theſe two excellent pieces, as earneſts of the work itſelf, which will be printed within few days.

PROLOGUE TO CATO.

By Mr. Pope.

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

To wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:

For this the Tragic Muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream thro' every age;
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying Love we but our weakneſs ſhow,
And wild Ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more gen'rous cauſe,
Such tears as patriots ſhed for dying laws:
He bids your breaſts with ancient ardor riſe,
And calls forth Roman drops from Britiſh eyes.
Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was.
No common object to your ſight diſplays;
But what with pleaſure Heaven itſelf ſurveys,
A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate.
While Cato gives his little ſenate laws,
What boſom beats not in his country's cauſe?
Who ſees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæſar, 'midſt triumphal cars,
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in ſtate?
As her dead father's rev'rend image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt,
The triumph ceas'd—tears guſh'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor paſt unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæſar's leſs than Cato's ſword.
Britons attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And ſhew you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt-fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom ſhe ſubdu'd.

Our ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On French tranſlation, and Italian ſong:
Dare to have ſenſe yourſelves, aſſert the ſtage,
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone ſhould pleaſe a Britiſh ear,
As Cato's ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE TO CATO.

By Dr. Garth.

Spoken by Mrs. Porter.

What odd fantaſtic things we women do!
Who would not liſten when young lovers woo?
What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their coſt:
To give you pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.
Vows of virginity ſhould well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancel'd, tho' in convents made.
Would you revenge ſuch raſh reſolves——you may
Be ſpiteful——and believe the thing we ſay;
We hate you when you're eaſily ſaid Nay.
How needleſs, if you knew us, were your fears?
Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd, as you yourſelves would chooſe,
Too proud to aſk, too humble to refuſe:
We give to merit, and to wealth we ſell;
He ſighs with moſt ſucceſs that ſettles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis beſt repenting in a coach and ſix.
Blame not our conduct, ſince we but purſue
Thoſe lively leſſons we have learn'd from you:
Your breaſts no more the fire of beauty warms;
But wicked wealth uſurps the power of charms:
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To ſwell in ſhow, and be a wretch in ſtate!

At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Ev'n churches are no ſanctuaries now:
There golden idols all your vows receive;
She is no goddeſs who has nought to give.
Oh may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artleſs, and the ſoul ſincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And crowns leſs coveted than groves and ſprings.
Love then ſhall only mourn when truth complains,
And Conſtancy feel tranſport in its chains;
Sighs with ſucceſs their own ſoft anguiſh tell,
And eyes ſhall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright ſtation climb,
And Beauty fear no enemy but time:
The fair ſhall liſten to deſert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's ſon.

Nº 34. Monday, April 20, 1713.

By STEELE.

——*Mores multorum vidit*——

HOR. Ars Poet. v. 142.

He many men and many manners ſaw.

It is a moſt vexatious thing to an old man, who endeavours to ſquare his notions by reaſon, and to talk from reflection and experience, to fall in with a circle of young ladies at their afternoon tea-table. This happened very lately to be my fate. The converſation, for the firſt half-hour, was ſo very rambling, that it is hard to ſay what was talked off, or who ſpoke leaſt to the purpoſe. The various motions of the fan, the toſſings of the head, intermixed with all the pretty kinds of laughter, made up the greateſt part of the dif-

courſe. At laſt, this modiſh way of ſhining, and being witty, ſettled into ſomething like converſation, and the talk ran upon fine gentlemen. From the ſeveral characters that were given, and the exceptions that were made, as this or that gentleman happened to be named, I found that a lady is not difficult to be pleaſed, and that the town ſwarms with fine gentlemen. A nimble pair of heels, a ſmooth complexion, a full-bottom wig, a laced ſhirt, an embroidered ſuit, a pair of fringed gloves, a hat and feather; any one or more of theſe and the like accompliſhments ennobles a man, and raiſes him above the vulgar, in a female imagination. On the contrary, a modeſt ſerious behaviour, a plain dreſs, a thick pair of ſhoes, a leathern belt, a waiſtcoat not lined with ſilk, and ſuch like imperfections, degrade a man, and are ſo many blots in his eſcutcheon. I could not forbear ſmiling at one of the pretrieſt and livelieſt of this gay aſſembly, who excepted to the gentility of ſir William Hearty, becauſe he wore a frize coat, and breakfaſted upon toaſt and ale. I pretended to admire the fineneſs of her taſte; and to ſtrike in with her in ridiculing thoſe aukward healthy gentlemen, that ſeem to make nouriſhment the chief end of eating. I gave her an account of an honeſt Yorkſhire gentleman, who (when I was a traveller) uſed to invite his acquaintance at Paris to break their faſt with him upon cold roaſt beef and mum. There was, I remember, a little French marquis, who was often pleaſed to rally him unmercifully upon beef and pudding, of which our countryman would diſpatch a pound or two with great alacrity,

while his antagoniſt was piddling at a muſhroom, or the haunch of a frog. I could perceive the lady was pleaſed with what I ſaid, and we parted very good friends by virtue of a maxim I always obſerve, Never to contradict or reaſon with a ſprightly female. I went home, however, full of a great many ſerious reflections upon what had paſſed: and though, in complaiſance, I diſguiſed my ſentiments, to keep up the good humour of my fair companions, and to avoid being looked upon as a teſty old fellow, yet out of the good-will I bear to the ſex, and to prevent for the future their being impoſed upon by counterfeits, I ſhall give them the diſtinguiſhing marks of 'a true fine gentleman.'

When a good artiſt would expreſs any remarkable character in ſculpture, he endeavours to work up his figure into all the perfections his imagination can form; and to imitate not ſo much what is, as what may or ought to be. I ſhall follow their example, in the idea I am going to trace out of a fine gentleman, by aſſembling together ſuch qualifications as ſeem requiſite to make the character compleat. In order to this I ſhall premiſe in general, that by a fine gentleman I mean a man compleatly qualified as well for the ſervice and good, as for the ornament and delight, of ſociety. When I conſider the frame of mind peculiar to a gentleman, I ſuppoſe it graced with all the dignity and elevation of ſpirit that human nature is capable of. To this I would have joined a clear underſtanding, a reaſon free from prejudice, a ſteady judgment, and an extenſive knowledge. When I think of the heart

of a gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate paſſions, and full of tenderneſs, compaſſion, and benevolence. When I view the fine gentleman with regard to his manners, methinks I ſee him modeſt without baſhfulneſs, frank and affable without impertinence, obliging and complaiſant without ſervility, chearful and in good humour without noiſe. Theſe amiable qualities are not eaſily obtained; neither are there many men that have a genius to excel this way. A finiſhed gentleman is perhaps the moſt uncommon of all the great characters in life. Beſides the natural endowments with which this diſtinguiſhed man is to be born, he muſt run through a long ſeries of education. Before he makes his appearance and ſhines in the world, he muſt be principled in religion, inſtructed in all the moral virtues, and led through the whole courſe of the polite arts and ſciences. He ſhould be no ſtranger to courts and to camps; he muſt travel to open his mind, to enlarge his views, to learn the policies and intereſts of foreign ſtates, as well as to faſhion and poliſh himſelf, and to get clear of national prejudices; of which every country has its ſhare. To all theſe more eſſential improvements, he muſt not forget to add the faſhionable ornaments of life, ſuch as are the languages and the bodily exerciſe, moſt in vogue: neither would I have him think even dreſs itſelf beneath his notice.

It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; there are likewiſe a great many men of honour to be found. Men of courage, men of ſenſe and men of letters are

frequent: but a true fine gentleman is what one ſeldom ſees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embelliſh mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compaſs of his knowledge by the luſtre and brightneſs of his imagination; ſo all the great and ſolid perfections of life appear in the finiſhed gentleman, with a beautiful gloſs and varniſh; every thing he ſays or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good-will of every beholder.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the benefit of my female readers.

N. B. 'The gilt chariot, the diamond ring, the gold ſnuff-box, and brocade ſword-knot, are no eſſential parts of a fine gentleman; but may be uſed by him, provided he caſts his eye upon them but once a day.'

Nº 35. Tueſday, April 21, 1713.

BY G. BERKELEY, D. D[d].

O vitæ Philoſophia dux, virtutis indagatrix! CIC.

O Philoſophy, thou guide of life, and diſcoverer of virtue!

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'SIR,

'I AM a man who have ſpent great part of that time in rambling through foreign

[d] Aſcribed to biſhop Berkeley, on the authority of his ſon the rev. George Berkeley, formerly ſtudent of Chriſt-church, and vicar of Bray in Oxfordſhire. His father's papers are in all ten; viz. Nº 3, 27, 35, 39, 49, 55, 62, 70, 77, and 126.

countries, which young gentlemen uſually paſs at the univerſity; by which courſe of life, although I have acquired no ſmall inſight into the manners and converſation of men, yet I could not make proportionable advances in the way of ſcience and ſpeculation. In my return through France, as I was one day ſetting forth this my caſe to a certain gentleman of that nation, with whom I had contracted a friendſhip; after ſome pauſe, he conducted me into his cloſet, and, opening a little amber cabinet, took from thence a ſmall box of ſnuff; which he ſaid, was given him by an uncle of his, the author of The Voyage to the World of Deſcartes; and with many profeſſions of gratitude and affection made me a preſent of it, telling me, at the ſame time, that he knew no readier way to furniſh and adorn a mind with knowledge in the arts and ſciences, than that ſame ſnuff rightly applied.

"You muſt know," ſaid he, "that Deſcartes was the firſt who diſcovered a certain part of the brain, called by anatomiſts the Pineal Gland, to be the immediate receptacle of the ſoul, where ſhe is affected with all ſorts of perceptions, and exerts all her operations by the intercourſe of the animal ſpirits which run through the nerves that are thence extended to all parts of the body. He added, that the ſame philoſopher having conſidered the body as a machine, or piece of clockwork, which performed all the vital operations without the concurrence of the will, began to think a way may be found out for ſeparating the ſoul for ſome time from the body, without any

injury to the latter; and that after much meditation on that ſubject, the above-mentioned *virtuoſo* compoſed the ſnuff he then gave me; which, if taken in a certain quantity, would not fail to diſengage my ſoul from my body. Your ſoul (continued he) being at liberty to tranſport herſelf with a thought wherever ſhe pleaſes, may enter into the pineal gland of the moſt learned philoſopher, and being ſo placed, become ſpectator of all the ideas in his mind, which would inſtruct her in a much leſs time than the uſual methods." I returned him thanks, and accepted his preſent, and with it a paper of directions.

'You may imagine it was no ſmall improvement and diverſion, to paſs my time in the pineal glands of philoſophers, poets, beaux, mathematicians, ladies, and ſtateſmen. One while to trace a theorem in mathematics through a long labyrinth of intricate turns, and ſubtleties of thought; another, to be conſcious of the ſublime ideas and comprehenſive views of a philoſopher, without any fatigue or waſting of my own ſpirits. Sometimes to wander through perfumed groves, or enameled meadows, in the fancy of a poet: at others to be preſent when a battle or a ſtorm raged, or a glittering palace roſe in his imagination; or to behold the pleaſures of a country life, the paſſion of a generous love, or the warmth of devotion wrought up to rapture. Or (to uſe the words of a very ingenious author) to

'Behold the raptures which a writer knows,
When in his breaſt a vein of fancy glows,

Behold his buſineſs while he works the mine,
Behold his temper when he ſees it ſhine.'

Eſſay on the different ſtyles of poetry.

'Theſe gave me inconceivable pleaſure. Nor was it an unpleaſant entertainment, ſometimes to deſcend from theſe ſublime and magnificent ideas to the impertinences of a beau, the dry ſchemes of a coffee-houſe politician, or the tender images in the mind of a young lady. And, as in order to frame a right idea of human happineſs, I thought it expedient to make a trial of the various manners wherein men of different purſuits were affected: I one day entered into the pineal gland of a certain perſon, who ſeemed very fit to give me an inſight into all that which conſtitutes the happineſs of him who is called a Man of Pleaſure. But I found myſelf not a little diſappointed in my notion of the pleaſures which attend a voluptuary, who has ſhaken off the reſtraints of reaſon.

'His intellectuals, I obſerved, were grown unſerviceable by too little uſe, and his ſenſes were decayed and worn out by too much. That perfect inaction of the higher powers prevented appetite in promoting him to ſenſual gratifications; and the outrunning natural appetite produced a loathing inſtead of a pleaſure. I there beheld the intemperate cravings of youth, without the enjoyments of it; and the weakneſs of old age, without its tranquillity. When the paſſions were treazed and rouſed by ſome powerful object, the effect was not to delight or ſooth the mind, but to torture it between the returning extremes of appetite, and ſatiety. I ſaw a wretch

racked, at the ſame time, with a painful remembrance of paſt miſcarriages, a diſtaſte of the preſent objects that ſolicit his ſenſes, and a ſecret dread of futurity. And I could ſee no manner of relief or comfort in the ſoul of this miſerable man, but what conſiſted in preventing his cure, by inflaming his paſſions, and ſuppreſſing his reaſon. But though it muſt be owned he had almoſt quenched that light which his Creator has ſet up in his ſoul, yet, in ſpite of all his efforts, I obſerved at certain ſeaſons frequent flaſhes of remorſe ſtrike through the gloom, and interrupt that ſatisfaction he enjoyed in hiding his own deformities from himſelf.

'I was alſo preſent at the original formation or production of a certain book in the mind of a free-thinker[e], and, believing it may not be unacceptable to let you into the ſecret manner and internal principles by which that phænomenon was formed, I ſhall in my next give you an account of it. I am, in the mean time,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

ULYSSES COSMOPOLITA.

N. B. Mr. Ironſide has lately received out of France ten pound averdupois weight of this philoſophical ſnuff, and gives notice that he will make uſe of it, in order to diſtinguiſh the real from the profeſſed ſentiments of all perſons of eminence in court, city, town, and country[f].

[e] See Guard. Nº 3, written likewiſe by bp. Berkeley; and Nº 39.

[f] This paper, Nº 35, is aſcribed to bp. Berkeley, on the authority of his ſon, the rev. George Berkeley, formerly ſtudent of Chriſt-church, and vicar of Bray in Oxfordſhire.

N° 36. Wednesday, April 22, 1713.

By Dr. THOMAS BIRCH,
Chancellor of Worcester, and Prebendary of the Cathedral.

Punnica *se quantis attollet gloria* rebus!

VIRG. Æn. iv. 49.

What Rebus's exalt the Punnic fame [g]!

THE gentleman who doth me the favour to write the following letter, saith as much for himself as the thing will bear. I am particularly pleased to find, that in his apology for punning he only celebrates the art, as it is a part of conversation. I look upon premeditated quibbles and puns committed to the press as unpardonable crimes. There is as much difference betwixt these and the starts in common discourse as betwixt casual rencounters, and murder with malice prepense.

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'SIR,

'I HAVE from your writings conceived such an opinion of your benevolence to mankind, that I trust you will not suffer any Art to be vilified, which helps to polish, and adorn us. I do not know any sort of wit that hath been used so reproachfully as the pun; and I persuade myself that I shall merit your esteem, by recommending it to your protection; since

[g] The double pun in the motto of this paper is adapted to the subject of it.

there can be no greater glory to a generous ſoul, than to ſuccour the diſtreſt. I ſhall therefore, without farther preface, offer to your conſideration the following Modeſt Apology for Punning; wherein I ſhall make uſe of no double meanings or equivocations: ſince I think it unneceſſary to give it any other praiſes than truth and common ſenſe, its profeſſed enemies, are forced to grant.

In order to make this an uſeful work, I ſhall ſtate the nature and extent of the pun; I ſhall diſcover the advantages that flow from it, the moral virtues that it produces, and the tendency that it hath to promote vigour of body and eaſe of mind.

'The pun is defined by one, who ſeems to be no well-wiſher to it, to be "A conceit ariſing from the uſe of two words that agree in the ſound, but differ in the ſenſe." Now if this be the eſſence of the pun, how great muſt we allow the dignity of it to be, when we conſider that it takes in moſt of the conſiderable parts of learning! For is it not moſt certain, that all learned diſputes are rather about ſounds than ſenſe? Are not the controverſies of divines about the different interpretations of terms? Are not the diſputations of philoſophers about words, and all their pompous diſtinctions only ſo many unravellings of double meanings? Who ever loſt his eſtate in Weſtminſter-hall, but complained that he was quibbled out of his right? Or what monarch ever broke a treaty, but by virtue of equivocation? In ſhort, ſo great is the excellence of this art, ſo diffuſive its influence, that when

I go into a library, I ſay to myſelf, "What volumes of puns do I behold!" When I look upon the men of buſineſs, I cry out, "How powerful is the tribe of the quibblers!" When I ſee ſtateſmen and ambaſſadors, I reflect, "How ſplendid the equipage of the quirk! in what pomp do the punſters appear!"

'But as there are ſerious puns, ſuch as I have inſtanced in, ſo likewiſe there are puns comical. Theſe are what I would recommend to my countrymen; which I ſhall do by diſplaying the advantages flowing from them.

'The firſt advantage of punning is, that it gives us the compaſs of our own language. This is very obvious. For the great buſineſs of the punſter is to hunt out the ſeveral words in our tongue that agree in ſound, and have various ſignifications. By this means he will likewiſe enter into the nicety of ſpelling, an accompliſhment regarded only by middling people, and much neglected by perſons of great, and no quality. This error may produce unneceſſary folios amongſt grammarians yet unborn. But to proceed. A man of learning hath, in this manner of wit, great advantages; as indeed, what advantages do not flow from learning? If the pun fails in Engliſh, he may have ſpeedy recourſe to the Latin, or the Greek, and ſo on. I have known wonders performed by this ſecret. I have heard the French aſſiſted by the German, the Dutch mingle with the Italian, and where the jingle hath ſeemed deſperate in the Greek, I have known it revive in the Hebrew. My friend Dick Babel hath often, to ſhow his parts, ſtarted

a conceit at the equinoctial, and purſued it through all the degrees of latitude: and, after he had punned round the globe, hath ſat down like Alexander, and mourned that he had no more worlds to conquer.

'Another advantage in punning is, that it ends diſputes, or, what is all one, puns comical, deſtroy puns ſerious. Any man that drinks a bottle knows very well, that about twelve, people that do not kiſs, or cry, are apt to debate. This often occaſions heats and heart-burnings, unleſs one of the diſputants vouchſafes to end the matter with a joke. How often have Ariſtotle and Carteſius been reconciled by a merry conceit! how often have whigs and tories ſhook hands over a quibble? and the claſhing of ſwords been prevented, by the jingling of words!

'Attention of mind, is another benefit enjoyed by punſters. This is diſcoverable from the perpetual gape of the company where they are, and the earneſt deſire to know what was ſpoken laſt, if a word eſcapes any one at the table. I muſt add, that quick apprehenſion is required in the hearer, readily to take ſome things which are very far fetched; as likewiſe great vivacity in the performer, to reconcile diſtant and even hoſtile ideas by the mere mimicry of words, and energy of ſound.

'Mirth or good-humour is the laſt advantage, that, out of a million, I ſhall produce to recommend punning. But this will more naturally fall in when I come to demonſtrate its operation upon the mind and body. I ſhall now diſcover what moral virtues it promotes; and ſhall con-

tent myſelf with inſtancing in thoſe which every reader will allow of.

'A punſter is adorned with humility. This our adverſaries will not deny; becauſe they hold it to be a condeſcenſion in any man to trifle, as they arrogantly call it, with words. I muſt however confeſs, for my own ſhare, I never punned out of the pride of my heart, nor did I ever know one of our fraternity, that ſeemed to be troubled mith the thirſt of glory.

'The virtue called urbanity by the moraliſts, or a courtly behaviour, is much cultivated by this ſcience. For the whole ſpirit of urbanity conſiſts in a deſire to pleaſe the company, and what elſe is the deſign of the Punſter? Accordingly we find ſuch burſts of laughter, ſuch agitations of the ſides, ſuch contortions of the limbs, ſuch earneſt attempts to recover the dying laugh, ſuch tranſport in the enjoyment of it, in equivocating aſſemblies, as men of common ſenſe are amazed at, and own they never felt.

'But nothing more diſplays itſelf in the punſter, than juſtice, the queen of all the virtues. At the quibbling board every performer hath its due. The ſoul is ſtruck at once, and the body recognizes the merit of each joke, by ſudden and comical emotions. Indeed how ſhould it be otherwiſe, where not only words, but even ſyllables, have juſtice done them; where no man invades the right of another, but with perfect innocence; and good-nature takes as much delight in his neighbour's joy, as in his own?

'From what hath been advanced, it will eaſily appear, that this ſcience contributes to eaſe of

body, and ſerenity of mind. You have, in a former precaution, adviſed your hectical readers to aſſociate with thoſe of our brotherhood, who are, for the moſt part, of a corpulent make, and a round vacant countenance. It is natural the next morning, after a merriment, to reflect how we behaved ourſelves the night before: and I appeal to any one, whether it will not occaſion greater peace of mind to conſider, that he hath only been waging harmleſs war with words, than if he had ſtirred his brother to wrath, grieved the ſoul of his neighbour by calumny, or increaſed his own wealth by fraud. As for health of body, I look upon punning as a noſtrum, a *Medicina Gymnaſtica*, that throws off all the bad humours, and occaſions ſuch a briſk circulation of the blood, as keeps the lamp of life in a clear, and conſtant flame. I ſpeak, as all phyſicians ought to do, from experience. A friend of mine, who had the ague this ſpring, was, after the failing of ſeveral medicines and charms, adviſed by me to enter into a courſe of quibbling. He threw his electuaries out at his window, and took Abracadabra off from his neck, and by the mere force of punning upon that long magical word, threw himſelf into a fine breathing ſweat, and a quiet ſleep. He is now in a fair way of recovery, and ſays pleaſantly, he is leſs obliged to the Jeſuits for their powder, than for their equivocation.

'Sir, this is my Modeſt Apology for Punning; which I was the more encouraged to undertake, becauſe we have a learned univerſity where it is in requeſt, and I am told that a famous club hath given it protection If this meets with encou-

ragement, I ſhall write a vindication of the rebus, and do juſtice to the conundrum. I have indeed looked philoſophically into their natures, and made a ſort of *Arbor Porphyriana* of the ſeveral ſubordinations, and diviſions of low wit. This the ladies perhaps may not underſtand; but I ſhall thereby give the beaux an opportunity of ſhewing their learning.

I am ſir,
with great reſpect,
your moſt obedient
humble ſervant[h].'

[h] The aſſignment of this paper to Dr. Thomas Birch, reſts upon the authority of Dr. Z. Pearce, the late biſhop of Rocheſter.

*** By ſubſcription. At Mr. Hickford's room, Apr. 24, a concert of Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſic, by ſign. N. Haym and others. Singing by the Baroneſs, and another ſcholar of S. Haym, who never appeared in public. Other entertainments by ſome of the beſt performers at this time in England. Tickets two guineas. Each ſubſcriber to have two tickets for four times. To begin exactly at ſix o'clock. Guard. in folio. See ſir John Hawkins's Hiſt. of Muſic. *Paſſim*.

Nº 37. Thurſday, April 23, 1713.
By Mr. JOHN HUGHES.

Me duce damnoſas homines compeſcite curas.
Ovid. Rem. Amor. v. 69.

Learn, mortals, from my precepts to controul
The furious paſſions, that diſturb the ſoul.

It is natural for an old man to be fond of ſuch entertainments as revive in his imagination the

agreeable impreſſions made upon it in his youth: the ſet of wits and beauties he was firſt acquainted with, the balls and drawing rooms in which he made an agreeable figure, the muſic and actors he heard and ſaw, when his life was freſh, and his ſpirits vigorous and quick, have uſually the preference in his eſteem to any ſucceeding pleaſures that preſent themſelves when his taſte is grown more languid. It is for this reaſon I never ſee a picture of ſir Peter Lely, who drew ſo many of my firſt friends and acquaintance, without a ſenſible delight; and I am in raptures when I reflect on the compoſitions of the famous Mr. Henry Laws, long before Italian muſic was introduced into our nation. Above all, I am pleaſed in obſerving that the tragedies of Shakeſpeare, which in my youthful days have ſo frequently filled my eyes with tears, hold their rank ſtill, and are the great ſupport of our theatre.

It was with this agreeable prepoſſeſſion of mind, I went ſome time ago, to ſee the old tragedy of Othello, and took my female wards with me, having promiſed them a little before to carry them to the firſt play of Shakeſpeare's which ſhould be acted. Mrs. Cornelia, who is a great reader, and never fails to peruſe the play-bills, which are brought to her every day, gave me notice of it early in the morning. When I came to my lady Lizard's at dinner, I found the young folks all dreſt, and expecting the performance of my promiſe. I went with them at the proper time, placed them together in the boxes, and myſelf by them in a corner ſeat. As I have the chief ſcenes of the play by heart, I did not look

much on the ſtage, but formed to myſelf a new ſatisfaction in keeping an eye on the faces of my little audience, and obſerving, as it were by reflection, the different paſſions of the play repreſented in their countenances. Mrs. Betty told us the names of ſeveral perſons of diſtinction, as they took their places in their boxes, and entertained us with the hiſtory of a new marriage or two, till the curtain drew up. I ſoon perceived that Mrs. Jane was touched with the love of Deſdemona, and in a concern to ſee how ſhe would come off with her parents. Annabella had a rambling eye, and for ſome time was more taken up with obſerving what gentlemen looked at her, and with criticiſing the dreſs of the ladies, than with any thing that paſſed on the ſtage. Mrs. Cornelia, who I have often ſaid is addicted to the ſtudy of Romances, commended that ſpeech in the play in which Othello mentions his 'Hair-breadth ſcapes in th' imminent deadly breach,' and recites his travels and adventures with which he had captivated the heart of Deſdemona. The Sparkler looked ſeveral times frighted: and as the diſtreſs of the play was heightened, their different attention was collected, and fixed wholly on the ſtage, 'till I ſaw them all, with a ſecret ſatisfaction, betrayed into tears.

I have often conſidered this play as a noble, but irregular, production of a genius, who had the power of animating the theatre beyond any writer we have ever known. The touches of nature in it are ſtrong and maſterly; but the œconomy of the fable, and in ſome particulars the probability, are too much neglected. If I

would ſpeak of it in the moſt ſevere terms, I ſhould ſay as Waller does of the Maid's Tragedy.

'Great are its faults, but glorious is its flame.'

But it would be a poor employment in a critic to obſerve upon the faults, and ſhew no taſte for the beauties, in a work that has always ſtruck the moſt ſenſible part of our audiences in a very forcible manner.

The chief ſubject of this piece is the paſſion of jealouſy, which the poet hath repreſented at large, in its birth, its various workings and agonies, and its horrid conſequences. From this paſſion, and the innocence and ſimplicity of the perſon ſuſpected, ariſes a very moving diſtreſs.

It is a remark, as I remember, of a modern writer, who is thought to have penetrated deeply into the nature of the paſſions, that 'the moſt extravagant love is neareſt to the ſtrongeſt hatred.' The Moor is furious in both theſe extremes. His love is tempeſtuous, and mingled with a wildneſs peculiar to his character, which ſeems very artfully to prepare for the change which is to follow.

How ſavage, yet how ardent is that expreſſion of the raptures of his heart, when, looking after Deſdemona as ſhe withdraws, he breaks out,

'Excellent wench! Perdition catch my ſoul,
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.'

The deep and ſubtle villainy of Iago, in working this change from love to jealouſy, in ſo tumultuous a mind as that of Othello, prepoſſeſſed

with a confidence in the difinterefted affection of the man who is leading him on infenfibly to his ruin, is likewife drawn with a mafterly hand. Iago's broken hints, queftions, and feeming care to hide the reafon of them; his obfcure fuggeftions to raife the curiofity of the Moor; his perfonated confufion, and refufing to explain himfelf while Othello is drawn on, and held in fufpence till he grows impatient and angry; then his throwing in the poifon, and naming to him in a caution the paffion he would raife,

'——O beware of jealoufy!——'

are inimitable ftrokes of art, in that fcene which has always been juftly efteemed one of the beft which was ever reprefented on the theatre.

To return to the character of Othello; his ftrife of paffions, his ftarts, his returns of love, and threatenings to Iago, who put his mind on the rack, his relapfes afterwards to jealoufy, his rage againft his wife, and his afking pardon of Iago, whom he thinks he had abufed for his fidelity to him, are touches which no one can overlook that has the fentiments of human nature, or has confidered the heart of man in its frailties, its penances, and all the variety of its agitations. The torments which the Moor fuffers are fo exquifitely drawn, as to render him as much an object of compaffion, even in the barbarous action of murdering Defdemona, as the innocent perfon herfelf who falls under his hand.

But there is nothing in which the poet has more fhewn his judgment in this play, than in the circumftance of the handkerchief, which is

employed as a confirmation to the jealouſy of Othello already raiſed. What I would here obſerve is, that the very ſlightneſs of this circumſtance is the beauty of it. How finely has Shakeſpeare expreſſed the nature of jealouſy in thoſe lines, which, on this occaſion, he puts into the mouth of Iago.

> ' Trifles light as air
> Are to the jealous, confirmations ſtrong
> As proofs of holy writ.'

It would be eaſy for a taſteleſs critic to turn any of the beauties I have here mentioned into ridicule; but ſuch an one would only betray a mechanical judgment, formed out of borrowed rules and common-place reading, and not ariſing from any true diſcernment in human nature, and its paſſions.

As the moral of this tragedy is an admirable caution againſt haſty ſuſpicions, and the giving way to the firſt tranſports of rage and jealouſy, which may plunge a man in a few minutes into all the horrors of guilt, diſtraction and ruin, I ſhall further enforce it, by relating a ſcene of misfortunes of the like kind, which really happened ſome years ago in Spain; and is an inſtance of the moſt tragical hurricane of paſſion I have ever met with in hiſtory. It may be eaſily conceived that a heart ever big with reſentments of its own dignity, and never allayed by reflections which make us honour ourſelves for acting with reaſon and equality, will take fire precipitantly. It will on a ſudden flame too high to be extinguiſhed. The ſhort ſtory I am going to tell

is a lively inſtance of the truth of this obſervation, and a juſt warning to thoſe of jealous honour, to look about them, and begin to poſſeſs their ſouls as they ought, for no man of ſpirit knows how terrible a creature he is, till he comes to be provoked.

Don Alonzo, a Spaniſh nobleman, had a beautiful and virtuous wife, with whom he had lived for ſome years in great tranquillity. The gentleman, however, was not free from the faults uſually imputed to his nation; he was proud, ſuſpicious, and impetuous. He kept a Moor in his houſe, whom, on a complaint from his lady, he had puniſhed for a ſmall offence with the utmoſt ſeverity. The ſlave vowed revenge, and communicated his reſolution to one of the lady's women with whom he lived in a criminal way. This creature alſo hated her miſtreſs, for ſhe feared ſhe was obſerved by her; ſhe therefore undertook to make Don Alonzo jealous, by inſinuating that the gardener was often admitted to his lady in private, and promiſing to make him an eye-witneſs of it. At a proper time agreed on between her and the Moriſco, ſhe ſent a meſſage to the gardener, that his lady, having ſome haſty orders to give him, would have him come that moment to her in her chamber. In the mean time ſhe had placed Alonzo privately in an outer room, that he might obſerve who paſſed that way. It was not long before he ſaw the gardener appear. Alonzo had not patience, but, following him into the apartment, ſtruck him at one blow with a dagger to the heart; then drag-

ging his lady by the hair without enquiring farther, he inſtantly killed her.

Here he pauſed, looking on the dead bodies with all the agitations of a dæmon of revenge; when the wench who had occaſioned theſe terrors, diſtracted with remorſe, threw herſelf at his feet, and in a voice of lamentation, without ſenſe of the conſequence, repeated all her guilt. Alonzo was overwhelmed with all the violent paſſions at one inſtant, and uttered the broken voices and motions of each of them for a moment, till at laſt he recollected himſelf enough to end his agony of love, anger, diſdain, revenge, and remorſe, by murdering the maid, the Moor, and himſelf[i].

N° 38. Friday, April 24, 1713.

By STEELE.

—*Prodire tenus ſi non datur ultrà.* HOR. 1 Ep. i. 32.

Thus far at leaſt, though here we ſtop.

I HAVE lately given a precaution concerning the difficulty in arriving at what ought to be eſteemed a 'fine gentleman.' That character

[i] This paper, N° 37, is aſcribed to Mr. John Hughes, on the authority of the Rev. J. Duncombe. See Hughes's Epiſtolary Correſpondence, Vol. III. p. 8. Ed. 1772.

The curious reader may ſee three letters by Mr. John Hughes, deſigned for the Guardian, printed for the firſt time in his Epiſtolary Correſpondence, Vol. I. p. 73. *et. ſeq. Ed. ut ſupra.*

has been long wholly engroſſed by well-dreſt beaux, and men of ſenſe have given up all pretence to it. The higheſt any of them contend for is the character of 'a pretty gentleman;' for here the dreſs may be more careleſs, and ſome wit is thought neceſſary; whereas a fine gentleman is not obliged to converſe further than the offering his ſnuff-box round the room. However, the pretty gentleman muſt have his airs: and though they are not ſo pompous as thoſe of the other, yet they are ſo affected, that few who have underſtanding can bring themſelves to be proficients this way, though ever ſo uſeful towards being well received; but, if they fail here, they ſucceed with ſome difficulty in being allowed to have much of the gentleman in them. To obtain this epithet, a man of ſenſe muſt arrive at a certain deſire to appear more than is natural to him; but as the world goes, it is fit he ſhould be encouraged in this attempt, ſince nothing can mend the general taſte, but ſetting the true character in as public a view as the falſe. This indeed can never be done to the purpoſe, while the majority is ſo great on the wrong ſide; one of a hundred will have the ſhout againſt him; but if people of wit would be as zealous to aſſiſt old Ironſide, as he is to promote them and their intereſt, a little time would give theſe things a new turn. However, I will not deſpair but I ſhall be able to ſummon all the good ſenſe in the nation to my aſſiſtance, in my ambition to produce a new race of mankind, to take the places of ſuch as have hitherto pretended to engroſs the faſhion. The univerſity ſcholar ſhall be called upon to

learn his exercise, and frequent mixt company; the military and the travelled man, to read the best authors; the country gentleman, to divide his time, so as, together with the care of his estate, to make an equal progress in learning, and breeding; and when the several candidates think themselves prepared, I shall appoint under officers to examine their qualifications, and, as I am satisfied with their report, give out my passports recommending them to all companies as 'the Guardian's fine gentlemen.' If my recommendations appear just, I will not doubt but some of the present fine gentlemen will see the necessity of retirement, till they can come abroad with approbation. I have indeed already given out orders in this behalf, and have directed searchers to attend at the inn, where the Oxford and Cambridge coaches stand, and commanded them to bring any young fellow, of any hopes in the world, directly to my lodgings as soon as he lands, for I will take him though I know I can only make him 'much of a gentleman;' for, when I have gone thus far, one would think it should be easy to make him a 'gentleman-like man.' As the world now goes, we have no adequate idea of what is meant by 'gentlemanly, gentleman-like, or much of a gentleman;' you cannot be cheated at play, but it is certainly done by 'a very gentleman-like man;' you cannot be deceived in your affairs, but it was done in some 'gentlemanly manner;' you cannot be wronged in your bed, but all the world will say of him that did the injury, it must be allowed 'he is very much of a gentleman.' Here is a very plea-

ſant fellow, a correſpondent of mine, that puts in for that appellation even to highwaymen. I muſt confeſs the gentleman he perſonates is very apparently ſuch, though I did not look upon that ſort of fellow in that light, till he favoured me with his letter, which is as follows:

'Mr. IRONSIDE,

'I HAVE been upon the highway theſe ſix years, in the Park, at the Play, at Bath, Tunbridge, Epſom, and at every other place where I could have any proſpect of ſtealing a fortune; but have met with no ſucceſs, being diſappointed either by ſome of your damned Ironſide race, or by old curſed curs, who put more bolts on their doors and bars in their windows than are in Newgate. All that ſee me own I am a 'gentleman-like man;' and, whatever raſcally things the grave folks ſay I am guilty of, they themſelves acknowledge I am a 'gentlemanly kind of man,' and in every reſpect accompliſhed for running away with a lady. I have been bred up to no buſineſs, am illiterate, have ſpent the ſmall fortune I had in purchaſing favours from the fair ſex. The bounty of their purſes I have received, as well as the endearments of their perſons, but I have gratefully diſpoſed of it among themſelves, for I always was a keeper when I was kept. I am fearleſs in my behaviour, and never fail of putting your bookiſh ſort of fellows, your men of merit, forſooth, out of countenance. I triumph when I ſee a modeſt young woman bluſh at an aſſembly, or a virgin betrayed into tears at a well-wrought ſcene in a tragedy. I

have long forgot ſhame, for it proceeds from a conſciouſneſs of ſome defect; and I am, as I told you, 'a gentlemanly man.' I never knew any but you muſty philoſophers applaud bluſhes, and you yourſelves will allow that they are cauſed, either by ſome real imperfection, or the apprehenſion of ſome defect where there is not any; but for my part I hate miſtakes, and ſhall not ſuſpect myſelf wrongfully. Such as I am, if you approve of my perſon, eſtate and character, I deſire you would admit me as a ſuitor to one of the Lizards, and beg your ſpeedy anſwer to this; for it is the laſt time my black coat will bear ſcouring, or my long wig buckling.

I am, Sir,
the fair ladies, and
your humble ſervant,
WILL. BAREFACE.'

Thoſe on the highway, who make a ſtand with a piſtol at your breaſt (compelled perhaps by neceſſity, misfortune, or driven out of an honeſt way of life, to anſwer the wants of a craving family), are much more excuſable than thoſe of their fraternity, who join the converſations of gentlemen, and get into a ſhare of their fortunes without one good art about them. What a crowd of theſe gentleman-like men are about this town? For from an unjuſt modeſty, and incapacity for common life, the ordinary failings of men of letters and induſtry in our nation, it happens that impudence ſuppreſſes all virtue, and aſſumes the reward and eſteem which are due to it. Hence it

is that worthleſs rogues have the ſmiles of the fair, and the favours of the great: to be well dreſſed and in health, and very impudent, in this licentious undiſtinguiſhing age, is enough to conſtitute a perſon 'very much of a gentleman;' and to this paſs are we come, by the proſtitution of wit in the cauſe of vice, which has made the moſt unreaſonable and unnatural things prevail againſt all the ſuggeſtions of common ſenſe. No body denies that we live in a chriſtian country, and yet he who ſhould decline, upon reſpective opportunities, to commit adultery or murder, would be thought very little of a gentleman.

N° 39. Saturday, April 25, 1713.

BY G. BERKELEY, D.D.

——*Ægri ſomnia.* HOR. Ars Poet. v. 7.

A ſick man's dreams.

MY correſpondent, who has acquired the faculty of entering into other mens thoughts, having, in purſuance to a former letter, ſent me an account of certain uſeful diſcoveries he has made by the help of that invention, I ſhall communicate the ſame to the public in this paper.

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'ON the eleventh day of October, in the year 1712, having left my body locked up ſafe in my ſtudy, I repaired to the Grecian coffee-houſe, where entering into the pineal gland of a certain eminent free-thinker, I made directly to

the higheſt part of it, which is the ſeat of the underſtanding, expecting to find there a comprehenſive knowledge of all things human and divine; but to my no ſmall aſtoniſhment, I found the place narrower than ordinary, inſomuch that there was not any room for a miracle, prophecy, or ſeparate ſpirit.

'This obliged me to deſcend a ſtory lower, into the imagination, which I found larger, indeed, but cold and comfortleſs. I diſcovered Prejudice, in the figure of a woman, ſtanding in a corner, with her eyes cloſe ſhut, and her forefingers ſtuck in her ears; many words in a confuſed order, but ſpoken with great emphaſis, iſſued from her mouth. Theſe, being condenſed by the coldneſs of the place, formed a ſort of miſt, through which methought I ſaw a great caſtle with a fortification caſt round it, and a tower adjoining to it that through the windows appeared to be filled with racks and halters. Beneath the caſtle I could diſcern vaſt dungeons, and all about it lay ſcattered the bones of men. It ſeemed to be garriſoned by certain men in black, of a gigantic ſize, and moſt terrible forms. But, as I drew near, the terror of the appearance vaniſhed; and the caſtle I found to be only a church, whoſe ſteeple with its clock and bell-ropes was miſtaken for a tower filled with racks and halters. The terrible giants in black ſhrunk into a few innocent clergymen. The dungeons were turned into vaults deſigned only for the habitation of the dead; and the fortifications proved to be a churchyard, with ſome ſcattered bones in it, and a plain ſtone-wall round it.

'I had not been long here before my curioſity was raiſed by a loud noiſe that I heard in the inferior region. Deſcending thither I found a mob of the Paſſions aſſembled in a riotous manner. Their tumultuary proceedings ſoon convinced me, that they affected a democracy. After much noiſe and wrangle, they at length all hearkened to Vanity, who propoſed the raiſing of a great army of notions, which ſhe offered to lead againſt theſe dreadful phantoms in the imagination that had occaſioned all this uproar.

'Away poſted Vanity, and I after her, to the ſtorehouſe of ideas; where I beheld a great number of lifeleſs notions confuſedly thrown together, but upon the approach of Vanity they began to crawl. Here were to be ſeen, among other odd things, ſleeping deities, corporeal ſpirits, and worlds formed by chance; with an endleſs variety of heathen notions, the moſt irregular and groteſque imaginable. And with theſe were jumbled ſeveral of Chriſtian extraction; but ſuch was the dreſs and light they were put in, and their features were ſo diſtorted, that they looked little better than heathens. There was likewiſe aſſembled no ſmall number of phantoms in ſtrange habits, who proved to be idolatrous prieſts of different nations. Vanity gave the word, and ſtrait-way the Talapoins, Faquirs, Bramines and Bonzes, drew up in a body. The right wing conſiſted of ancient heathen notions, and the left of Chriſtians naturalized. All theſe together, for numbers, compoſed a very formidable army; but the precipitation of Vanity was ſo great, and ſuch was their own inbred averſion to the tyran-

ny of rules and diſcipline, that they ſeemed rather a confuſed rabble than a regular army. I could, nevertheleſs, obſerve, that they all agreed in a ſquinting look, or caſt of their eyes towards a certain perſon in a maſk, who was placed in the center, and whom by ſure ſigns and tokens I diſcovered to be Atheiſm.

'Vanity had no ſooner led her forces into the imagination, but ſhe reſolved upon ſtorming the caſtle, and giving no quarter. They began the aſſault with a loud outcry and great confuſion. I, for my part, made the beſt of my way, and re-entered my own lodging. Some time after, inquiring at a bookſeller's for A diſcourſe on free-thinking, which had made ſome noiſe, I met with the repreſentatives of all thoſe notions drawn up in the ſame confuſed order upon paper. Sage Neſtor,

I am

your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

ULYSSES COSMOPOLITA[k].'

'N. B. I went round the table, but could not find a wit, or mathematician among them.'

I imagine the account here given may be uſeful in directing to the proper cure of a free-thinker. In the firſt place, it is plain his underſtanding wants to be opened and enlarged, and he ſhould be taught the way to order and methodiſe his ideas; to which end the ſtudy of the mathematics may be uſeful. I am farther of

[k] See Nº 35.

opinion, that as his imagination is filled with amuſements, ariſing from prejudice, and the obſcure or falſe lights in which he ſees things, it will be neceſſary to bring him into good company, and now and then carry him to church; by which means he may in time come to a right ſenſe of religion, and wear off the ill impreſſions he has received. Laſtly, I adviſe whoever undertakes the reformation of a modern free-thinker, that above all things he be careful to ſubdue his vanity; that being the principal motive which promotes a little genius to diſtinguiſh itſelf by ſingularities that are hurtful to mankind.

Or, if the paſſion of vanity, as it is for the moſt part very ſtrong in your free-thinkers, cannot be ſubdued, let it be won over to the intereſt of religion, by giving them to underſtand that the greateſt Genii of the age have a reſpect for things ſacred; that their rhapſodies find no admirers, and that the name Free-thinker has, like Tyrant of old, degenerated from its original ſignification, and is now ſuppoſed to denote ſomething contrary to wit and reaſon. In fine, let them know that whatever temptations a few men of parts might formerly have had, from the novelty of the thing, to oppoſe the received opinions of Chriſtians, yet that now the humour is worn out, and blaſphemy and irreligion are diſtinctions which have long ſince deſcended down to lackeys and drawers.

But it muſt be my buſineſs to prevent all pretenders in this kind from hurting the ignorant and unwary. In order to this, I communicated an intelligence which I received of a gentleman's

appearing very ſorry that he was not well during a late fit of ſickneſs, contrary to his own doctrine, which obliged him to be merry upon that occaſion, except he was ſure of recovering. Upon this advice to the world, the following advertiſement got a place in the Poſt-boy:

'WHEREAS in the paper called the Guardian, of Saturday the eleventh of April inſtant, a corollary reflection was made on Monſieur D——, a member of the royal academy of ſciences in Paris, author of a book lately publiſhed, entituled,

'A philological Eſſay, or Reflections on the death of Free-thinkers, with the characters of the moſt eminent perſons of both ſexes, ancient and modern, that died pleaſantly and unconcerned, &c. Sold by J. Baker in Pater-noſter-row.' ſuggeſting, as if that gentleman, now in London, 'was very much out of humour, in a late fit of ſickneſs, till he was in a fair way of recovery:' This is to aſſure the public, that the ſaid gentleman never expreſſed the leaſt concern at the approach of death, but expected the fatal minute with a moſt heroical and philoſophical reſignation; of which a copy of verſes he writ, in the ſerene intervals of his diſtemper, is an invincible proof.'

All that I contend for, is, that this gentleman[1] was out of humour when he was ſick; and the advertiſer, to confute me, ſays, that 'in the ſerene intervals of his diſtemper,' that is, when he was not ſick, he writ verſes. I ſhall not retract my

[1] M. Deſlandes. See Guard. Nº 27, *ad finem*.

advertiſement till I ſee thoſe verſes, and I will chooſe what to believe then, except they are underwritten by his nurſe, nor then neither, except ſhe is an houſekeeper. I muſt tie this gentleman cloſe to the argument; for, if he had not actually his fit upon him, there is nothing courageous in the thing, nor does it make for his purpoſe, nor are they heroic verſes.

The point of being merry at the hour of death is a matter that ought to be ſettled by divines; but the publiſher of the philological Eſſay produces his chief authorities from Lucretius, the earl of Rocheſter, and Mr. John Dryden, who were gentlemen that did not think themſelves obliged to prove all they ſaid, or elſe proved their aſſertions, by ſaying or ſwearing they were all fools that believed to the contrary If it be abſolutely neceſſary that a man ſhould be facetious at his death, it would be very well if theſe gentlemen, Monſieur D—— and Mr. B——[m] would repent betimes, and not truſt to a death-bed ingenuity; by what has appeared hitherto they have only raiſed our longing to ſee their poſthumous works.

The author of *Poetæ Ruſticantis literatum Otium* is but a mere phraſeologiſt, the philological publiſher is but a tranſlator; but I expected better uſage from Mr. Abel Roper, who is an original[n].

[m] Perhaps Mr. Budgell.

[n] This paper, N° 39, is aſcribed to biſhop Berkeley, on the authority of his ſon, the rev. George Berkeley, formerly ſtudent of Chriſt church, and vicar of Bray, in Oxfordſhire.

Nº 40. Monday, April 27, 1713.

By POPE.

Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrſis in unum:
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon eſt tempore nobis.
VIRG. Ecl. vii. 2.

Their ſheep and goats together graz'd the plains—
Since when? 'tis Corydon among the ſwains,
Young Corydon without a rival reigns. DRYDEN.

I DESIGNED to have troubled the reader with no farther diſcourſes of paſtorals; but, being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an author, whoſe eclogues are publiſhed in the ſame volume with Mr. Philips's, I ſhall employ this paper in obſervations upon him, written in the free ſpirit of criticiſm, and without apprehenſion of offending that gentleman, whoſe character it is, that he takes the greateſt care of his works before they are publiſhed, and has the leaſt concern for them afterwards.

I have laid it down as the firſt rule of paſtoral, that its idea ſhould be taken from the manners of the golden age, and the moral formed upon the repreſentation of innocence; it is therefore plain that any deviations from that deſign degraded a poem from being true paſtoral. In this view it will appear that Virgil can only have two of his eclogues allowed to be ſuch. His firſt and ninth muſt be rejected, becauſe they deſcribe the ravages of armies, and oppreſſions of the innocent; Corydon's criminal paſſion for Alexis throws out the ſecond; the calumny and railing

in the third are not proper to that ſtate of concord; the eighth repreſents unlawful ways of procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a ſhehperd whom an inviting precipice tempts to ſelf-murder. As to the fourth, ſixth and tenth, they are given up by [o] Heinſius, Salmaſius, Rapin, and the critics in general. They likewiſe obſerve that but eleven of the Idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as paſtorals; and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded, for one or other of the reaſons above-mentioned. So that when I remarked in a former paper, that Virgil's eclogues, taken altogether, are rather ſelect poems than paſtorals, I might have ſaid the ſame thing, with no leſs truth, of Theocritus. The reaſon of this I take to be yet unobſerved by the critics, viz 'They never meant them all for paſtorals.' Which it is plain Philips hath done, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

As ſimplicity is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of paſtoral, Virgil has been thought guilty of too courtly a ſtyle: his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peaſants. I have frequently wondered that ſince he was ſo converſant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the ruſticity of the Doric, as well, by the help of the old obſolete Roman language, as Philips hath the antiquated Engliſh. For example, might he not have ſaid '*quoi*' inſtead of '*cui*;' '*quoijum*' for '*cujum*;' '*volt*' for '*vult*,' &c. as well as our modern hath '*welladay*' for '*alas*,'

[o] See Rapin *de Carm. Paſt. pars* 3.

'*whilome*' for '*of old*,' '*make mock*' for '*deride*,' and '*whitleſs younglings*' for '*ſimple lambs*,' &c. by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus, as Philips hath of Spenſer?

Mr. Pope hath fallen into the ſame error with Virgil. His clowns do not converſe in all the ſimplicity proper to the country. His names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the ſcene of his paſtorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyrſis on Britiſh plains, as Virgil had done before him on the Mantuan: whereas Philips, who hath the ſtricteſt regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; ſuch as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Colin Clout.

So eaſy as paſtoral writing may ſeem (in the ſimplicity we have deſcribed it), yet it requires great reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be a maſter of it. Philips hath given us manifeſt proofs of his knowledge of books; it muſt be confeſſed his competitor hath imitated ſome ſingle thoughts of the ancients well enough, if we conſider he had not the happineſs of an univerſity education; but he hath diſperſed them here and there, without that order and method which Mr. Philips obſerves, whoſe whole third paſtoral is an inſtance how well he hath ſtudied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciouſly reduced Virgil's thoughts to the ſtandard of paſtoral; as his contention of Colin Clout and the Nightingale, ſhows with what exactneſs he hath imitated Strada.

When I remarked it as a principal fault to in-

troduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth in deſcriptions where the ſcene lies in our country, I did not deſign that obſervation ſhould extend alſo to animals, or the ſenſitive life; for Philips hath with great judgement deſcribed wolves in England, in his firſt paſtoral [p]. Nor would I have a poet ſlaviſhly confine himſelf (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular ſeaſon of the year, one certain time of the day, and one unbroken ſcene in each eclogue. It is plain Spenſer neglected this pedantry, who in his paſtoral of November, mentions the mournful ſong of the nightingale.

'Sad Philomel her ſong in tears doth ſteep.'

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raiſed up finer beds of flowers than the moſt induſtrious gardener; his roſes, lilies and daffodils, blow in the ſame ſeaſon.

But the better to diſcover the merits of our two contemporary paſtoral writers, I ſhall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by ſetting ſeveral of their particular thoughts in the ſame light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what ſimplicity he introduces two ſhepherds ſinging alternately:

'*Hobb.* Come, Roſalind, O come, for without thee
What pleaſure can the country have for me.
Come, Roſalind, O come: My brinded kine,
My ſnowy ſheep, my farm, and all, is thine.
Lanq. Come, Roſalind, O come; here ſhady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here ſpringing flow'rs.

[p] Oſſian has forgot them, as Mr. Pennant acutely obſerves. A.

Come, Roſalind; here ever let us ſtay,
And ſweetly waſte our live-long time away.'

Our other paſtoral writer, in expreſſing the ſame thought, deviates into downright poetry.

Streph. In ſpring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the ſhady grove,
But Delia always; forc'd from Delia's ſight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.
Daph. Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet freſh as early day;
Ev'n ſpring diſpleaſes when ſhe ſhines not here:
But, bleſt with her, 'tis ſpring throughout the year.

In the firſt of theſe authors, two ſhepherds thus innocently deſcribe the behaviour of their miſtreſſes.

'*Hobb.* As Marian bath'd, by chance I paſſed by;
She bluſh'd, and at me caſt a ſide-long eye:
Then ſwift beneath the cryſtal wave ſhe try'd
Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.
Lanq. As I to cool me bath'd one ſultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the ſurges lay;
The wanton laugh'd and ſeem'd in haſte to fly;
Yet often ſtopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.'

The other modern (who it muſt be confeſſed hath a knack of verſifying) hath it as follows:

'*Streph.* Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in ſhades, eludes her eager ſwain;
But feigns a laugh, to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

Daph. The ſprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen;
While a kind glance at her purſuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry are fonder of, than deſcriptions of paſtoral preſents. Philips ſays thus of a ſheep-hook:

'Of ſeaſon'd elm; where ſtuds of braſs appear,
To ſpeak the giver's name, the month, and year,
The hook of poliſh'd ſteel, the handle turn'd,
And richly by the graver's ſkill adorn'd.'

The other of a bowl emboſſed with figures:

'——— where wanton ivy twines;
And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines;
Four figures riſing from the work appear,
The various ſeaſons of the rolling year;
And what is that which binds the radiant ſky,
Where twelve bright ſigns in beauteous order lie?'

The ſimplicity of the ſwain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiac, is no ill imitation of Virgil; but how much more plainly and unaffected would Philips have dreſſed this thought in his Doric?

And what That height, which girds the Welkin ſheen,
Where twelve gay ſigns in meet array are ſeen?

If the reader would indulge his curioſity any farther in the compariſon of particulars, he may read the firſt paſtoral of Philips with the ſecond of his contemporary, and the fourth and ſixth of the former, with the fourth and firſt of the lat-

ter; where ſeveral parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now ſhown ſome parts, in which theſe two writers may be compared, it is a juſtice I owe to Mr. Philips, to diſcover thoſe in which no man can compare with him. Firſt, that beautiful ruſticity, of which I ſhall only produce two inſtances, out of a hundred not yet quoted:

‘ O woful day! O day of woe, quoth he,
And woful I, who live the day to ſee?’

That ſimplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the ſolemnity of this ſound, and the eaſy turn of the words, in this dirge (to make uſe of our author's expreſſion) are extremely elegant.

In another of his paſtorals a ſhepherd utters a dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines:

‘ Ah me the while! ah me, the luckleſs day!
Ah luckleſs lad, the rather might I ſay;
Ah ſilly I! more ſilly than my ſheep,
Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep.’

How he ſtill charms the ear with theſe artful repetitions of the epithets; and how ſignificant is the laſt verſe! I defy the moſt common reader to repeat them without feeling ſome motions of compaſſion.

In the next place I ſhall rank his proverbs, in which I formerly obſerved he excels. For example,

‘ A rolling ſtone is ever bare of moſs;
And, to their coſt, green years old proverbs croſs.

——He that late lies down, as late will riſe,
And, ſluggard-like, till noon-day ſnoring lies,
Againſt ill luck all cunning foreſight fails;
Whether we ſleep or wake it nought avails.
Nor fear, from upright ſentence, ' wrong.'

Laſtly his elegant dialect, which alone might prove him the eldeſt born of Spenſer, and our only true Arcadian, I ſhould think it proper for the ſeveral writers of paſtoral, to confine themſelves to their ſeveral counties: Spenſer ſeems to have been of this opinion; for he hath laid the ſcene of one of his paſtorals in Wales, where, with all the ſimplicity natural to that part of our iſland, one ſhepherd bids the other good-morrow in an unuſual and elegant manner.

' Diggon Davey, I bid her God-day;
Or Diggon hur is, or I miſ-ſay.

Diggon anſwers,

' Hur was her while it was day-light:
But now hur is a moſt wretched wight,' &c.

But the moſt beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among ſome old manuſcripts, entituled, A Paſtoral Ballad; which I think, for its nature and ſimplicity, may (notwithſtanding the modeſty of the title) be allowed a perfect paſtoral. It is compoſed in the Somerſetſhire dialect, and the names ſuch as are proper to the country people. It may be obſerved, as a farther beauty of this paſtoral, the words Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Faun, Cupid, or Satyr, are not once mentioned through the whole. I ſhall make no apology for inſerting ſome few

lines of this excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the ſubject, as ſhe is going a milking;

‘ *Cicily.* Rager go vetch tha [r] kee, or elſe tha zun
Will quite be go, beyore c'have half a don.
Roger. Thou ſhouldſt not ax ma tweece, but I've a be
To dreave our bull to bull the parſon's kee.'

It is to be obſerved, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the paſſion of jealouſy; and his mentioning the parſon's kine naturally revives the jealouſy of the ſhepherdeſs Cicily, which ſhe expreſſes as follows:

‘ *Cicily.* Ah Rager, Rager, chee was zore avraid
When in yond vield you kiſs'd tha parſon's maid:
Is this the love that once to me you zed
When from the wake thou broughtſt me gingerbread?
Roger. Cicily thou charg'ſt me falſe—I'll zwear to thee,
Tha parſon's maid is ſtill a maid for me.'

In which anſwer of his are expreſſed at once that ‘ ſpirit of religion,' and that ‘ innocence of the golden age,' ſo neceſſary to be obſerved by all writers of paſtoral.

At the concluſion of this piece, the author reconciles the lovers, and ends the eclogue the moſt ſimply in the world:

‘ So Rager parted vor to vetch tha kee,
And vor her bucket in went Cicily.'

I am loth to ſhew my fondneſs for antiquity ſo

[r] That is the kine or cows.

ſar as to prefer this ancient Britiſh author to our preſent Engliſh writers of paſtoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that both Spenſer and Philips have hit into the ſame road with this old weſt country bard of ours.

After all that hath been ſaid I hope none can think it any injuſtice to Mr. Pope, that I forbore to mention him as a paſtoral-writer; ſince upon the whole he is of the ſame claſs with Moſchus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank; and of whoſe eclogues, as well as ſome of Virgil's, it may be ſaid, that according to the deſcription we have given of this ſort of poetry, they are by no means paſtorals, but 'ſomething better [r].'

Nº 41. Tueſday, April 28, 1713.

By STEELE.

Even churches are no ſanctuaries now.

Epilogue to CATO.

THE following letter has ſo much truth and reaſon in it, that I believe every man of ſenſe and honour in England, will have a juſt indig-

[r] This paper, Nº 40, was written by Pope, in ridicule of the obſervation on paſtoral poetry in the preceding papers. The apparent preference given in it to Mr. A. Philips, as ſuperior not only to Pope, but even to Virgil and Theocritus; and the ſeeming air of ſincerity with which it eſpouſes and defends the Guardian's ſentiments, impoſed upon Steele, who had very much of the *humana incuria*, and inconſiderately publiſhed it in the Guardian, as his own performance, no doubt at the inſidious requeſt of the author.

nation againſt the perſon who could commit ſo great a violence, as that of which my correſpondent complains.

'TO THE AUTHOR OF THE GUARDIAN.

'SIR,

'I CLAIM a place in your paper for what I now write to you, from the declaration which you made at your firſt appearance, and the very title you aſſume to yourſelf.

'If the circumſtance, which I am going to mention, is over-looked by one who calls himſelf Guardian, I am ſure honour and integrity, innocence and virtue, are not the objects of his care.—The Examiner ends his diſcourſe of Friday the twenty-fourth inſtant with theſe words;

"No ſooner was D——[s] among the whigs, and confirmed paſt retrieving, but lady Char—te[t] is taken knotting in ſaint James's chapel during divine ſervice, in the immediate preſence both of God and her majeſty, who were affronted together, that the family might appear to be intirely come over. I ſpare the beauty for the ſake of her birth; but certainly there was no occaſion for ſo public a proof, that her fingers are more dextrous in tying a knot, than her father's brains in perplexing the government."

'It is apparent that the perſon here intended is by her birth a lady, and daughter of an earl of

[s] Earl of Nottingham.

[t] His daughter lady Charlotte Finch, afterwards ducheſs of Somerſet.

Great Britain; and the treatment this author is pleaſed to give her, he makes no ſcruple to own ſhe is expoſed to, by being his daughter. Since he has aſſumed a licence to talk of this nobleman in print to his diſadvantage, I hope his lordſhip will pardon me, that out of the intereſt which I, and all true Engliſhmen, have in his character, I take the liberty to defend him.

'I am willing on this occaſion, to allow the claim and pretenſion to merit to be ſuch, as the ſame author deſcribes in his preceding paper.

"By active merit (ſays the Examiner of the twenty-firſt) I underſtand, not only the power and ability to ſerve, but the actual exerciſe of any one or more virtues, for promoting the good of one's country, and a long and ſteady courſe of real endeavours to appear uſeful in a government; or where a perſon, eminently qualified for public affairs, diſtinguiſhes himſelf in ſome critical juncture, and at the expence of his eaſe and fortune, or with the hazard of his perſon, expoſes himſelf to the malice of a deſigning faction, by thwarting their wicked purpoſes, and contributing to the ſafety, repoſe and welfare of a people."

'Let us examine the conduct of this noble earl by this deſcription. Upon the late glorious revolution when it was in debate in what manner the people of England ſhould expreſs their gratitude to their deliverer, this lord, from the utmoſt tenderneſs and loyalty to his unhappy prince, and apprehenſive of the danger of ſo great a change, voted againſt king William's acceſſion to the throne. However his following

ſervices ſufficiently teſtified the truth of that his memorable expreſſion, "Though he could not make a king he could obey him." The whole courſe and tenour of his life ever ſince has been viſibly animated, by a ſteady and conſtant zeal for the monarchy and epiſcopacy of theſe realms. He has been ever reviled by all who are cold to the intereſts of our eſtabliſhed religion, or diſſenters from it, as a favourer of perſecution, and a bigot to the church, againſt the civil rights of his fellow-ſubjects. Thus it ſtood with him at the trial of doctor Sacheverell, when this noble earl had a very great ſhare in obtaining the gentle ſentence which the houſe of lords pronounced on that occaſion. But, indeed, I have not heard that any of his lordſhip's dependents joined ſaint Harry [u] in the pilgrimage which "that meek man" took afterwards round England, followed by drum, trumpet and acclamations to "viſit the churches."—Civil prudence made it, perhaps, neceſſary to throw the public affairs into ſuch hands as had no pretenſions to popularity in either party, but from the diſtribution of the queen's favours.

'During ſuch, and other later tranſactions (which are too freſh to need being recounted) the earl of Nottingham has had the misfortune to differ with the lords who have the honour to be employed in the adminiſtration; but even among theſe incidents he has highly diſtinguiſhed himſelf in procuring an act of parliament, to

[u] Dr. Henry Sacheverell.

prevent that thoſe who diſſent from the church ſhould ſerve in the ſtate.

'I hope theſe are great and critical junctures, wherein this gentleman has ſhewn himſelf a patriot and lover of the church in as eminent manner as any other of his fellow-ſubjects. "He has at all times, and in all ſeaſons, ſhown the ſame ſteady abhorrence to all innovations." But it is from this behaviour, that he has deſerved ſo ill of the Examiner, as to be termed a "late convert" to thoſe whom he calls factious, and introduced in his profane dialogue of April the 6th, with a ſervant, and a mad-woman. I think I have, according to the Examiner's own deſcription of merit ſhewn how little this nobleman deſerves ſuch treatment. I ſhall now appeal to all the world, to conſider whether the outrage committed againſt the young lady had not been cruel, and inſufferable, towards the daughter of the higheſt offender.

'The utmoſt malice and invention could go no farther than to forge a ſtory of her having inadvertently done an indifferent action in a ſacred place. Of what temper can this man be made, that could have no ſenſe of the pangs he muſt give a young lady to be barely mentioned in a public paper, much more to be named in a libellous manner, as having offended God and man.

'But the wretch, as dull as he is wicked, felt it ſtrike on his imagination, that knotting and perplexing would make a quaint ſting at the end of his paper, and had no compunction, though he introduced his witticiſm at the expence of a

young lady's quiet, and (as far as in him lies) her honour. Does he thus finiſh his diſcourſe of religion? This is indeed " to lay at us, and make every blow fell to the ground."

' There is no party concerned in this circumſtance; but every man that hopes for a virtuous woman to his wife, that would defend his child, or protect his miſtreſs, ought to receive this inſolence as done to himſelf. " In the immediate preſence of God and her majeſty, that the family might appear to be intirely come over," ſays the fawning miſcreant.—It is very viſible which of thoſe powers (that he has put together) he is the more fearful of offending. But he miſtakes his way in making his court to a pious ſovereign, by naming her with the Deity, in order to find protection for inſulting a virtuous woman, who comes to call upon him in the royal chapel.

' If life be (as it ought to be with people of their character, whom the Examiner attacks) leſs valuable and dear than honour and reputation, in that proportion is the Examiner worſe than an aſſaſſin. We have ſtood by and tamely heard him aggravate the diſgraces of the brave and unfortunate. We have ſeen him double the anguiſh of the unhappy man, we have ſeen him trample on the aſhes of the dead; but all this has concerned greater life, and could touch only public characters, they did but remotely affect our private and domeſtic intereſts; but when due regard is not had to the honour of women, all human ſociety is aſſaulted. The higheſt perſon in the world is of that ſex, and has the utmoſt ſenſibility of an outrage committed againſt it.

She, who was the beſt wiſe that ever prince was bleſſed with, will, though ſhe ſits on a throne, jealouſly regard the honour of a young lady who has not entered into that condition.

'Lady Char—te's quality will make it impoſſible that this cruel uſage can eſcape her majeſty's notice; and it is the buſineſs of every honeſt man to trace the offender, and expoſe him to the indignation of his ſovereign.'

N° 42. Wedneſday, April 29, 1713.

By STEELE.

Non miſſura cutem, niſi plena cruoris hirudo.

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. ult.

Sticking like leeches till they burſt with blood.

ROSCOMMON.

TOM LIZARD [v] told us a ſtory the other day, of ſome perſons which our family know very well, with ſo much humour and life, that it cauſed a great deal of mirth at the tea-table. His brother Will [w], the Templer, was highly delighted with it, and the next day being with ſome of his inns-of-court acquaintance, reſolved (whether out of the benevolence, or the pride of his heart, I will not determine) to entertain them with what he called 'a pleaſant humour enough.' I was in great pain for him when I heard him begin, and was not at all ſurpriſed to find the company very little moved by it. Will bluſhed, looked round the room, and with a forced laugh,

[v] See Guard. N° 13. [w] *Ibidem*; and N° 59.

' Faith, gentlemen,' ſaid he, ' I do not know what makes you look ſo grave; it was an admirable ſtory when I heard it.'

When I came home I fell into a profound contemplation upon ſtory-telling, and as I have nothing ſo much at heart as the good of my country, I reſolved to lay down ſome precautions upon this ſubject.

I have often thought that a ſtory-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain, that ſome men have ſuch a peculiar caſt of mind, that they ſee things in another light, than men of grave diſpoſitions. Men of a lively imagination, and a mirthful temper, will repreſent things to their hearers in the ſame manner as they themſelves were affected with them; and whereas ſerious ſpirits might perhaps have been diſguſted at the ſight of ſome odd occurrences in life; yet the very ſame occurrences ſhall pleaſe them in a well-told ſtory, where the diſagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and thoſe only which are pleaſing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a ' knack;' it doth not ſo much ſubſiſt upon wit as upon humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper geſticulations of the body, which naturally attend ſuch merry emotions of the mind. I know very well, that a certain gravity of countenance ſets ſome ſtories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be ſurpriſed in the end; but this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and aſſiſt by cheerful looks, and whimſical agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the ſucceſs of a

ſtory very often depends upon the make of the body, and formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever ſince I criticiſed upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakneſs to repine at the proſperity of his conceits, which made him paſs for a wit with the widow at the coffee-houſe, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myſelf forbear laughing at them moſt heartily, tho' upon examination I thought moſt of them very flat and inſipid. I found after ſome time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the ſhaking of a fat paunch, and the toſſing up of a pair of roſy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of ſickneſs, which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once; and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which roſe in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good conſtitution for wit.

Thoſe, who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature, are apt to ſhew their parts with too much oſtentation: I would therefore adviſe all the profeſſors of this art never to tell ſtories but as they ſeem to grow out of the ſubject-matter of the converſation, or as they ſerve to illuſtrate, or enliven it. Stories, that are very common, are generally irkſome; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of alluſion. Thoſe, that are altogether new, ſhould never be uſhered in, without a ſhort and pertinent character of the chief perſons concerned; becauſe, by that means, you make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that ſlight and trivial accounts of thoſe

who are familiar to us administer more mirth, than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance, in the complexion or dress of the man you are talking of, sets his image before the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the story. Thus, I remember Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly, that his story would not have been worth one farthing, if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch narrower. Besides the marking distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in time, and end smartly. So that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story, and the manner of conducting and pointing it, is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humorous characters, and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating, and how poor is it for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, 'that's all!'

As the choosing of pertinent circumstances is the life of a story, and that wherein humour principally consists; so the collectors of impertinent particulars are the very bane and opiates of conversation. Old men are great transgressors this way. Poor Ned Poppy,—he's gone—was a very honest man, but was so excessively tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for dinner, when such a thing happened; in what ditch his bay stone-horse had his sprain at that time, and how

his man John,—no! it was William, ſtarted a hare in the common field; that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was extremely particular in marriages and inter-marriages, and couſins twice or thrice removed; and whether ſuch a thing happened at the latter end of July, or the beginning of Auguſt. He had a marvellous tendency likewiſe to digreſſions; inſomuch that if a conſiderable perſon was mentioned in his ſtory, he would ſtraightway launch out into an epiſode of him; and again, if in that perſon's ſtory he had occaſion to remember a third man, he broke off, and gave us his hiſtory, and ſo on. He always put me in mind of what ſir William Temple informs us of the tale-tellers in the north of Ireland, who are hired to tell ſtories of giants and inchanters to lull people aſleep. Theſe hiſtorians are obliged, by their bargain, to go on without ſtopping; ſo that after the patient hath by this benefit, enjoyed a long nap, he is ſure to find the operator proceeding in his work. Ned procured the like effect in me the laſt time I was with him. As he was in the third hour of his ſtory, and very thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow chair. He was much affronted at this, till I told him, 'Old friend, you have your infirmity, and I have mine.'

But of all evils in ſtory-telling, the humour of telling tales one after another, in great numbers, is the leaſt ſupportable. Sir Harry Pandolf and his ſon gave my lady Lizard great offence in this particular. Sir Harry hath what they call a ſtring of ſtories, which he tells over every Chriſtmas. When our family viſits there, we are con-

ſtantly, after ſupper, entertained with the Glaſtonbury Thorn. When we have wondered at that a little, 'Ay, but, father,' ſaith the ſon, 'let us have the ſpirit in the wood.' After that hath been laughed at, 'Ay, but, father,' cries the booby again, 'tell us how you ſerved the robber.' Alack-a-day,' ſaith ſir Harry, with a ſmile, and rubbing his forehead, 'I have almoſt forgot that: but it is a pleaſant conceit, to be ſure.' Accordingly he tells that and twenty more in the ſame independent order; and without the leaſt variation, at this day, as he hath done, to my knowledge, ever ſince the revolution. I muſt not forget a very odd compliment that ſir Harry always makes my lady when he dines here. After dinner he ſtrokes his belly, and ſays with a feigned concern in his countenance, 'Madam, I have loſt by you to-day.' 'How ſo, ſir Harry?' replies my lady, 'Madam, ſays he, 'I have loſt an excellent ſtomach.' At this, his ſon and heir laughs immoderately, and winks upon Mrs. Annabella. This is the thirty-third time that ſir Harry hath been thus arch, and I can bear it no longer.

As the telling of ſtories is a great help and life to converſation, I always encourage them, if they are pertinent and innocent; in oppoſition to thoſe gloomy mortals, who diſdain every thing but matter of fact. Thoſe grave fellows are my averſion, who ſift every thing with the utmoſt nicety, and find the malignity of a lie in a piece of humour, puſhed a little beyond exact truth. I likewiſe have a poor opinion of thoſe, who have got a trick of keeping a ſteady countenance, that

cock their hats, and look glum when a pleaſant thing is ſaid, and aſk, 'Well! and what then?' Men of wit and parts ſhould treat one another with benevolence: and I will lay it down as a maxim, that if you ſeem to have a good opinion of another man's wit, he will allow you to have judgment[x].

N° 43. Thurſday, April 30, 1713.

By STEELE.

Effutire leves indigna Tragœdia verſus,
Ut feſtis Matrona moveri juſſa diebus.

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 231.

——Tragedy ſhou'd bluſh as much to ſtoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,
As a grave matron would to dance with girls.

ROSCOMMON.

I HAD for ſome days obſerved ſomething in agitation, which was carried by ſmiles and whiſpers, between my lady Lizard and her daughters, with a profeſſed declaration that Mr. Ironſide ſhould not be in the ſecret. I would not treſpaſs upon the integrity of the Sparkler ſo much as to

[x] The biſhop of Bangor was at a whig-feaſt, where John Sly of facetious memory, being mellow, came into the room on his knees, with a frothing quart tankard in his hand, which he drank off 'to the immortal memory,' and retired in like manner. Hoadly was obſerving this with great gravity, when the author of this paper, N° 42, who ſat next his lordſhip, whiſpered him in the ear, 'laugh my good lord, it is humanity to laugh.'

This anecdote of Steele is given on the written authority of the biſhop's ſon, Dr. John Hoadly.

ſolicit her to break her word even in a trifle; but I take it for an inſtance of her kindneſs to me, that as ſoon as ſhe was at liberty, ſhe was impatient to let me know it, and this morning ſent me the following billet.

'SIR,

'MY brother Tom waited upon us all laſt night to Cato; we ſat in the firſt ſeats in the box of the eighteen-penny gallery. You muſt come hither this morning, for we ſhall be full of debates about the characters. I was for Marcia laſt night, but find that partiality was owing to the awe I was under in her father's preſence; but this morning Lucia is my woman. You will tell me whether I am right or no when I ſee you; but I think it is a more difficult virtue to forbear going into a family, though ſhe was in love with the heir of it, for no other reaſon but becauſe her happineſs was inconſiſtent with the tranquillity of the whole [y] houſe to which ſhe ſhould be allied. I ſay, I think it a more generous virtue in Lucia to conquer her love from this motive, than in Marcia to ſuſpend hers in the preſent circumſtances of her father and her country: but pray be here to ſettle theſe matters.

I am,

your moſt obliged and

obedient humble ſervant,

MARY LIZARD.'

[y] 'Whole' ought to have been left out here, and the reaſon ſurely is a very ſtrong one. A.

I made all the haste imaginable to the family, where I found Tom with the play in his hand, and the whole company with a sublime chearfulness in their countenance, all ready to speak to me at once; and before I could draw my chair, my lady herself repeated:

‘ 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin that I admire;
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex;
True, she is fair; (oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners.’

I was going to speak, when Mrs. Cornelia stood up, and with the most gentle accent and sweetest tone of voice succeeded her mother:

‘ So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.’

I thought now they would have given me time to draw a chair; but the Sparkler took hold of me, and I heard her with the utmost delight pursue her admiration of Lucia in the words of Portius:

‘ ———Athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms,

Lovelieſt of women! Heaven is in thy ſoul,
Beauty and virtue ſhine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other; thou art all divine!'

When the ladies had done ſpeaking, I took the liberty to take my place; while Tom, who, like a juſt courtier, thinks the intereſt of his prince and country the ſame, dwelt upon theſe lines:

'Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power deliver'd down
From age to age, by your renown'd fore-fathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of ſo much blood.)
O let it never periſh in your hands!
But piouſly tranſmit it to your children.'

Though I would not take notice of it at that time, it went to my heart that Annabella, for whom I have long had ſome apprehenſions, ſaid nothing on this occaſion, but indulged herſelf in the ſneer of a little mind, to ſee the reſt ſo much affected. Mrs. Betty alſo, who knows forſooth more than us all, overlooked the whole drama, but acknowledged the dreſſes of Syphax and Juba were prettily imagined. The love of virtue, which has been ſo warmly rouſed by this admirable piece in all parts of the theatre, is an unanſwerable inſtance of how great force the ſtage might be towards the improvement of the world, were it regarded and encouraged as much as it ought. There is no medium in this caſe, for the advantage of action, and the repreſentation of vice and virtue in an agreeable or odious manner before our eyes, are ſo irreſiſtably prevalent, that the theatre ought to be ſhut up, or carefully governed, in any nation that values the promo-

tion of virtue or guard of innocence among its people. Speeches or ſermons will ever ſuffer, in ſome degree, from the characters of thoſe that make them; and mankind are ſo unwilling to reflect on what makes for their own mortification, that they are ever cavelling againſt the lives of thoſe who ſpeak in the cauſe of goodneſs, to keep themſelves in countenance, and continue in beloved infirmities. But in the caſe of the ſtage, envy and detraction are baffled, and none are offended, but all inſenſibly won by perſonated characters, which they neither look upon as their rivals, or ſuperiors; every man that has any degree of what is laudable in a theatrical character, is ſecretly pleaſed, and encouraged, in the proſecution of that virtue, without fancying any man about him has more of it. To this purpoſe I fell a talking at the tea-table, when my lady Lizard, with a look of ſome ſeverity towards Annabella and Mrs. Betty, was pleaſed to ſay, that it muſt be from ſome trifling prepoſſeſſion of mind that any one could be unmoved with the characters of this tragedy; nor do I yet underſtand to what circumſtance in the family her ladyſhip alluded, when ſhe made all the company look ſerious, and rehearſed, with a tone more exalted, thoſe words of the heroine,

‘ In ſpite of all the virtues we can boaſt,
The woman that deliberates is loſt.’

ADVERTISEMENT.

‘ WHEREAS Bat Pigeon in the Strand, haircutter to the family of the Lizards, has attained

to great proficiency in his art, Mr. Ironſide adviſes all perſons of fine heads, in order to have juſtice done them, to repair to that induſtrious mechanic.

'N. B. Mr. Pigeon has orders to talk with, and examine into the parts and characters of young perſons, before he thins the covering near the ſeat of the brain.'

Nº 44. Friday, May 1.

By STEELE.

——*Hoc iter Elyſium nobis.* VIRG. Æn. vi. 542.

This path conducts us to th' Elyſian fields.

I HAVE frequently obſerved in the walks belonging to all the inns of court, a ſet of old fellows who appear to be humouriſts, and wrapped up in themſelves; but have long been at a loſs when I have ſeen them ſmile, and name my name as I paſſed by, and ſay, Old Ironſide wears well. I am a mere boy to ſome of them who frequent Gray's-inn, but am not a little pleaſed to find they are even with the world, and return upon it, its neglect towards them, which is all the defence we old fellows have againſt the petulancy of young people. I am very glad to obſerve that theſe ſages of this peripatetic ſect ſtudy tranquillity and indolence of body and mind, in the neighbourhood of ſo much contention as is carried on among the ſtudents of Littleton. The following letter gives us ſome light into the manners and maxims of theſe philoſophers.

'TO THE GUARDIAN.

'SIR,

'As the depredations of time and fortune have been lamented in all ages, thoſe perſons who have reſiſted and diſputed the tyranny of either of theſe, have employed the ſublimeſt ſpeculations of the writers in all languages. As theſe deceaſed heroes have had their places judiciouſly aſſigned them already in the temple of fame, I would immortalize ſome perſons now alive, who to me are greater objects of envy, both as their bravery is exerciſed with the utmoſt tranquillity and pleaſure to themſelves, and as they are ſubſtantially happy on this ſide the grave, in oppoſition to all the Greek and Latin ſcraps to the contrary.

'As therefore I am naturally ſubject to cruel inroads from the ſpleen, as I affirm all evil to come from the eaſt, as I am the weather-glaſs of every company I come into, I ſometimes, according to Shakeſpear,

'Sit like my grandſire cut in alabaſter,
Sleep while I wake, and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh———'

'I would furniſh out a table of merry fame, in envious admiration of thoſe jovial blades, who diſappoint the ſtrokes of age and fortune with the ſame gaiety of ſoul, as when through youth or affluence they were in their prime for fancy, frolic, and atchievement. There are, you may obſerve, in all public walks, perſons who by a ſingular ſhabbineſs of their attire, make a very

ridiculous appearance in the opinion of the men of drefs. They are very fullen and involved, and appear in fuch a ftate of diftrefs and tribulation as to be thought inconfolable. They are generally of that complexion which was in fafhion during the pleafurable reign of Charles the Second. Some of them, indeed, are of a lighter brown, whofe fortunes fell with that of king James. Now thefe, who are the jeft of fuch as take themfelves, and the world ufually takes, to be in profperity, are the very perfons whofe happinefs, were it underftood, would be looked upon with burning envy. I fell into the difcovery of them in the following manner. One day laft fummer, being particularly under the dominion of the fpleen, I refolved to footh my melancholy in the company of fuch, whofe appearance promifed a full return of any complaints I could poffibly utter. Living near Gray's-inn walk, I went thither in fearch of the perfons above defcribed, and found fome of them feated upon a bench, where, as Milton fings,

> '——the unpierced fhade
> Imbrowned their noontide bower.'

'I fqueezed in among them, and they did not only receive my moanings with fingular humanity, but gave me all poffible encouragement to enlarge them. If the blacknefs of my fpleen raifed any imaginary diftemper of body, fome one of them immediately fympathized with me. If I fpoke of any difappointment in my fortune, another of them would abate my forrowing by recounting to me his own defeat upon the very

ſame circumſtances. If I touched upon overlooked merit, the whole aſſembly ſeemed to condole with me very feelingly upon that particular. In ſhort, I could not make myſelf ſo calamitous in mind, body, or circumſtances, but ſome one of them was upon a level with me. When I had wound up my diſcourſe, and was ripe for their intended raillery, at firſt they crowned my narration with ſeveral piteous ſighs and groans, but after a ſhort pauſe, and a ſignal given for the onſet, they burſt out into a moſt incomprehenſible fit of laughter. You may be ſure I was notably out of countenance, which gave occaſion to a ſecond exploſion of the ſame mirth. What troubled me moſt was, that their figure, age, and ſhort ſwords, preſerved them from any imputation of cowardice upon refuſal of battle, and their number from inſult. I had now no other way to be upon good terms with them, but deſiring I might be admitted into this fraternity. This was at firſt vigorouſly oppoſed, it being objected to me, that I affected too much the appearance of an happy man, to be received into a ſociety ſo proud of appearing the moſt afflicted. However, as I only ſeemed to be what they really were, I am admitted by way of triumph upon probation for a year: and if within that time it ſhall be poſſible for them to infuſe any of their gaiety into me, I can, at Monmouth-ſtreet, upon mighty eaſy terms, purchaſe the robes neceſſary for my inſtallment into this order; and when they have made me as happy, ſhall be willing to appear as miſerable as any of this aſſembly. I confeſs I have ever ſince been aſhamed, that I ſhould once take

that place to be ſacred to the diſconſolate, which I now muſt affirm to be the only Elyſium on this ſide the Styx; and that ever I ſhould look upon thoſe perſonages as lively inſtances of the outrage of time and fortune, who diſallowed their empire with ſuch inimitable bravery. Some of theſe are pretty good claſſical ſcholars, and they follow theſe ſtudies always walking, upon account of a certain ſentence in Pliny's epiſtles to the following effect. "It is inconceivable how much the underſtanding is enlivened by the exerciſe of the body." If therefore their author is a little difficult, you will ſee them fleeting with a very precipitate pace, and when it has been very perplexed and abſtruſe, I have ſeen a couple of theſe ſtudents prepare their apprehenſions by ſtill quicker motions, 'till they run into wiſdom. Theſe courſes do not only make them go through their ſtudies with pleaſure and profit, but there is more ſpirit and vigour in their dialogues after the heat and hurry of theſe perambulations. This place was choſen as the peculiar reſort of thoſe ſages; not only upon account of its air and ſituation, but in regard to certain edifices and ſeats therein raiſed with great magnificence and convenience: and here, after the toils of their walks, and upon any ſtreſs of weather, theſe bleſſed inhabitants aſſemble themſelves. There is one building particularly, in which, if the day permit, they have the moſt frequent conferences, not ſo much becauſe of the lovelineſs of its eminence, as a ſentence of literature incircling the extremities of it, which I think is as follows: "*Franciſcus Bacon Eques Auratus Executor Teſtamenti Jeremiæ Bet-*

tenham Hujus Hospitii Viri Abstemii et Contemplativi Hanc Sedem posuit in Memoriam Ejusdem." Now this structure being erected in honourable memory of the abstemious the contemplative Mr. Bettenham, they take frequent occasion to rally this erudition, which is to continue the remembrance of a person, who, according to their translation of the words, being confessed to have been of most splenetic memory, ought rather to lie buried in oblivion.

Lest they should flag in their own way of conversation, they admit a fair-one to relieve them with hers. There are two or three thin existences among them, which I think I may call the ghosts of departed beaus, who pay their court more particularly to this lady, though their passion never rises higher than a kiss, which is always

'Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.' MILTON.

'As it is the character of this fraternity to turn their seeming misfortunes to their advantage, they affirm it to be the greatest indulgence imaginable in these amours, that nature perpetuates their good inclinations to the fair, by an inability to extinguish them.

'During my year of probation, I am to prepare myself with such parts of history as have engaged their application during the leisure of their ill-fortune; I am therefore to read Rushworth and Clarendon, in the perusal of which authors I am not obliged to enter into the justness of their reflections and characters, but am desired to read, with an eye particularly curious, the battles of

Marſton-moor and Edge-hill, in one of which every man of this aſſembly has loſt a relation; and each has a ſtory which none who has not read thoſe battles is able to taſte.

'I had almoſt forgot to mention a moſt unexampled piece of their gallantry. Some time ſince, in a prodigious foggy morning, I went in ſearch of theſe perſons to their uſual place of reſort, and perhaps ſhall hardly be believed, when I affirm, that, notwithſtanding they ſucked-in ſo condenſed and poiſonous an æther, I found them enjoying themſelves with a much vivacity, as if they had breathed in the ſerenity of Montpelier[z].

I am, Sir,

your humble ſervant,

J. W.'

N° 45. Saturday, May 2, 1713.

By STEELE.

I do not know that I have been more intimately moved with pity in my whole life, than when I was reading a letter from a young woman, not yet nineteen, in which there are theſe lamentable words, 'Alas! whither ſhall I fly? he has deceived, ruined, and left me.' The circumſtances of her ſtory are only thoſe ordinary ones, that her lover was a man of greater fortune than ſhe could expect would addreſs her upon honourable terms; but ſhe ſaid to herſelf, 'She

[z] See Tat. N° 125. Note on Montpelier.

had wit and beauty, and ſuch charms as often captivate ſo far as to make men forget thoſe meaner conſiderations, and innocent freedoms were not to be denied. A gentleman of condition is not to be ſhunned purely for being ſuch; and they who took notice of it, did it only out of malice, becauſe they were not uſed by him with the ſame diſtinction.' But I would have young women, who are orphans, or unguarded with powerful alliances, conſider with horror the inſolence of wealth. Fortune does in a great meaſure denominate what is vice and virtue; or if it does not go ſo far, innocence is helpleſs, and oppreſſion unpuniſhed without its aſſiſtance; for this reaſon it is, that I would ſtrictly recommend to my young females not to dally with men whoſe circumſtances can ſupport them againſt their falſhood, and have the faſhion of a baſe ſelf-intereſted world on their ſide, which, inſtead of avenging the cauſe of an abuſed woman, will proclaim her diſhonour; while the perſon injured is ſhunned like a peſtilence, he who did the wrong ſees no difference in the reception he meets with, nor is he the leſs welcome to the reſt of the ſex, who are ſtill within the pale of honour and innocence.

What makes this circumſtance the more lamentable, is, that it frequently falls upon thoſe who have greateſt merit and underſtanding. Gentleneſs of diſpoſition, and taſte of polite converſation, I have often known ſnares towards vice in ſome, whilſt ſullenneſs and diſreliſh of any thing that was agreeable, have been the only defences of virtue in others. I have my unhappy correſpondent's letter before me; and ſhe ſays

ſhe is ſure, 'he is ſo much a gentleman, and he has that natural ſoftneſs, that if he reads any thing moving on this ſubject in my paper, it will certainly make him think.' Poor girl! 'Cæſar aſhamed! Has not he ſeen Pharſalia?' Does the poor creature imagine that a ſcrip of paper, a collection of ſentences, and an old man's talk of pleaſure which he is paſt, will have an effect upon him who could go on in a ſeries of falſehood; let drop ambiguous ſentences in her abſence, to give her falſe hope from the repetition of them by ſome friend that heard them; that could paſs as much time in the purſuit of her, as would have attained ſome uſeful art or ſcience; and that only to attain a ſhort revel of his ſenſes, under a ſtupor of faith, honour, and conſcience! No; the deſtruction of a well-educated young woman is not accompliſhed by the criminal who is guilty of it, in a ſudden ſtart of deſire; he is not ſurpriſed into it by frailty; but arrives at it by care, ſkill, and meditation. It is no ſmall aggravation of the guilt, that it is a thouſand times conquered and reſiſted, even while it is proſecuted. He that waits for fairer occaſions, for riper wiſhes, for the removal of a particular objection, or the conqueſt of any certain ſcruple, has it in his power to obey his conſcience, which often calls him, during the intrigue, a villain, and a deſtroyer. There can be nothing ſaid for ſuch an evil: but that the reſtraints of ſhame and ignominy are broken down by the prevalence of cuſtom. I do not, indeed, expect that my precautions will have any great weight with men of mode; they may be ſome way efficacious on

thoſe who have not yet taken their party as to vice and virtue for life; but I know not how it is, that our ſex has uſurped a certain authority to exclude chaſtity out of the catalogue of maſculine virtues, by which means females adventure all, againſt thoſe who have nothing to loſe; and they have nothing but empty ſighs, tears, and reproaches, againſt thoſe who reduced them to real ſorrow, and infamy. But as I am now talking to the world yet untainted, I will venture to recommend chaſtity as the nobleſt male qualification.

It is methinks very unreaſonable, that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits is what makes them honourable, but in this caſe the very attempt is become ridiculous. But, in ſpite of all the raillery of the world, truth is ſtill truth, and will have beauties inſeparable from it. I ſhould upon this occaſion bring examples of heroic chaſtity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the modiſh part of the town, who go no farther, at beſt, than the mere abſence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable than praiſeworthy. In this particular, a gentleman in the court of Cyrus reported to his majeſty the charms and beauty of Panthea, and ended his panegyric by telling him, that ſince he was at leiſure he would carry him to viſit her: but that prince, who is a very great man to this day, anſwered the pimp, becauſe he was a man of quality, without roughneſs, and ſaid with a ſmile, 'If I ſhould viſit her upon your introduction now I have leiſure, I do not know but I might go again upon her own invitation, when I ought to be

better employed.' But when I caſt about all the inſtances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one ſo generous, ſo honeſt, and ſo noble, as that of Joſeph in holy writ. When his maſter had truſted him ſo unreſervedly (to ſpeak it in the emphatical manner of the ſcripture) 'He knew not aught he had ſave the bread which he did eat,' he was ſo unhappy as to appear irreſiſtibly beautiful to his miſtreſs; but when this ſhameleſs woman proceeds to ſolicit him, how gallant is his anſwer! 'Behold my maſter wotteth not what is with me in the houſe, and hath committed all that he hath to my hand, there is none greater in the houſe than I, neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, becauſe thou art his wife.' The ſame argument, which a baſe mind would have made to itſelf for committing the evil, was to this brave man the greateſt motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity; the malice and falſhood of the diſappointed woman naturally aroſe on that occaſion, and there is but a ſhort ſtep from the practice of virtue, to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth ſerious conſideration in both ſexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to aſk themſelves whether they would change lightneſs of heart, indolence of mind, chearful meals, untroubled ſlumbers, and gentle diſpoſitions, for a conſtant pruriency, which ſhuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with inſenſibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their ſpecies.

A looſe behaviour, and an inattention to every

thing that is ſerious, flowing from ſome degree of this petulancy, is obſervable in the generality of the youth of both ſexes in this age. It is the one common face of moſt public meetings, and breaks in upon the ſobriety, I will not ſay ſeverity, that we ought to exerciſe in churches. The pert boys and flippant girls are but faint followers of thoſe in the ſame inclinations, at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their manners; all that I pretend to, is to enter my proteſt that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraitures which I would propoſe, as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only anſwer, as I remember Mr. Dryden did on the like occaſion, when a young fellow, juſt come from the play of Cleomenes, told him in raillery againſt the continency of his principal character, if I had been alone with a lady I ſhould not have paſſed my time like your Spartan; 'That may be,' anſwered the bard with a very grave face, 'but give me leave to tell you, ſir, you are no hero.'

Nº 46. Monday, May 4, 1713.

By STEELE.

Sola eſt cæleſti digna reperta toro.

Ovid, 3 Ep. de Ponto, i. 118.

Alone found worthy a celeſtial bed.

Yesterday, at my lady Lizard's tea-table, the diſcourſe happened to turn upon women of

renown; ſuch as have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the world by ſurpriſing actions, or by any great and ſhining qualities, ſo as to draw upon themſelves the envy of their own ſex, and the admiration of ours. My lady has been curious in collecting the lives of the moſt famous, of which ſhe has a conſiderable number, both in print and manuſcript. This naturally led me to ſpeak of madam Maintenon; and, at the requeſt of my lady and her daughters, I have undertaken to put together ſuch circumſtances of her life, as I had formerly gathered out of books, and picked up from converſation in my travels.

"Madam Maintenon was born a gentlewoman, her name is Frances Daubigné. Monſieur Daubigné, her grandfather, was not only a perſon of condition, but likewiſe of great merit. He was born in the year 1550, and died in 1630, in the 80th year of his age. A little before his death he writ his own epitaph, which is engraven upon his tomb-ſtone in the cloiſter of St. Peter's church at Geneva, and may be ſeen in Spon's hiſtory of that republic. He was a leading man among the Proteſtants in France, and much courted to come over to the oppoſite party. When he perceived there was no ſafety for him any longer in his own country, he fled for refuge to Geneva, about the year 1619. The magiſtrates and the clergy there, received him with great marks of honour and diſtinction; and he paſſed the remaining part of his life amongſt them in great eſteem. Mezeray (the French hiſtorian) ſays, that he was a man of great courage and boldneſs, of a ready wit, and of a fine taſte

in polite learning, as well as of good experience in matters of war.

"The ſon of this Daubigné was father to the preſent madam Maintenon. This gentleman was thrown into priſon when he was but a youth, for what reaſon I cannot learn; but his life it ſeems, was in queſtion, if the keeper of the priſon's daughter (touched with his misfortunes and his merit) had not determined with herſelf to ſet him at liberty. Accordingly a favourable opportunity preſenting itſelf, ſhe ſet the priſoner at large, and accompanied him herſelf in his flight. The lovers finding themſelves now in no danger of being apprehended, monſieur Daubigné acquitted himſelf of the promiſe he had given his fair deliverer, and married her publicly. To provide againſt their immediate want in a ſtrange place, ſhe had taken with her what ſhe found at home moſt valuable and eaſy to be carried off. All this was converted into money; and while their little treaſure laſted, our new-married couple thought themſelves the happieſt peſons living. But their proviſion now began to fail, and monſieur Daubigné, who plainly ſaw the ſtraits to which they muſt be in little time reduced, notwithſtanding all his love and tenderneſs, thought he ſhould ſoon be in a far worſe condition, than that from which he had ſo lately eſcaped. But what moſt afflicted him was to ſee that his wife, whom he loved ſo tenderly, muſt be reduced to the utmoſt neceſſity, and that too at a time when ſhe was big with child.

"Monſieur Daubigné, preſſed with theſe difficulties, formed to himſelf a very hazardous reſo-

lution; and ſince the danger he ſaw in it was only to his perſon, he put it in execution, without ever conſulting his wife. The purpoſe he entered upon, was to venture back into France, and to endeavour there to get up ſome of his effects, and in a ſhort time to have the pleaſure of returning to his wife with ſome little means of ſubſiſtence. He flattered himſelf, that he was now no longer thought of in his own country, and that, by the help of a friend, he might continue there unknown for ſome time. But upon trial it happened quite otherwiſe, for he was betrayed by thoſe in whom he confided; ſo that he was a ſecond time caſt into priſon. I ſhould have mentioned, that he left his wife without ever taking leave; and that the firſt notice ſhe had of his deſign was by a letter, which he ſent her from the place where he lay the firſt night. Upon reading of it, ſhe was immediately alarmed for the life of a huſband ſo very dear to her; but ſhe fell into the laſt affliction when ſhe received the news of his being impriſoned again, of which ſhe had been apprehenſive from the beginning. When her concern was a little abated, ſhe conſidered that the afflicting of herſelf could give him no relief; and deſpairing ever to be able a ſecond time to bring about the delivery of her huſband, and likewiſe finding it impoſſible for her to live long ſeparated from him, ſhe reſolved to ſhare in his misfortunes, and to live and die with him in his priſon. Therefore, without the leaſt regard to the danger of a woman's travelling in her condition (for ſhe was now far gone with child) ſhe entered upon her journey, and having

found out her huſband, voluntarily gave herſelf up to remain a priſoner with him. And here it was that ſhe was delivered of that daughter, who has ſince proved the wonder of her age.

"The relations of monſieur Daubigné, diſſatisfied with his conduct and his marriage, had all of them abandoned him, excepting madam Villete his ſiſter, who uſed to viſit him. She could not but be touched with the condition in which ſhe found him, entirely deſtitute of all the conveniences, and almoſt the very neceſſaries of life. But that which moſt moved her compaſſion was, to ſee, in the arms of a diſconſolate mother, the poor helpleſs infant expoſed amidſt her cries, to cold, to nakedneſs, and hunger. In this extremity madam Villete took the child home with her, and gave her to the care of her daughter's nurſe, with whom ſhe was bred up for ſome time, as a foſter-ſiſter. Beſides this, ſhe ſent the two priſoners ſeveral neceſſaries. Some time after monſieur Daubigné found means, by changing his religion, to get out of priſon, upon condition he would quit the kingdom; to which he conſented.

"Monſieur Daubigné, knowing he was never like to ſee France more, got together what little ſubſtance he could, in order to make a long voyage; and ſo, with a ſmall family, he embarked for America; where he and his wife lived in quiet, and made it their principal care to give their children (a ſon and a daughter) good education.

"Theſe unfortunate parents died both in their exile, leaving their children very young. The

daughter, who was elder than her brother, as ſhe grew up began to be very deſirous of ſeeing her native country; this, together with the hopes ſhe had of recovering ſomething of that which once belonged to her father, made her willing to take the firſt opportunity of returning into France. Finding therefore a ſhip that was ready to ſail thither, ſhe went on board, and landed at Rochelle. From thence ſhe proceeded directly to Poitou, and there made it her buſineſs firſt to inquire out madam Villete her aunt, who ſhe knew very well was the perſon to whom ſhe owed her life. Madam Villete received her with great marks of affection; and after informing her, that ſhe muſt not expect to recover any thing of what had belonged to her father, ſince that was all irreparably loſt and diſſipated by his baniſhment, and the proceedings againſt him; ſhe added, that ſhe ſhould be welcome, if ſhe thought fit to live with her; where at leaſt ſhe ſhould never be reduced to want a ſubſiſtence.

"Mademoiſelle Daubigné accepted the offer which her aunt made her, and ſtudied by all means imaginable to render herſelf neceſſary and agreeable to a perſon upon whom ſhe ſaw that ſhe muſt entirely depend for every thing. More eſpecially ſhe made it her buſineſs to inſinuate herſelf into the affections of her couſin, with whom ſhe had one common nurſe. And, to omit nothing that might pleaſe them, ſhe expreſſed a great deſire to be inſtructed in the religion of her anceſtors; ſhe was impatient to have ſome converſation with miniſters, and to frequent their ſermons; ſo that in a ſhort time

ſhe began to take a great liking to the proteſtant religion. And it is not to be doubted, but that ſhe would have openly profeſſed this way of worſhip, if ſome of her father's relations that were papiſts, and who forſook him in his adverſity, had not, to make their own court, been buſy in advertiſing ſome great men of the danger mademoiſelle Daubigné was in as to her ſalvation, and in demanding thereupon an order to have her put into the hands of catholics. This piece of zeal was acceptable to the ruling party, and orders were immediately given that ſhe ſhould be taken from her aunt Villete, and put into the hands of her officious relations. This was ſoon executed; and mademoiſelle Daubigné was in a manner forced by violence from madam Villete, who was the only relation that ever had taken any care of her. She ſhed abundance of tears at parting, and aſſured her aunt, and her couſin (who was now married to monſieur Saint Hermine) that ſhe ſhould always preſerve, with the remembrance of their kindneſs, the good impreſſions ſhe had received of their religion, and never fail to acknowledge both the one and the other, when ſhe found a time and occaſion proper for it[a]."

[a] I ſhall give the ſequel of theſe memoirs in to-morrow's paper. Guard. in folio. See N° 47, N° 48, and note *ad finem.*

Nº 47 Tuesday, May 5, 1713.
By STEELE.

"Mademoiselle Daubigné was conducted from madam Villete's to a relation, who had a law-suit then depending at Paris; and being for that reason obliged to go thither, she carried mademoiselle Daubigné with her. This lady hired apartments in the same house where the famous Scaron was lodged. She made an acquaintance with him; and one day, being obliged to go abroad alone upon a visit, she desired he would give her cousin leave, in the mean time, to come and sit with him; knowing very well that a young lady was in no danger from such a person, and that perhaps it might turn to her advantage. Monsieur Scaron was, of all men living, the most unhappy in an untoward frame of body, being not only deformed, but likewise very infirm. In consideration of his wit and parts, he had a yearly pension from the court of five hundred crowns. Scaron was charmed with the conversation of mademoiselle Daubigné; and her kinswoman took frequent opportunities of leaving her with him, This gave Scaron occasion to discover still new beauties in her from time to time. She would sometimes entertain him with the story of her adventures and her misfortunes, beginning even with what she suffered before she was born; all which she knew how to describe in so expressive and moving a manner, that he found himself touched with a strong compas-

ſion towards her; and reſolved with himſelf, if not to make her happy, at leaſt to ſet her at eaſe, by placing her in a nunnery at his own expence. But upon farther deliberation, he found himſelf very much inclined to lay before her an alternative, which in all likelihood ſhe never expected. One day therefore, when ſhe was left alone with him, as uſual, he opened his intentions to her (as it is ſaid) much after the following manner. 'I am, mademoiſelle,' ſays he, 'not a little moved with your misfortunes, and the great ſufferings you have undergone. I am likewiſe very ſenſible of the uneaſy circumſtances under which you labour at preſent; and I have now for ſome days been contriving with myſelf how to extricate you out of all your difficulties. At laſt I have fallen upon two ways of doing what I ſo much deſire; I leave you to determine according to your inclinations, in the choice of the one or the other: or, if neither of them pleaſe you, to refuſe them both. My fortunes are too narrow to enable me to make yours anſwerable to your merit; all that I am capable of doing is, either to make you a joint partaker with myſelf of the little I have, or to place you, at my own expence, in any convent you ſhall chooſe. I wiſh it were in my power to do more for you. Conſult your own inclinations, and do what you think will be moſt agreeable to yourſelf. As for my perſon, I do not pretend to recommend it to you; I know, I make but an ungainly figure; but I am not able to new-mould it; I offer myſelf to you ſuch as I am; and yet, ſuch as you ſee me, I do aſſure you that I would not beſtow myſelf upon another;

and that I muſt have a very great eſteem for you, ever to propoſe a marriage, which, of all things in the world, I have had the leaſt in my thoughts hitherto. Conſider, therefore, and take your final reſolutions, either to turn nun, or to marry me, or to continue in your preſent condition, without repining, ſince theſe do all of them depend upon your own choice.'

" Mademoiſelle Daubigné returned monſieur Scaron the thanks he ſo well deſerved. She was too ſenſible of the diſagreeableneſs of a dependent ſtate, not to be glad to accept of a ſettlement that would place her at leaſt above want. Finding therefore in herſelf no call towards a nunnery, ſhe anſwered monſieur Scaron without heſitation, that, ' ſhe had too great a ſenſe of her obligations to him not to be deſirous of that way of life, that would give her the moſt frequent occaſions of ſhewing her gratitude to him.' Scaron, who was prepoſſeſſed with the flattering hopes of paſſing his life with a perſon he liked ſo well, was charmed with her anſwer. They both came to a reſolution, that he ſhould aſk her relation's conſent that very evening. She gave it very frankly; and this marriage, ſo ſoon concluded, was, as it were, the inlet to all the future fortunes of madam Maintenon. She made a good wife to Scaron, living happily with him, and wanted no conveniencies during his life; but loſing him, ſhe loſt all; his penſion ceaſed upon his death; and ſhe found herſelf again reduced to the ſame indigent condition in which ſhe had been before her marriage.

" Upon this ſhe retired into the convent in

the Place Royale, founded for the relief of neceſſitous perſons; where the friends of her deceaſed huſband took care of her. It was here the friendſhip between her and madam Saint Baſile (a nun) had its beginning, which has continued ever ſince, for ſhe ſtill goes to viſit her frequently in the convent de la Raquette, where ſhe now lives. And to the honour of madam Maintenon, it muſt be allowed, that ſhe has always been of a grateful temper, and mindful, in her high fortunes, of her old friends, to whom ſhe had formerly been obliged.

" Her huſband's friends did all they could to prevail upon the court to continue to her the penſion which monſieur Scaron had enjoyed. In order to this, petitions were frequently given in, which began always with, ' The widow Scaron moſt humbly prays your majeſty,' &c. But all theſe petitions ſignified nothing; and the king was ſo weary of them that he has been heard to ſay, ' Muſt I always be peſtered with the widow Scaron?' Notwithſtanding which, her friends were reſolved not to be diſcouraged in their endeavours to ſerve her.

" After this, ſhe quitted the convent, and went to live in the hotel d'Albert, where her huſband had always been very much eſteemed. Here (it is ſaid) ſomething very remarkable happened to her, which I ſhall relate, becauſe I find it ſo confidently affirmed upon the knowledge of a certain author. There were maſons at work in the hotel d'Albert, not far from the apartment of madam Scaron. One of them came into her chamber, and, finding two or three viſitants of her

own ſex, deſired he might ſpeak with her in private; ſhe carried him into her cloſet, where he took upon him to tell her all the future events of her life. But whence he drew this knowledge (continues my author) which time has ſo wonderfully verified, is a myſtery ſtill to me. As to madam Scaron, ſhe ſaw then ſo little appearance of probability in his predictions, that ſhe hardly gave the leaſt heed to them. Nevertheleſs the company, upon her return, remarked ſome alteration in her countenance; and one of the ladies ſaid, 'Surely this man has brought you ſome very pleaſing news, for you look with a more cheerful air than you did before he came in.' 'There would be ſufficient reaſon for my doing ſo,' replied ſhe, 'if I could give any credit to what this fellow has promiſed me. And I can tell you,' ſays ſhe, ſmiling, 'that if there ſhould be any thing in it, you will do well to begin to make your court to me beforehand.' Theſe ladies could not prevail upon her to ſatisfy their curioſity any farther; but ſhe communicated the whole ſecret to a boſom friend after they were gone; and it is from that lady it came to be known, when the events foretold were come to paſs, and ſo ſcrupulous a ſecrecy in that point did no longer ſeem neceſſary.

"Some time after this, ſhe was adviſed to ſeek all occaſions of inſinuating herſelf into the favour of madam Mounteſpan, who was the king's miſtreſs, and had an abſolute influence over him. Madam Scaron therefore found the means of being preſented to madam Mounteſpan, and at that time ſpoke to her with ſo good a grace, that

madam Mountespan, pitying her circumstances, and resolving to make them more easy, took upon her to carry a petition from her to the king, and to deliver it with her own hands. The king, upon her presenting it to him, said 'What, the widow Scaron again? Shall I never see any thing else?' 'Indeed, sir,' says madam Mountespan, 'it is now a long time since you ought not to have had her name mentioned to you any more; and it is something extraordinary that your majesty has done nothing all this while for a poor woman, who, without exception, deserves a much better condition, as well upon the account of her own merit, as of the reputation of her late husband.' The king, who was always glad of an opportunity to please madam Mountespan, granted the petitioner all that was desired. Madam Scaron came to thank her patroness; and madam Mountespan took such a liking to her, that she would by all means present her to the king, and after that proposed to him, that she might be made governante to their children. His majesty consented to it; and madam Scaron, by her address and good conduct, won so much upon the affections and esteem of madam Mountespan, that in a little time she became her favourite and confidant.

"It happened one night that madam Mountespan sent for her, to tell her, that she was in great perplexity. She had just then, it seems, received a billet from the king, which required an immediate answer; and though she did by no means want wit, yet in that instant she found herself incapable of writing any thing with spi-

rit. In the mean time the meſſenger waited for an anſwer, while ſhe racked her invention to no purpoſe. Had there been nothing more requiſite, but to ſay a few tender things, ſhe needed only to have copied the dictates of her heart; but ſhe had over and above the reputation of her ſtile and manner of writing to maintain, and her invention played her falſe in ſo critical a juncture. This reduced her to the neceſſity of deſiring madam Scaron to help her out; and giving her the king's billet, ſhe bid her make an anſwer to it immediately. Madam Scaron would, out of modeſty, have excuſed herſelf; but madam Mounteſpan laid her abſolute commands upon her: ſo that ſhe obeyed, and writ a moſt agreeable billet, full of wit and tenderneſs. Madam Mounteſpan was very much pleaſed with it, ſhe copied it, and ſent it. The king was infinitely delighted with it. He thought madam Mounteſpan had ſurpaſſed herſelf; and he attributed her more than ordinary wit upon this occaſion to an increaſe of tenderneſs. The principal part of his amuſement that night, was to read over and over again this letter, in which he diſcovered new beauties upon every reading. He thought himſelf the happieſt and the moſt extraordinary man living, to be able to inſpire his miſtreſs with ſuch ſurpriſing ſentiments and turns of wit.

"Next morning, as ſoon as he was dreſt, he went directly to make a viſit to madam Mounteſpan. 'What happy genius, madam,' ſays he, upon his firſt coming into her chamber, 'influenced your thoughts laſt night? Never certainly was there any thing ſo charming, and ſo finely

writ, as the billet you ſent me! and if you truly feel the tenderneſs you have ſo well deſcribed, my happineſs is complete.' Madam Mounteſpan was in confuſion with theſe praiſes, which properly belonged to another; and ſhe could not help betraying ſomething of it by her bluſhes. The king perceived the diſorder ſhe was in, and was earneſt to know the cauſe of it. She would fain have put it off; but the king's curioſity ſtill increaſing, in proportion to the excuſes ſhe made, ſhe was forced to tell him all that had paſſed, leſt he ſhould of himſelf imagine ſomething worſe. The king was extremely ſurpriſed, though in civility he diſſembled his thoughts at that time, neverthleſs he could not help deſiring to ſee the author of the letter that had pleaſed him ſo much; to ſatisfy himſelf whether her wit in converſation was equal to what it appeared in writing. Madam Scaron now began to call to mind the predictions of the maſon; and from the deſire the king had to ſee her, conceived no ſmall hopes. Notwithſtanding ſhe now had paſſed the flower of her age, yet ſhe flattered herſelf, that her deſtiny had reſerved this one conqueſt in ſtore for her, and this mighty monarch to be her captive. She was exactly ſhaped, had a noble air, fine eyes, and a delicate mouth, with freſh ruddy lips. She has beſides, the art of expreſſing every thing with her eyes, and of adjuſting her looks to her thoughts in ſuch a manner, that all ſhe ſays goes directly to the heart. The king was already prepoſſeſt in her favour; and after three or four times converſing with her, began

viſibly to cool in his affections towards madam Mounteſpan.

"The king in a little time purchaſed for madam Scaron thoſe lands that carry the name of Maintenon, a title which ſhe from that time has taken. Never was there an inſtance of any favourite having ſo great a power over a prince, as what ſhe has hitherto maintained. None can obtain the leaſt favour but by immediate application to her. Some are of opinion that ſhe has been the occaſion of all the ill treatment which the proteſtants have met with, and conſequently of the damage the whole kingdom has received from thoſe proceedings But it is more reaſonable to think that whole revolution was brought about by the contrivances of the jeſuits; and ſhe has always been known to be too little a favourer of that order of men to promote their intrigues. Beſides, it is not natural to think that ſhe, who formerly had a good opinion of the reformed religion, and was pretty well inſtructed in the proteſtant faith and way of worſhip, ſhould ever be the author of a perſecution againſt thoſe innocent people, who never had in any thing offended her [b].

[b] My next paper will conclude what I have to ſay upon this ſubject. Guard. in folio. See Nº 46, Nº 48, and note *ad finem*.

N° 48. Wednesday, May 6, 1713.

By STEELE.

"It is the general opinion, that madam Maintenon has of late years influenced all the meaſures of the court of France. The king, when he has taken the air after dinner, never fails of going to ſit with her till about ten o'clock; at which time he leaves her to go to his ſupper. The comptroller general of the finances likewiſe comes to her apartments to meet the king. While they are in diſcourſe madam Maintenon ſits at her wheel towards the other end of the room, not ſeeming to give the leaſt attention to what is ſaid. Nevertheleſs, the miniſter never makes a propoſition to the king, but his majeſty turns towards her, and ſays, 'What think you, madam of this?' She expreſſes her opinion after a modeſt manner; and whatſoever ſhe ſays is done. Madam Maintenon never appears in public, except when ſhe goes with the king to take the air; and then ſhe ſits on the ſame ſeat with the king, with her ſpectacles on, working a piece of embroidery, and does not ſeem to be ſo much as ſenſible of the great fortunes and honours to which ſhe has raiſed herſelf. She is always very modeſtly dreſt, and never appears with any train of ſervants. Every morning ſhe goes to St. Cyr, to give her orders there, it being a kind of a nurſery founded by herſelf for the education of young ladies of good families, but no fortune. She returns from thence about the time the king riſes,

who never fails to pay her a morning viſit. She goes to maſs always by break of day, to avoid the concourſe of people. She is rarely ſeen by any, and almoſt inacceſſible to every body, excepting three or four particular acquaintance of her own ſex. Whether it be, that ſhe would by this conduct avoid envy, as ſome think; or, as others would have it, that ſhe is afraid the rank which ſhe thinks due to her ſhould be diſputed in all viſits and public places, is doubtful. It is certain, that upon all occaſions ſhe declines the taking of any rank; and the title of Marquiſe (which belongs to the lands the king purchaſed for her) is ſuppreſſed before her name; neither will ſhe accept of the title of a ducheſs, aſpiring in all probability at ſomething ſtill higher, as will appear by what follows.

" From ſeveral particulars in the conduct of the French king, as well as in that of madam Maintenon, it has for ſome years been the prevailing opinion of the court that they are married. And it is ſaid, that her ambition of being declared queen broke out at laſt; and that ſhe was reſolved to give the king no quiet till it was done. He for ſome time reſiſted all her ſolicitations upon that head, but at length, in a fit of tenderneſs and good nature, he promiſed her, that he would conſult his confeſſor upon that point. Madam Maintenon was pleaſed with this, not doubting but that father La Chaiſe would be glad of this occaſion of making his court to her; but he was too ſubtle a courtier not to perceive the danger of engaging in ſo nice an affair; and for that reaſon evaded it, by telling

the king, that he did not think himſelf a caſuiſt able enough to decide a queſtion of ſo great importance, and for that reaſon deſired he might conſult with ſome man of ſkill and learning, for whoſe ſecrecy he would be reſponſible. The king was apprehenſive leſt this might make the matter too public; but as ſoon as father La Chaiſe named monſieur Fenelon, the archbiſhop of Cambray, his fears were over; and he bid him go and find him out. As ſoon as the confeſſor had communicated the buſineſs he came upon to the biſhop, he ſaid, 'What have I done, father, that you ſhould ruin me! But 'tis no matter; let us go to the king.' His majeſty was in his cloſet, expecting them. The biſhop was no ſooner entered, but he threw himſelf at the king's feet, and begged of him not to ſacrifice him. The king promiſed him that he would not; and then propoſed the caſe to him. The biſhop, with his uſual ſincerity, repreſented to him the great prejudice he would do himſelf by declaring his marriage, together with the ill conſequences that might attend ſuch a proceeding. The king very much approved his reaſons, and reſolved to go no further in this affair. Madam Maintenon ſtill preſſed him to comply with her requeſt; but it was now all to no purpoſe; and he told her it was not a thing to be done. She aſked him, if it was father La Chaiſe who diſſuaded him from it. He for ſome time refuſed to give her any anſwer; but at laſt, overcome by her importunities, he told her every thing as it had paſſed. She upon this diſſembled her reſentment, that ſhe might be the more able to make it prove effec-

tual. She did by no means think the Jeſuit was to be forgiven; but the firſt marks of her vengeance fell upon the archbiſhop of Cambray. He and all his relations were, in a little time, put out of all their employments at court; upon which he retired to live quietly upon his biſhopric; and there have no endeavours been ſpared to deprive him even of that. As a farther inſtance of the incontrolable power of this great favourite, and of her reſenting even the moſt trivial matters that ſhe thinks might tend to her prejudice, or the diminution of her honour, it is remarkable, that the Italian comedians were driven out of Paris, for playing a comedy called La Fauſſe Prude, which was ſuppoſed to reflect upon madam Maintenon in particular.

"It is ſomething very extraordinary, that ſhe has been able to keep entire the affections of the king ſo many years, after her youth and beauty were gone, and never fall into the leaſt diſgrace; notwithſtanding the number of enemies ſhe has had, and the intrigues that have been formed againſt her from time to time. This brings into my memory a ſaying of king William's, that I have heard on this occaſion; 'That the king of France was in his conduct quite oppoſite to other princes; ſince he made choice of young miniſters, and an old miſtreſs.' But this lady's charms have not lain ſo much in her perſon, as in her wit, and good ſenſe. She has always had the addreſs to flatter the vanity of the king, and to mix always ſomething ſolid and uſeful with the more agreeable parts of her converſation. She has known how to introduce the moſt ſerious

affairs of ſtate into their hours of pleaſure; by telling his majeſty, that a monarch ſhould not love, nor do any thing, like other men; and that he, of all men living, knew beſt how to be always a king, and always like himſelf, even in the midſt of his diverſions. The king now converſes with her as a friend, and adviſes with her upon his moſt ſecret affairs. He has a true love and eſteem for her; and has taken care, in caſe he ſhould die before her, that ſhe may paſs the remainder of her life with honour, in the abbey of St. Cyr. There are apartments ready fitted up for her in this place; ſhe and all her domeſtics are to be maintained out of the rents of the houſe, and ſhe is to receive all the honours due to a Foundreſs. This abbey ſtands in the park of Verſailles; it is a fine piece of building, and the king has endowed it with large revenues. The deſign of it, (as I have mentioned before) is to maintain and educate young ladies, whoſe fortunes do not anſwer to their birth. None are accounted duly qualified for this place but ſuch as can give ſufficient proofs of the nobility of their family on the father's ſide for an hundred and forty years; beſides which, they muſt have a certificate of their poverty under the hand of their biſhop. The age at which perſons are capable of being admitted here is from ſeven years old until twelve. Laſtly, it is required, that they ſhould have no defect or blemiſh of body or mind; and for this reaſon there are perſons appointed to viſit and examine them before they are received into the college. When theſe young ladies are once admitted, their parents and rela-

tions have no need to put themſelves to any farther expence or trouble about them. They are provided with all neceſſaries for maintenance and education. They ſtile themſelves of the order of St. Lewis. When they arrive to an age to be able to chooſe a ſtate of life for themſelves, they may either be placed as nuns in ſome convent at the king's expence, or be married to ſome gentleman, whom madam Maintenon takes care, upon that condition, to provide for, either in the army or in the finances; and the lady receives beſides, a portion of four hundred piſtoles. Moſt of theſe marriages have proved very ſucceſsful; and ſeveral gentlemen have by them made great fortunes, and been advanced to very conſiderable employments.

"I muſt conclude this ſhort account of madam Maintenon with advertiſing my readers, that I do not pretend to vouch for the ſeveral particulars that I have related. All I can ſay is, that a great many of them are atteſted by ſeveral writers; and that I thought this ſketch of a woman ſo remarkable all over Europe, would be no ill entertainment to the curious, until ſuch a time as ſome pen, more fully inſtructed in her whole life and character, ſhall undertake to give it to the public[c]."

[c] See Lettres et Memoires de M. de Maintenon, 12 tomes 12mo. and a book entitled, Entretiens de Louis XIV. et de M. Maintenon ſur leur Mariage. Marſeille, 1701, 12mo. At the age of 50 M. Maintenon was privately married to the king aged 48, by Harlai archbiſhop of Paris, in the year 1685. 'It is ſad miſery,' ſaid ſhe to her niece, ſoon after her marriage, 'to be obliged to amuſe a man who was no

N° 49. Thurſday, May 7, 1713.

By G. BERKELEY, D.D.

——*quæ poſſit facere et ſervare beatum.*

Hor. 1 Ep. vi. 2.

To make men happy, and to keep them ſo.

Creech.

It is of great uſe to conſider the pleaſures which conſtitute human happineſs, as they are diſtinguiſhed into natural and fantaſtical. Natural pleaſures I call thoſe, which not depending on the faſhion and caprice of any particular age or nation, are ſuited to human nature in general, and were intended by Providence as rewards for the uſing our faculties agreeably to the ends for which they were given us. Fantaſtical pleaſures, are thoſe which having no natural fitneſs to delight our minds, preſuppoſe ſome particular whim or taſte accidentally prevailing in a ſet of people, to which it is owing that they pleaſe.

Now I take it, that the tranquillity and chearfulneſs with which I have paſſed my life, are the effect of having, ever ſince I came to years of diſcretion, continued my inclinations to the former ſort of pleaſures. But as my experience can be a rule only to my own actions, it may probably

longer amuſable; I can endure it no longer—I wiſh I were in heaven!' 'Are you engaged then,' ſaid her brother, C. d Aubigné, 'to marry God the Father?'—At the king's death, in 1710, ſhe retired entirely to St. Cyr, where ſhe lived in an exemplary manner, and died in 1719, at the age of 84, much regretted.

be a ſtronger motive to induce others to the ſame ſcheme of life, if they would conſider that we are prompted to natural pleaſures by an inſtinct impreſſed on our minds by the Author of our nature, who beſt underſtands our frames, and conſequently beſt knows what thoſe pleaſures are, which will give us the leaſt uneaſineſs in the purſuit, and the greateſt ſatisfaction in the enjoyment of them. Hence it follows, that the objects of our natural deſires are cheap or eaſy to be obtained, it being a maxim that holds throughout the whole ſyſtem of created beings, 'that nothing is made in vain,' much leſs the inſtincts and appetites of animals, which the benevolence as well as wiſdom of the Deity, is concerned to provide for. Nor is the fruition of thoſe objects leſs pleaſing, than the acquiſition is eaſy; and the pleaſure is heightened by the ſenſe of having anſwered ſome natural end, and the conſciouſneſs of acting in concert with the Supreme Governor of the univerſe.

Under natural pleaſures I comprehend thoſe which are univerſally ſuited, as well to the rational as the ſenſual part of our nature. And of the pleaſures which affect our ſenſes, thoſe only are to be eſteemed natural that are contained within the rules of reaſon, which is allowed to be as neceſſary an ingredient of human nature as ſenſe. And, indeed, exceſſes of any kind are hardly to be eſteemed pleaſures, much leſs natural pleaſures.

It is evident, that a deſire terminated in money is fantaſtical: ſo is the deſire of outward diſtinctions; which bring no delight of ſenſe, nor re-

commend us as uſeful to mankind; and the deſire of things merely becauſe they are new or foreign. Men, who are indiſpoſed to a due exertion of their higher parts, are driven to ſuch purſuits as theſe from the reſtleſſneſs of the mind, and the ſenſitive appetites being eaſily ſatisfied. It is, in ſome ſort, owing to the bounty of Providence, that diſdaining a cheap and vulgar happineſs, they frame to themſelves imaginary goods, in which there is nothing can raiſe deſire, but the difficulty of obtaining them. Thus men become the contrivers of their own miſery, as a puniſhment on themſelves for departing from the meaſures of nature. Having by an habitual reflection on theſe truths made them familiar, the effect is, that I, among a number of perſons who have debauched their natural taſte, ſee things in a peculiar light, which I have arrived at, not by any uncommon force of genius, or acquired knowledge, but only by unlearning the falſe notions inſtilled by cuſtom and education.

The various objects that compoſe the world were by nature formed to delight our ſenſes; and as it is this alone that makes them deſirable to an uncorrupted taſte, a man may be ſaid naturally to poſſeſs them, when he poſſeſſeth thoſe enjoyments which they are fitted by nature to yield. Hence it is uſual with me to conſider myſelf as having a natural property in every object that adminiſters pleaſure to me. When I am in the country all the fine ſeats near the place of my reſidence, and to which I have acceſs, I regard as mine. The ſame I think of the groves and fields where I walk, and muſe on the folly

of the civil landlord in London, who has the fantaſtical pleaſure of draining dry rent into his coffers, but is a ſtranger to freſh air and rural enjoyments. By theſe principles I am poſſeſſed of half a dozen of the fineſt ſeats in England, which in the eye of the law belong to certain of my acquaintance, who being men of buſineſs choose to live near the court.

In ſome great families, where I chooſe to paſs my time, a ſtranger would be apt to rank me with the other domeſtics; but in my own thoughts, and natural judgment, I am maſter of the houſe, and he who goes by that name is my ſteward, who eaſes me of the care of providing for myſelf the conveniencies and pleaſures of life.

When I walk the ſtreets, I uſe the foregoing natural maxim (viz. That he is the true poſſeſſor of a thing who enjoys it, and not he that owns it without the enjoyment of it,) to convince myſelf that I have a property in the gay part of all the gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amuſements deſigned to delight my eyes, and the imagination of thoſe kind people who ſit in them gaily attired only to pleaſe me. I have a real, and they only an imaginary pleaſure from their exterior embelliſhments. Upon the ſame principle, I have diſcovered that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the croſſes, ſtars, brocades, and embroidered clothes, which I ſee at a play or birth-night, as giving more natural delight to the ſpectator than to thoſe that wear them. And I look on the beaus and ladies as ſo many paroquets in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, deſigned purely for

my diverſion. A gallery of pictures, a cabinet, or library that I have free acceſs to, I think my own. In a word, all that I deſire is the uſe of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By which maxim I am grown one of the richeſt men in Great Britain; with this difference, that I am not a prey to my own cares, or the envy of others.

The ſame principles I find of great uſe in my private œconomy. As I cannot go to the price of hiſtory-painting, I have purchaſed at eaſy rates ſeveral beautifully-deſigned pieces of landſkip and perſpective, which are much more pleaſing to a natural taſte than unknown faces or Dutch gambols, though done by the beſt maſters: my couches, beds and window-curtains are of Iriſh ſtuff, which thoſe of that nation work very fine, and with a delightful mixture of colours. There is not a piece of china in my houſe; but I have glaſſes of all ſorts, and ſome tinged with the fineſt colours, which are not the leſs pleaſing, becauſe they are domeſtic, and cheaper than foreign toys. Every thing is neat, entire and clean, and fitted to the taſte of one who had rather be happy, than thought rich.

Every day, numberleſs innocent and natural gratifications occur to me, while I behold my fellow-creatures labouring in a toilſome and abſurd purſuit of trifles; one, that he may be called by a particular appellation; another, that he may wear a particular ornament, which I regard as a bit of ribband that has an agreeable effect on my ſight, but is ſo far from ſupplying the place of

merit where it is not, that it ſerves only to make the want of it more conſpicuous. Fair weather is the joy of my ſoul; about noon I behold a blue ſky with rapture, and receive great conſolation from the roſy daſhes of light which adorn the clouds of the morning and evening. When I am loſt among green trees, I do not envy a great man with a great croud at his levée. And I often lay aſide thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the ſilent pleaſure of walking by moon-light, or viewing the ſtars ſparkle in their azure ground; which I look upon as part of my poſſeſſions, not without a ſecret indignation at the taſteleſneſs of mortal men, who, in their race through life overlook the real enjoyments of it.

But the pleaſure which naturally affects a human mind with the moſt lively and tranſporting touches, I take to be the ſenſe that we act in the eye of infinite Wiſdom, Power, and Goodneſs, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here, with a happineſs hereafter, large as our deſires, and laſting as our immortal ſouls. This is a perpetual ſpring of gladneſs in the mind. This leſſens our calamities, and doubles our joys. Without this the higheſt ſtate of life is inſipid, and with it the loweſt is a paradiſe. What unnatural wretches then are thoſe who can be ſo ſtupid as to imagine a merit, in endeavouring to rob virtue of her ſupport, and a man of his preſent as well as future bliſs? But as I have frequently taken occaſion to animadvert on that ſpecies of mortals, ſo I propoſe to repeat my ani-

madverſions on them, 'till I ſee ſome ſymptoms of amendment[f].

[f] This paper, N° 49, is aſcribed to biſhop Berkeley, on the authority of his ſon, the rev. George Berkeley, formerly ſtudent of Chriſt-church, and vicar of Bray in Oxfordſhire. See Guard. N° 58.

*** At Mrs. Hawſkbee's, A Courſe of Mechanical and Experimental Philoſophy in four parts, viz. mechanics, hydroſtatics, pneumatics, and optics, by John Theophilus Deſaguliers, of Hart-hall, in Oxford, A. M. The terms a guinea on ſubſcription, and another guinea the third night of the courſe. Catalogues of the experiments to be had of Mr. Deſaguliers at the French ſchool in Iſlington. Guard. in folio, N° 47.

N° 50. Friday, May 8, 1713.

BY STEELE.

O rus! quando ego te aſpiciam?——

HOR. 2 Sat. vi. 6.

O! when ſhall I enjoy my country ſeat?

CREECH.

THE perplexities and diverſions, recounted in the following letter, are repreſented with ſome pleaſantry; I ſhall therefore make this epiſtle the entertainment of the day.

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'SIR,

'THE time of going into the country drawing near, I am extremely enlivened with the agreeable memorial of every thing that contributed to my happineſs when I was laſt there. In the recounting of which, I ſhall not dwell ſo

much upon the verdure of the fields, the ſhade of woods, the trilling of rivulets, or melody of birds, as upon ſome particular ſatisfactions, which, though not merely rural, muſt naturally create a deſire of ſeeing that place, where only I have met with them. As to my paſſage I ſhall make no other mention, than of the pompous pleaſure of being whirled along with ſix horſes, the eaſy grandeur of lolling in an handſome chariot, the reciprocal ſatisfaction the inhabitants of all towns and villages received from, and returned to, paſſengers of ſuch diſtinction. The gentleman's ſeat (with whom, among others, I had the honour to go down) is the remains of an ancient caſtle which has ſuffered very much for the loyalty of its inhabitants. The ruins of the ſeveral turrets and ſtrong holds, gave my imagination more pleaſant exerciſe than the moſt magnificent ſtructure could, as I look upon the honourable wounds of a defaced ſoldier with more veneration than the moſt exact proportion of a beautiful woman. As this deſolation renewed in me a general remembrance of the calamities of the late civil wars, I began to grow deſirous to know the hiſtory of the particular ſcene of action in this place of my abode. I here muſt beſeech you not to think me tedious in mentioning a certain barber, who for his general knowledge of things and perſons, may be had in equal eſtimation with any of that order among the Romans. This perſon was allowed to be the beſt hiſtorian upon the ſpot; and the ſequel of my tale will diſcover, that I did not chooſe him ſo much for the ſoft touch of his

hand, as his abilities to entertain me with an account of the Leaguer Time, as he calls it, the moſt authentic relations of which, through all parts of the town, are derived from this perſon. I found him, indeed, extremely loquacious, but withal a man of as much veracity as an impetuous ſpeaker could be. The firſt time he came to ſhave me, before he applied his weapon to my chin, he gave a flouriſh with it, very like the ſalutation the price-fighters give the company with theirs, which made me apprehend inciſion would as certainly enſue. The dexterity of this overture conſiſts in playing the razor, with a nimble wriſt, mighty near the noſe without touching it: convincing him therefore of the dangerous conſequence of ſuch an unneceſſary agility, with much perſuaſion I ſuppreſſed it. During the peruſal of my face he gives me ſuch accounts of the families in the neighbourhood, as tradition and his own obſervation have furniſhed him with. Whenever the precipitation of his account makes him blunder, his cruel right-hand correſponds, and the razor diſcovers on my face, at what part of it he was in the peaceable, and at what part in the bloody incidents of his narrative. But I had long before learned to expoſe my perſon to any difficulties that might tend to the improvement of my mind. His breath, I found, was very peſtilential, and being obliged to utter a great deal of it, for the carrying on his narrations, I beſought him, before he came into my room, to go into the kitchen and mollify it with a breakfaſt. When he had taken off my beard, with part of my face, and dreſſed my wounds in the

capacity of a barber-ſurgeon, we traverſed the outworks about the caſtle, where I received particular information in what places any of note among the beſiegers, or the beſieged, received any wound, and I was carried always to the very ſpot where the fact was done, howſoever dangerous (ſcaling part of the walls, or ſtumbling over looſe ſtones) my approach to ſuch a place might be; it being conceived impoſſible to arrive at a true knowledge of thoſe matters without this hazardous explanation upon them; inſomuch that I received more contuſions from theſe ſpeculations, than I probably could have done, had I been the moſt bold adventurer at the demolition of this caſtle. This, as all other informations, the barber ſo lenghthened and huſbanded with digreſſions, that he had always ſomething new to offer, wiſely concluding that when he had finiſhed the part of an hiſtorian, I ſhould have no occaſion for him as a barber.

'Whenever I looked at this ancient pile of building, I thought it perfectly reſembled any of thoſe caſtles, which in my infancy I had met with in romances, where ſeveral unfortunate knights and ladies were, by certain giants, made priſoners irrecoverably, until 'the Knight of the burning peſtle,' or any other of equal hardineſs, ſhould deliver them from a long captivity. There is a park adjoining, pleaſant beyond the moſt poetical deſcription, one part of which is particularly private by being inacceſſible to thoſe that have not great reſolution. This I have made ſacred to love and poetry, and after having regularly invoked the goddeſs I adore, I here compoſe

a tender couplet or two, which, when I come home, I venture to ſhew my particular friends, who love me ſo well as to conceal my follies. After my poetry ſinks upon me, I relieve the labour of my brain by a little manuſcript with my penknife; while, with Rocheſter,

'Here on a beech, like amorous ſot,
I ſometime carve a true-love's knot;
There a tall oak her name does bear,
In a large ſpreading character.'

'I confeſs once whilſt I was engraving one of my moſt curious conceits upon a delicate ſmooth bark, my feet, in the tree which I had gained with much ſkill, deſerted me; and the lover, with much amazement, came plump into the river: I did not recover the true ſpirit of amour under a week, and not without applying myſelf to ſome of the ſofteſt paſſages in Caſſandra, and Cleopatra.

'Theſe are the pleaſures I meet without doors; thoſe within are as follow. I had the happineſs to lie in a room that had a large hole opening from it, which, by unqueſtionable tradition, had been formerly continued to an abbey two miles from the caſtle, for a communication betwixt the auſtere creatures of that place, with others not altogether ſo contemplative. And the keeper's brother aſſures me, that when he formerly lay in this room, he had ſeen ſome of the ſpirits of this departed brotherhood, enter from the hole into this chamber, where they continued with the ut-

moſt civility to fleſh and blood, until they were oppreſſed by the morning air. If I do not receive his account with a very ſerious and believing countenance, he ventures to laugh at me as a moſt ridiculous infidel. The moſt unaccountable pleaſure I take is with a fine white young owl, which ſtrayed one night in at my window, and which I was reſolved to make a priſoner, but withal to give all the indulgence that its confinement could poſſibly admit of. I ſo far inſinuated myſelf into his favour, by preſents of freſh proviſions, that we could be very good company together. There is ſomething in the eye of that creature, of ſuch merry luſtre, ſomething of ſuch human cunning in the turn of his viſage, that I found vaſt delight in the ſurvey of it. One objection indeed I at firſt ſaw, that this bird being the bird of Pallas, the choice of this favourite might afford curious matter of raillery to the ingenious, eſpecially when it ſhall be known, that I am as much delighted with a cat as ever Montaigne was. But notwithſtanding this, I am ſo far from being aſhamed of this particular humour, that I eſteem myſelf very happy in having my odd taſte of pleaſure provided for, upon ſuch reaſonable terms. What heightened all the pleaſures I have ſpoke of, was the agreeable freedom with which the gentleman of the houſe entertained us; every one of us came into, or left the company, as he thought fit; dined in his chamber or the parlour, as a fit of ſpleen or ſtudy directed him; nay, ſometimes every man rode or walked a different way, ſo that we never were to-

gether, but when we were perfectly pleaſed with ourſelves, and each other.

I am Sir,

your moſt obedient

humble ſervant.'

R. B[e].'

P. S. I had juſt given my orders for the preſs, when my friend Mrs. Bicknell made me a viſit. She came to deſire I would ſhew her the wardrobe of the Lizards, (where the various habits of the anceſtors of that illuſtrious family are preſerved) in order to furniſh her with a proper dreſs for the Wife of Bath[f]. Upon ſight of the little ruffs, ſhe ſnatched one of them from the pin, clapt it around her neck, and turning briſkly towards me, repeated a ſpeech out of her part in the comedy of that name. If the reſt of the actors enter into their ſeveral parts with the ſame ſpirit, the humorous characters of this play cannot but appear excellent on the theatre: for very good judges have informed me, that the author has drawn them with great propriety, and an exact obſervation of the manners.

NESTOR IRONSIDE[g].

[e] Perhaps Richard Bickerſtaff, a ſignature of Steèle, partly real and partly fictitious.

[f] An unſucceſsful comedy by Mr. John Gay, acted at Drury-lane, and printed in 4to, 1713; price 1s. 6d.—It was not more ſucceſsful, when after the author's reviſal and alteration, it was acted at Lincoln's-inn-fields, and printed in 8vo, 1730.

[g] See Guardian N° 10, N° 15, and notes.

Adv. There is now preparing for the preſs, a Collection of Original Poems and Tranſlations by the moſt eminent hands, to be publiſhed by Mr. Steele. Such gentlemen therefore as are willing to appear in this miſcellany, are deſired to communicate the ſame to Jacob Tonſon in the Strand. Guardian in folio.

*** Juſt publiſhed, A Demonſtration of the Exiſtence, Wiſdom, and Omnipotence of God, drawn from the knowledge of nature, particularly of man. By the archbiſhop of Cambray, author of Telemachus, and tranſlated by the ſame hand that Engliſhed that excellent piece. This book, tranſlated as ſuppoſed by Mr. John Ozel, is the ſubject of Guardian, Nº 69.

Nº 51. Saturday, May 9, 1713.

By STEELE, or Dr. YOUNG.

——*Res antiquæ laudis et artis*
Ingredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes.
VIRG. Georg. ii. 174.

Of arts diſclos'd in ancient days, I ſing,
And venture to unlock the ſacred ſpring.

It is probable the firſt poets were found at the altar, that they employed their talents in adorning and animating the worſhip of their gods; the ſpirit of poetry and religion reciprocally warmed each other, devotion inſpired poetry, and poetry exalted devotion; the moſt ſublime capacities were put to the moſt noble uſe; purity of will, and fineneſs of underſtanding, were not ſuch ſtrangers as they have been in latter ages, but were moſt frequently lodged in the ſame breaſt, and went, as it were, hand in hand to the glory of the world's great Ruler, and the benefit of mankind. To reclaim our modern poetry, and

turn it into its due and primitive channel, is an endeavour altogether worthy a far greater character than the Guardian of a private family. Kingdoms might be the better for the conversion of the muses from sensuality to natural religion, and princes on their thrones might be obliged and protected by its power.

Were it modest, I should profess myself a great admirer of poesy, but that profession is in effect telling the world that I have a heart tender and generous, a heart that can swell with the joys, or be depressed with the misfortunes of others, nay more, even of imaginary persons; a heart large enough to receive the greatest ideas nature can suggest, and delicate enough to relish the most beautiful; it is desiring mankind to believe that I am capable of entering into all those subtle graces, and all that divine elegance, the enjoyment of which is to be felt only, and not expressed.

All kinds of poesy are amiable; but sacred poesy should be our most especial delight. Other poetry leads us thro' flowery meadows or beautiful gardens, refreshes us with cooling breezes or delicious fruits, sooths us with the murmur of waters or the melody of birds, or else conveys us to the court or camp; dazzles our imagination with crowns and sceptres, embattled hosts, or heroes shining in burnished steel: but sacred numbers seems to admit us into a solemn and magnificent temple, they encircle us with every thing that is holy and divine, they superadd an agreeable awe and reverence to all those pleasing emotions we feel from other lays, an awe and

reverence that exalts, while it chaſtizes: its ſweet authority reſtrains each undue liberty of thought, word and action; it makes us think better and more nobly of ourſelves, from a conſciouſneſs of the great preſence we are in, where ſaints ſurround us, and angels are our fellow-worſhippers:

'O let me glory, glory in my choice:
Whom ſhould I ſing, but him who gave me voice!
This theme ſhall laſt, when Homer's ſhall decay,
When arts, arms, kings and kingdoms, melt away.
And can it, Powers immortal, can it be,
That this high province was reſerved for me?
Whate'er the new, the raſh adventure coſt,
In wide eternity I dare be loſt.
I dare launch out, and ſhew the Muſes more
Than e'er the learned ſiſters ſaw before.
In narrow limits they were wont to ſing,
To teach the ſwain, or celebrate the king:
I graſp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and ſing to human-kind;
I ſing to men and angels; angels join
(While ſuch the theme) their ſacred hymns with mine [h].'

But beſides the greater pleaſure which we receive from ſacred poeſy, it has another vaſt advantage above all other; when it has placed us in that imaginary temple (of which I juſt now ſpoke) methinks the mighty genius of the place covers us with an inviſible hand, and ſecures us in the enjoyments we poſſeſs. We find a kind of refuge in our pleaſure, and our diverſion becomes our ſafety. Why then ſhould not every heart that is addicted to the Muſes, cry out in the holy

[h] Dr. Young's Laſt Day, Book II. 7, &c.

warmth of the beſt poet that ever lived, 'I will magnify thee, O Lord, my king, and I will praiſe thy name for ever and ever.'

That greater benefit may be reaped from ſacred poeſy than from any other, is indiſputable; but is it capable of yielding ſuch exquiſite delight? Has it a title only to the regard of the ſerious and aged? Is it only to be read on Sundays, and to be bound in black? Or does it put in for the good eſteem of the gay, the fortunate, the young? Can it rival a ball or a theatre, or give pleaſure to thoſe who are converſant with beauty, and have their palates ſet high with all the delicacies and poignancy of human wit?

That poetry gives us the greateſt pleaſure which affects us moſt, and that affects us moſt, which is on a ſubject in which we have the deepeſt concern; for this reaſon it is a rule in epic poetry, that the tale ſhould be taken from the hiſtory of that country to which it is written, or at fartheſt from their diſtant anceſtors. Thus Homer ſung Achilles to the deſcendants of Achilles; and Virgil to Auguſtus that hero's voyage,

' —— Genus unde Latinum
Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.'
Æn. i. 6.

' From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majeſtic Rome.'
DRYDEN.

Had they changed ſubjects, they had certainly been worſe poets at Greece and Rome, whatever they had been eſteemed by the reſt of mankind; and in what ſubjects have we the greateſt con-

cern, but in thoſe at the very thought of which 'This world grows leſs and leſs, and all its glories fade away?'

All other poeſy muſt be dropt at the gate of death, this alone can enter with us into immortality; it will admit of an improvement only, not (ſtrictly ſpeaking) an entire alteration, from the converſe of cherubim and ſeraphim. It ſhall not be forgotten, when the ſun and moon are remembered no more; it ſhall never die, but (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) be the meaſure of eternity, and the laudable ambition of heaven.

How then can any other poeſy come in competition with it?

'Whatever great or dreadful has been done,
Within the view of conſcious ſtars or ſun,
Is far beneath my daring! I look down
On all the ſpendors of the Britiſh crown;
This globe is for my verſe a narrow bound:
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around;
Oh all ye ſpirits, howſoe'er disjoin'd,
Of every various order, place and kind,
Hear and aſſiſt a feeble mortal's lays:
'Tis your Eternal King I ſtrive to praiſe.'

Theſe verſes, and thoſe quoted above, are taken out of a manuſcript poem on the Laſt Day[i], which will ſhortly appear in public.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

'SIR,

'WHEN you ſpeak of the good which would ariſe from the labours of ingenious men, if they could be prevailed upon to turn their thoughts

[i] By Dr. Edward Young, firſt printed in 1714.

upon the ſublime ſubjects of religion, it ſhould, methinks, be an attractive to them, if you would pleaſe to lay before them, that noble ideas aggrandiſe the ſoul of him who writes with a true taſte of virtue. I was juſt now reading David's lamentation over Saul and Jonathan, and that divine piece was peculiarly pleaſing to me, in that there was ſuch an exquiſite ſorrow expreſſed in it without the leaſt alluſion to the difficuties from whence David was extricated by the fall of thoſe great men in his way to empire. When he receives the tidings of Saul's death, his generous mind has in it no reflection upon the merit of the unhappy man who was taken out of his way, but what raiſes his ſorrow, inſtead of giving him conſolation.

"The beauty of Iſrael is ſlain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!

"Tell it not in Gath, publiſh it not in the ſtreets of Aſkelon: Leſt the daughters of the Philiſtines rejoice, leſt the daughters of the uncircumciſed triumph.

"Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: For there the ſhield of the mighty is vilely caſt away, the ſhield of Saul as though he had not been anointed with oil.

"Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleaſant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided: they were ſwifter than eagles, they were ſtronger than lions.

"Ye daughters of Iſrael, weep over Saul, who clothed you in ſcarlet, with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel."

'How beautiful is the more amiable and noble parts of Saul's character, represented by a man whom that very Saul pursued to death! But when he comes to mention Jonathan, the sublimity ceases, and not able to mention his generous friendship, and the most noble instances ever given by man, he sinks into a fondness that will not admit of high language or allusions to the greater circumstances of their life, and turns only upon their familiar converse.

"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

'In the mind of this admirable man, grandeur, majesty, and worldly power, were despicable considerations, when he cast his eye upon the merit of him who was so suddenly snatched from them: And when he began to think of the great friendship of Jonathan, his panegyric is uttered only in broken exclamations, and tender expressions of how much they both loved, not how much Jonathan deserved.

'Pray pardon this, which was to hint only that the virtue, not the elegance of fine writing, is the thing principally to be considered by a Guardian. I am, Sir,

your humble servant,

C. F[k].

[k] See Guard. Nº 10, Nº 15, and notes. This paper Nº 51, is ascribed to Steele, but probably it was written by E. Young, D. D. There appears however no authrity for this assignment, but what the paper itself furnishes, of which the reader must ultimately judge for himself.

N° 52. Monday, May 11, 1713.

By STEELE.

——*toto ſolus in orbe*
Cæſar liber erit—— LUCAN.

Cæſar alone, of all mankind, is free.

I SHALL not aſſume to myſelf the merit of every thing in theſe papers. Whereſoever in reading or converſation, I obſerve any thing that is curious and uncommon, uſeful or entertaining, I reſolve to give it to the public. The greateſt part of this very paper is an extract from a French manuſcript, which was lent me by my good friend Mr. Charwell[l]. He tells me he has had it about theſe twenty years in his poſſeſſion: and he ſeems to me to have taken from it very many of the maxims he has purſued in the new ſettlement, I have heretofore ſpoken of upon his lands[m]. He has given me full liberty to make what uſe of it I ſhall think fit; either to publiſh it entire, or to retail it out by pennyworths. I have determined to retail it, and for that end I have tranſlated divers paſſages rendering the words *livre*, *ſous*, and many others of known ſignification in France, into their equivalent ſenſe, that I may the better be underſtood by my Engliſh readers. The book contains ſeveral memoirs concerning monſieur Colbert, who had the honour to be ſecretary of ſtate to his moſt chriſtian majeſty,

[l] Edward Colſton, Eſq. of Briſtol, M. P. for that city. See Guard. N° IX. p. 59. 8vo. [m] *Ibidem.*

and ſuperintendant or chief director of the arts and manufactures of his kingdom. The paſſage for to-day is as follows:

'It happened that the king was one day expreſſing his wonder to this miniſter, that the United Provinces ſhould give him ſo much trouble, that ſo great a monarch as he was ſhould not be able to reduce ſo ſmall a ſtate, with half the power of his whole dominions. To which monſieur Colbert is ſaid to have made the following anſwer:

"Sir, I preſume upon your indulgence to ſpeak what I have thought upon this ſubject, with that freedom which becomes a faithful ſervant, and one who has nothing more at heart than your majeſty's glory, and the proſperity of your whole people. Your territories are vaſtly greater than the United Netherlands; but, ſir, it is not land that fights againſt land, but the ſtrength and riches of our nation, againſt the ſtrength and riches of another. I ſhould have ſaid only riches, ſince it is money that feeds and clothes the ſoldier, furniſhes the magazine, provides the train of artillery, and anſwers the charge of all other military preparations. Now the riches of a prince, or ſtate, are juſt ſo much as they can levy upon their ſubjects, ſtill leaving them ſufficient for their ſubſiſtence. If this ſhall not be left, they will deſert to other countries for better uſage; and I am ſorry to ſay it, that too many of your majeſty's ſubjects are already among your neighbours, in the condition of footmen and valets for their daily bread; many of your artiſans too are fled from the ſeverity of your collectors, they are

at this time improving the manufactures of your enemies. France has loſt the benefit of their hands for ever, and your majeſty all hopes of any future exciſes by their conſumption. For the extraordinary ſums of one year, you have parted with an inheritance. I am never able, without the utmoſt indignation, to think of that miniſter, who had the confidence to tell your father, his ſubjects were but too happy, that they were not yet reduced to eat graſs: as if ſtarving his people, were the only way to free himſelf from their ſeditions. But people will not ſtarve in France, as long as bread is to be had in any other country. How much more worthy of a prince was that ſaying of your grandfather of glorious memory[n], that he hoped to ſee that day, when every houſekeeper in his dominions ſhould be able to allow his family a capon for their Sunday's ſupper? I lay down this therefore as my firſt principle, that your taxes upon your ſubjects muſt leave them ſufficient for their ſubſiſtence, at leaſt as comfortable a ſubſiſtence as they will find among your neighbours.

"Upon this principle I ſhall be able to make ſome compariſon between the revenues of your majeſty, and thoſe of the States-general. Your territories are near thirty times as great, your people more than four times as many, yet your revenues are not thirty, no, nor four times as great, nor indeed as great again, as thoſe of the United Netherlands.

"In what one article are you able to raiſe

[n] Henry IV. Yet I have always thought he had better have wiſhed a joint of meat. A.

twice as much from your ſubjects as the ſtates can do from theirs? Can you take twice as much from the rents of the lands and houſes? What are the yearly rents of your whole kingdom? and how much of theſe will your majeſty be able to take without ruining the landed intereſt? You have, ſir, above a hundred millions of acres, and not above thirteen millions of ſubjects—eight acres to every ſubject; how inconſiderable muſt be the value of land, where ſo many acres are to provide for a ſingle perſon! where a ſingle perſon is the whole market for the product of ſo much land! And what ſort of cuſtomers are your ſubjects to theſe lands? what clothes is it that they wear? what proviſions do they conſume? Black bread, onions, and other roots, are the uſual diet of the generality of your people; their common drink the pure element; they are dreſſed in canvaſs and wooden ſhoes, I mean ſuch of them as are not bare-foot, and half-naked. How very mean muſt be the eight acres which will afford no better ſubſiſtence to a ſingle perſon! Yet ſo many of your people live in this deſpicable manner, that four pounds will be eaſily believed to exceed the annual expences of every one of them at a medium. And how little of this expence will be coming to the land-owner for his rent? or, which is the ſame thing, for the mere product of his land? Of every thing that is conſumed, the greateſt part of the value is the price of labour that is beſtowed upon it; and it is not a very ſmall part of their price that is paid to your majeſty in your exciſes. Of the four pounds expence of every ſubject, it can hardly be thought that

more than four and twenty ſhillings are paid for the mere product of the land. Then if there are eight acres to every ſubject, and every ſubject for his conſumption pays no more than four and twenty ſhillings to the land, three ſhillings at a medium muſt be the full yearly value of every acre in your kingdom. Your lands, ſeparated from the buildings, cannot be valued higher.

"And what then ſhall be thought the yearly value of the houſes, or, which is the ſame thing, of the lodgings of your thirteen millions of ſubjects? What numbers of theſe are begging their bread throughout your kingdom? If your majeſty were to walk incognito through the very ſtreets of your capital, and would give a farthing to every beggar that aſks you alms in a walk of one hour, you would have nothing left of a piſtole. How miſerable muſt be the lodgings of theſe wretches! even thoſe that will not aſk your charity, are huddled together, four or five families in a houſe. Such is the lodging in your capital. That of your other towns is yet of leſs value; but nothing can be more ruinous than the cottages in the villages. Six ſhillings for the lodging of every one of your thirteen millions of ſubjects, at a medium, muſt needs be the full yearly value of all the houſes. So that at four ſhillings for every acre, and ſix ſhillings for the lodging of every ſubject, the rents of your whole kingdom will be leſs than twenty millions, and yet a great deal more than they were ever yet found to be, by the moſt exact ſurvey that has been taken.

"The next queſtion then is, how much of theſe rents your majeſty will think fit to take to

your own uſe? Six of the twenty millions are in the hands of the clergy; and little enough for the ſupport of three hundred thouſand eccleſiaſtics, with all their neceſſary attendants; it is no more than twenty pounds a year for every one of the maſters. Theſe, ſir, are your beſt guards; they keep your ſubjects loyal in the midſt of all their miſery. Your majeſty will not think it your intereſt to take any thing from the church. From that which remains in the hands of your lay ſubjects, will you be able to take more than five millions to your own uſe? This is more than ſeven ſhillings in the pound; and then, after neceſſary reparations, together with loſſes by the failing of tenants, how very little will be left to the owners! Theſe are gentlemen, who have never been bred either to trade or manufactures, they have no other way of living than by their rents; and when theſe ſhall be taken from them, they muſt fly to your armies, as to an hoſpital, for their daily bread.

"Now, ſir, your majeſty will give me leave to examine what are the rents of the United Netherlands, and how great a part of theſe their governors may take to themſelves, without oppreſſion of the owners. There are in thoſe provinces three millions of acres, and as many millions of ſubjects, a ſubject for every acre. Why ſhould not then the ſingle acre there be as valuable as the eight acres in France, ſince it is to provide for as many mouths? Or if great part of the proviſions of the people are fetched in by their trade from the ſea or foreign countries, they will end at laſt in the improvement of their

lands. I have often heard, and am ready to believe, that thirty ſhillings, one with another, is leſs than the yearly value of every acre in thoſe provinces.

"And how much leſs than this will be the yearly value of lodging, for every one of their ſubjects? There are no beggars in their ſtreets, ſcarce a ſingle one in a whole province. Their families in great towns are lodged in palaces, in compariſon with thoſe of Paris. Even the houſes in their villages are more coſtly than in many of your cities. If ſuch is the value of their three millions of acres, and of lodging for as many millions of ſubjects, the yearly rents of lands and houſes are nine millions in thoſe provinces.

"Then how much of this may the States take without ruining the land-owners, for the defence of their people? Their lands there, by the cuſtom of deſcending in equal ſhares to all the children, are diſtributed into ſo many hands, that few or no perſons are ſubſiſted by their rents; land-owners, as well as others, are chiefly ſubſiſted by trade and manufactures; and they can therefore with as much eaſe part with half of their whole rents, as your majeſty's ſubjects can a quarter. The States-general may as well take four millions and a half from their rents, as your majeſty can five from thoſe of your ſubjects.

"It remains now only to compare the exciſes of both countries. And what exciſes can your majeſty hope to receive by the conſumption of the half-ſtarved, and half-naked beggars in your ſtreets? How great a part of the price of all that is eat, or drunk, or conſumed by thoſe wretched

creatures! How great a part of the price of canvas cloth and wooden ſhoes, that are every where worn throughout the country! How great a part of the price of their water, or their black bread and onions, the general diet of your people? If your majeſty were to receive the whole price of thoſe things, your exchequer would hardly run over. Yet ſo much the greateſt part of your ſubjects live in this deſpicable manner, that the annual expence of every one at a medium, can be no more than I have mentioned. One would almoſt think they ſtarve themſelves to defraud your majeſty of your revenues. It is impoſſible to conceive that more than an eighth part can be exciſed from the expences of your ſubjects, who live ſo very poorly, and then, for thirteen millions of people your whole revenue by exciſes, will amount to no more than ſix millions and a half.

"And how much leſs than this ſum will the States be able to levy by the ſame tax upon their ſubjects? There are no beggars in that country. The people of their great towns live at a vaſtly greater charge than yours. And even thoſe in their villages are better fed and clothed, than the people of your towns. At a medium, every one of their ſubjects live at twice the coſt of thoſe of France. Trade and manufactures are the things that furniſh them with money for this expence. Therefore if thrice as much ſhall be exciſed from the expence of the Hollanders, yet ſtill they will have more left than the ſubjects of your majeſty, though you ſhould take nothing at all from them. I muſt believe therefore that it will be as eaſy to

levy thrice as much by exciſes upon the Dutch ſubject as the French, thirty ſhillings upon the former, as eaſily as ten upon the latter, and conſequently four millions and a half of pounds upon their three millions of ſubjects; ſo that in the whole, by rents and exciſes, they will be able to raiſe nine millions within the year. If of this ſum, for the maintenance of their clergy, which are not ſo numerous as in France, the charge of their civil liſt, and the preſervation of their dikes, one million is to be deducted; yet ſtill they will have eight for their defence, a revenue equal to two thirds of your majeſty's.

"Your majeſty will now no longer wonder that you have not been able to reduce theſe provinces with half the power of your whole dominions, yet half is as much as you will be ever able to employ againſt them; Spain and Germany will be always ready to eſpouſe their quarrel, their forces will be ſufficient to cut out work for the other half; and I wiſh too you could be quiet on the ſide of Italy, and England.

"What then is the advice I would preſume to give to your majeſty? To diſband the greateſt part of your forces, and ſave ſo many taxes to your people. Your very dominions make you too powerful to fear any inſult from your neighbours. To turn your thoughts from war, and cultivate the arts of peace, the trade and manufactures of your people; this ſhall make you the moſt powerful prince, and at the ſame time your ſubjects the richeſt of all other ſubjects. In the ſpace of twenty years they will be able to give your majeſty greater ſums with eaſe, than you

can now draw from them with the greateſt difficulty. You have abundant materials in your kingdom to employ your people, and they do not want capacity to be employed. Peace and trade ſhall carry out their labour to all the parts of Europe, and bring back yearly treaſures to your ſubjects. There will be always fools enough to purchaſe the manufactures of France, though France ſhould be prohibited to purchaſe thoſe of other countries. In the mean time your majeſty ſhall never want ſufficient ſums to buy now and then an important fortreſs from one or other of your indigent neighbours. But, above all, peace ſhall ingratiate your majeſty with the Spaniſh nation, during the life of their crazy king; and after his death a few ſeaſonable preſents among his courtiers ſhall purchaſe the reverſion of his crowns, with all the treaſures of the Indies, and then the world muſt be your own."

'This was the ſubſtance of what was then ſaid by monſieur Colbert. The king was not at all offended with this liberty of his miniſter. He knew the value of the man, and ſoon after made him the chief director of the trade and manufactures of his people[o].'

[o] See Spect. Vol. III. Nº 180, by Mr. H. Martyn.

N° 53. Tueſday, May 12, 1713.
By STEELE.

——Deſinant
Maledicere, malafacta ne noſcant ſua.
Ter. Prol. ad. Andr.

Let them ceaſe to ſpeak ill of others, leſt they hear of their own miſdeeds.

It happens that the letter, which was in one of my papers concerning a lady ill treated by the Examiner, and to which he replies by taxing the Tatler with the like practice, was written by one Steele, who put his name to the collection of papers called Lucubrations. It was a wrong thing in the Examiner to go any farther than the Guardian for what is ſaid in the Guardian; but ſince Steele owns the letter, it is the ſame thing. I apprehend, by reading the Examiner over a ſecond time, that he inſinuates, by the words cloſe to the royal ſtamp, he would have the man turned out of his office. Conſidering he is ſo malicious, I cannot but think Steele has treated him very mercifully in his anſwer, which follows. This Steele is certainly a very good ſort of a man, and it is a thouſand pities he does not underſtand politics; but, if he is turned out, my lady Lizard will invite him down to our country houſe. I ſhall be very glad of his company, and I'll certainly leave ſomething to one of his children.

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'SIR,

'I AM obliged to fly to you for refuge from ſevere uſage, which a very great author, the Examiner, has been pleaſed to give me for what you have lately publiſhed in defence of a young lady [p]. He does not put his name to his writings, and therefore he ought not to reflect upon the characters of thoſe who publicly anſwer for what they have produced. The Examiner and the Guardian might have diſputed upon any particular they had thought fit, without having introduced any third perſon, or making any alluſions to matters foreign to the ſubject before them. But ſince he has thought fit, in his paper of May the 8th, to defend himſelf by my example, I ſhall beg leave to ſay to the town (by your favour to me, Mr. Ironſide) that our conduct would ſtill be very widely different, though I ſhould allow that there were particular perſons pointed at in the places which he mentions in the Tatlers. When a ſatiriſt feigns a name, it muſt be the guilt of the perſon attacked, or his being notoriouſly underſtood guilty before the ſatire was written, that can make him liable to come under the fictitious appellation. But when the licence of printing letters of people's real names is uſed, things may be affixed to men's characters which are in the utmoſt degree remote from them. Thus it happens in the caſe

[p] See Guard. Nº 41.

of the earl of Nottingham, whom that gentleman asserts to have left the church; though nothing is more evident than that he deserves better of all men in holy orders, or those who have any respect for them, or religion itself, than any man in England can pretend to. But as to the instances he gives against me. Old Downes[q] is a fine piece of raillery, of which I wish I had been author. All I had to do in it, was to strike out what related to a gentlewoman about the queen, whom I thought a woman free from ambition, and I did it out of regard to innocence. Powel of the Bath[r] is reconciled to me, and has made me free of his show. Tun, Gun, and Pistol from Wapping[s], laughed at the representation which was made of them, and were observed to be more regular in their conduct afterwards. The character of Lord Timon[t] is no odious one; and to tell you the truth, Mr. Ironside, when I writ it, I thought it more like me myself, than any other man; and if I had in my eye any illustrious person who had the same faults with myself, it is no new, nor very criminal self-love to flatter ourselves, that what weaknesses we have, we have in common with great men. For the exaltation of style, and embellishing the character, I made Timon a lord, and he may be a very worthy one for all that I have said of him. I do not remember the mention of don Diego; nor do I remember that ever I thought of lord Notting-

[q] See Tat. N° 193, and note.
[r] Ibid. N° 11, note. N° 16, note and *passim*.
[s] Ibid. N° 24.
[t] Applied to the d. of Ormond.

ham, in any character drawn in any one paper of Bickerstaff. Now as to Polypragmon [u], I drew it as the most odious image I could paint of ambition; and Polypragmon is to men of business what Sir Fopling Flutter is to men of fashion. "He's knight of the shire, and represents you all." Whosoever seeks employment for his own private interest, vanity, or pride, and not for the good of his prince and country, has his share in the picture of Polypragmon; and let this be the rule in examining that description, and I believe the Examiner will find others to whom he would rather give a part of it, than to the person on whom I believe he bestows it, because he thinks he is the most capable of having his vengeance on me. But I say not this from terrors of what any man living can do to me: I speak it only to show, that I have not, like him, fixed odious images on persons, but on vices. Alas, what occasion have I to draw people, whom I think ill of, under feigned names? I have wanted and abounded, and I neither fear poverty, nor desire riches; if that be true, why should I be afraid, whenever I see occasion to examine the conduct of any of my fellow-subjects? I should scorn to do it but from plain facts, and at my own peril, and from instances as clear as the day. Thus would I, and I will (whenever I think it my duty) inquire into the behaviour of any man in England, if he is so posted, as that his errors may hurt my country. This kind of zeal will expose

[u] See Tat. Nº 191. Examiner, Vol. III. Nº 48, in folio; and Vol. IV, Nº 2, folio. See Tat. Nº 210, and Nº 229.

him who is prompted by it to a great deal of ill-will; and I could carry any points I aim at for the improvement of my own little affairs, without making myſelf obnoxious to the reſentment of any perſon or party. But, alas! what is there in all the gratifications of ſenſe, the accommodations of vanity, or any thing that fortune can give to pleaſe a human ſoul, when they are put in competition with the intereſt of truth and liberty? Mr. Ironſide, I confeſs I writ to you that letter concerning the young lady of quality, and am glad that my aukward apology (as the Examiner calls it) has produced in him ſo much remorſe as to make any reparation to offended beauty. Though, by the way, the phraſe of "offended beauty" is romantic, and has little of the compunction which ſhould riſe in a man that is begging pardon of a woman for ſaying of her unjuſtly, that ſhe had affronted her God and her ſovereign. However, I will not bear hard upon his contrition; but am now heartily ſorry I called him a miſcreant, that word I think ſignifies an unbeliever. *Meſcroyant*, I take it, is the old French word. I will give myſelf no manner of liberty to make gueſſes at him, if I may ſay him: for though ſometimes I have been told by familiar friends, that they ſaw me ſuch a time talking to the Examiner; others, who have rallied me upon the ſins of my youth, tell me it is credibly reported that I have formerly lain with the Examiner. I have carried my point, and reſcued innocence from calumny; and it is nothing to me, whether the Examiner writes againſt me in

the character of an estranged friend [v] or an exasperated mistress [w].

'He is welcome from henceforward to treat me as he pleases; but as you have begun to oppose him, never let innocence or merit be traduced by him. In particular, I beg of you, never let the glory of our nation [x], who made France tremble, and yet has that gentleness to be unable [y] to bear opposition from the meanest of his own countrymen, be calumniated in so impudent a manner, as in the insinuation that he affected a perpetual dictatorship. Let not a set of brave, wise, and honest men, who did all that has been done to place their queen in so great a figure, as to shew mercy to the highest potentate in Europe, be treated by ungenerous men as traitors and betrayers. To prevent such evils is a care worthy a Guardian. These are exercises worthy the spirit of a man, and you ought to contemn all the wit in the world against you, when you have the consolation that you act upon these honest motives. If you ever shrink from them, get Bat Pidgeon to comb your noddle, and write sonnets on the smiles of the Sparkler; but never

[v] Dr. Swift. See Swift's Works, Vol. xvii. p. 99, *et seq.* crown 8vo. 1766,

[w] Mrs. D. Manley. See Theatre, N° 26, and Guardian. N° 63.

[x] The duke of Marlborough, abused by the Examiner. Vol. iii. N° 48, &c. O. Ed. in folio.

[y] For 'unable' to bear, read 'able' to bear. Guard. in folio, N° 54, *ad finem.*

call yourſelf Guardian more in a nation full of the ſentiments of honour and liberty.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

Richard Steele.

'P. S. I know nothing of the letter at Morphew's[y].'

N° 54. Wedneſday, May 13, 1713.

By STEELE.

Neque ita porrò aut adulatus aut admiratus ſum fortunam alterius, ut me meæ pœniteret. Tull.

I never flattered, or admired, another man's fortune, ſo as to be diſſatisfied with my own.

It has been obſerved very often, in authors divine and prophane, that we are all equal after death, and this by way of conſolation for that deplorable ſuperiority which ſome among us ſeem to have over others; but it would be a doctrine of much more comfortable import, to eſtabliſh an equality among the living; for the propaga-

[z] This relates to a letter publiſhed in the Examiner, vol. iii. N° 48, in folio, to which the reader is referred for the farther gratification of his curioſity: it is concerning the affair of lady C. Fynch, and introduced into that paper, apparently with a ſingular inſtance of what Swift calls a refinement, in which his writings abound, eſpecially his papers in the Examiner, and thoſe in which he had no hand, though he dictated them, or gave hints for them. See Tat. N° 191, N° 193, N° 219, and N° 229; and Swift's Works, vol. xxii. p. 260, 264, and 284. Ed. *ut ſupra.*

tion of which paradox I ſhall hazard the following conceits.

I muſt here lay it down, that I do not pretend to ſatisfy every barren reader, that all perſons that have hitherto apprehended themſelves extremely miſerable ſhall have immediate ſuccour from the publication of this paper; but ſhall endeavour to ſhew that the diſcerning ſhall be fully convinced of the truth of this aſſertion, and thereby obviate all the impertinent accuſations of Providence for the unequal diſtribution of good and evil.

If all men had reflection enough to be ſenſible of this equality of happineſs; if they were not made uneaſy by appearances of ſuperiority; there would be none of that ſubordination and ſubjection, of thoſe that think themſelves leſs happy, to thoſe they think more ſo, which is ſo very neceſſary for the ſupport of buſineſs, and pleaſure.

The common turn of human applications may be divided into love, ambition, and avarice, and whatever victories we gain in theſe our particular purſuits, there will always be ſome one or other in the paths we tread, whoſe ſuperior happineſs will create new uneaſineſs, and employ us in new contrivances; and ſo through all degres there will ſtill remain the inſatiable deſire of ſome ſeeming unacquired good, to imbitter the poſſeſſion of whatever others we are accommodated with. If we ſuppoſe a man perfectly accommodated, and trace him through all the gradations betwixt neceſſity and ſuperfluity, we ſhall find

that the ſlavery which occaſioned his firſt activity, is not abated, but only diverſified.

Thoſe that are diſtreſſed upon ſuch cauſes, as the world allows to warrant the keeneſt affliction, are too apt, in the compariſon of themſelves with others, to conclude, that where there is not ſimilitude of cauſes, there cannot be of affliction, and forget to relieve themſelves with this conſideration, that the little diſappointments in a life of pleaſure are as terrible as thoſe in a life of buſineſs; and if the end of one man is to ſpend his time and money as agreeably as he can, that of the other to ſave both, an interruption in either of theſe purſuits is of equal conſequence to the purſuers. Beſides, as every trifle raiſeth the mirth and gaiety of the men of good circumſtances, ſo do others as inconſiderable expoſe them to ſpleen and paſſion, and as Solomon ſays, 'according to their riches, their anger riſeth.'

One of the moſt bitter circumſtances of poverty has been obſerved to be, that it makes men appear ridiculous; but I believe this affirmation may with more juſtice be appropriated to riches, ſince more qualifications are required to become a great fortune, than even to make one; and there are ſeveral pretty perſons, about town, ten times more ridiculous upon the very account of a good eſtate, than they poſſibly could have been with the want of it.

I confeſs, having a mind to pay my court to fortune, I became an adventurer in one of the late lotteries; in which, though I got none of the great prizes, I found no occaſion to envy ſome of thoſe that did; comforting myſelf with this

contemplation, that nature and education having disappointed all the favours fortune could bestow upon them, they had gained no superiority by an unenvied affluence.

It is pleasant to consider, that whilst we are lamenting our particular afflictions to each other, and repining at the inequality of condition, were it possible to throw off our present miserable state, we cannot name the person whose condition in every particular we would embrace and prefer; and an impartial enquiry into the pride, ill-nature, ill-health, guilt, spleen, or particularity of behaviour of others, generally ends in a reconciliation to our dear selves.

This my way of thinking is warranted by Shakespear in a very extraordinary manner, where he makes Richard the Second, when deposed and imprisoned, debate a matter, which would soon have been discussed by a common capacity, Whether his prison or palace was most eligible, and with very philosophical hesitation leaving the preference undetermined, in the following lines:

> '——Sometimes am I a king,
> Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
> And so indeed I am. Then crushing penury
> Persuades me I was better when a king,
> Then I am king'd again——.'

Prior says very prettily[a]:

> 'Against our peace we arm our will;
> Amidst our plenty something still

[a] Prior's Poems, vol. i. The Ladle.

For horſes, houſes, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him is wanting.
That cruel ſomething unpoſſeſt
Corrodes and leavens all the reſt.
That ſomething if we could obtain
Would ſoon create a future pain.'

Give me leave to fortify my unlearned reader with another bit of wiſdom from Juvenal, by Dryden:

'Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, purſue!
How void of reaſon are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But, when we have our wiſh, we wiſh undone!'

Even the men that are diſtinguiſhed by, and envied for, their ſuperior good ſenſe and delicacy of taſte, are ſubject to ſeveral uneaſineſſes upon this account, that the men of leſs penetration are utter ſtrangers to; and every little abſurdity ruffles theſe fine judgments, which would never diſturb the peaceful ſtate of the leſs diſcerning.

I ſhall end this eſſay with the following ſtory. There is a gentleman of my acquaintance, of a fortune which may not only be called eaſy, but ſuperfluous; yet this perſon has, by a great deal of reflection, found out a method to be as uneaſy, as the worſt circumſtances could have made him. By a free life he had ſwelled himſelf above his natural proportion, and by a reſtrained life had ſhrunk below it, and being by nature ſplenetic, and by leiſure more ſo, he began to bewail this his loſs of fleſh (though otherwiſe in

perfect health) as a very melancholy diminution. He became therefore the reverſe of Cæſar, and as a lean hungry-looked raſcal was the delight of his eyes, a fat ſleek-headed fellow was his abomination. To ſupport himſelf as well as he could, he took a ſervant, for the very reaſon every one elſe would have refuſed him, for being in a deep conſumption; and whilſt he has compared himſelf to this creature, and with a face of infinite humour contemplated the decay of his body, I have ſeen the maſter's features proportionably riſe into a boldneſs, as thoſe of his ſlave ſunk and grew languid. It was his intereſt therefore not to ſuffer the too haſty diſſolution of a being, upon which his own, in ſome meaſure, depended. In ſhort the fellow, by a little too much indulgence, began to look gay and plump upon his maſter, who, according to Horace,

'*Invidus alterius macreſcit rebus opimis*;'
2 Ep. i. 57.

'Sickens thro' envy at another's good:'

and as he took him only for being in a conſumption, by the ſame way of thinking, he found it abſolutely neceſſary to diſmiſs him, for not being in one; and has told me ſince, that he looks upon it as a very difficult matter, to furniſh himſelf with a footman that is not altogether as happy as himſelf[b].

[b] See Guard. Nº 10, Nº 15, and notes.

N° 55. Thurſday, May 14, 1713.

By G. BERKELEY, D. D.

——quis enim amplectitur ipſam,
Præmia ſi tollas? Juv. Sat. 10. v. 141.

For who wou'd virtue for herſelf regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward?

Dryden.

It is uſual with polemical writers to object ill deſigns to their adverſaries. This turns their arguments into ſatire, which, inſtead of ſhewing an error in the underſtanding, tends only expoſe the morals of thoſe they write againſt. I ſhall not act after this manner with reſpect to the free-thinkers. Virtue, and the happineſs of ſociety, are the great ends which all men ought to promote; and ſome of that ſect would be thought to have at heart above the reſt of mankind. But ſuppoſing thoſe who make that profeſſion to carry on a good deſign in the ſimplicity of their hearts, and according to their beſt knowledge, yet it is much to be feared, thoſe well-meaning ſouls, while they endeavoured to recommend virtue, have in reality been advancing the intereſts of vice; which as I take to proceed from their ignorance of human nature, we may hope, when they become ſenſible of their miſtake, they will, in conſequence of that beneficent principle they pretend to act upon, reform their practice for the future.

The ſages, whom I have in my eye, ſpeak of virtue as the moſt amiable thing in the world;

but at the ſame time that they extol her beauty, they take care to leſſen her portion. Such innocent creatures are they, and ſo great ſtrangers to the world, that they think this a likely method to increaſe the number of her admirers.

Virtue has in herſelf the moſt engaging charms; and Chriſtianity, as it places her in the ſtrongeſt light, and adorned with all her native attractions, ſo it kindles a new fire in the ſoul, by adding to them the unutterable rewards which attend her votaries in an eternal ſtate. Or if there are men of a ſaturnine and heavy complexion, who are not eaſily lifted up by hope, there is the proſpect of everlaſting puniſhments to agitate their ſouls, and frighten them into the practice of virtue, and an averſion from vice.

Whereas your ſober free-thinkers tell you, that virtue indeed is beautiful, and vice deformed; the former deſerves your love, and the latter your abhorrence; but then it is for their own ſake, or on account of the good and evil which immediately attend them, and are inſeparable from their reſpective natures. As for the immortality of the ſoul, or eternal puniſhments and rewards, thoſe are openly ridiculed, or rendered ſuſpicious by the moſt ſly and laboured artifice.

I will not ſay, theſe men act treacherouſly in the cauſe of virtue; but will any one deny, that they act fooliſhly, who pretend to advance the intereſt of it by deſtroying or weakening the ſtrongeſt motives to it, which are accommodated to all capacities, and fitted to work on all diſpoſitions, and enforcing thoſe alone which can affect only a generous and exalted mind?

Surely they muſt be deſtitute of paſſion themſelves, and unacquainted with the force it hath on the minds of others, who can imagine that the mere beauty of fortitude, temperance, and juſtice, is ſufficient to ſuſtain the mind of man in a ſevere courſe of ſelf-denial againſt all the temptations of preſent profit, and ſenſuality.

It is my opinion that free-thinkers ſhould be treated as a ſet of poor ignorant creatures, that have not ſenſe to diſcover the excellency of religion; it being evident thoſe men are no witches, nor likely to be guilty of any deep deſign, who proclaim aloud to the world, that they have leſs motives to honeſty than the reſt of their fellow ſubjects, who have all the inducements to the exerciſe of any virtue which a free-thinker can poſſibly have; and, beſides that, the expectation of never-ending happineſs, or miſery, as the conſequence of their choice.

Are not men actuated by their paſſions? and are not hope and fear the moſt powerful of our paſſions? and are there any objects which can rouſe and awaken our hopes and fears, like thoſe proſpects that warm and penetrate the heart of a Chriſtian, but are not regarded by a free-thinker?

It is not only a clear point, that a Chriſtian breaks through ſtronger engagements whenever he ſurrenders himſelf to commit a criminal action, and is ſtung with a ſharper remorſe after it, than a free-thinker; but it ſhould even ſeem that a man who believes no future ſtate, would act a fooliſh part in being thoroughly honeſt. For what reaſon is there why ſuch a one ſhould

poſtpone his own private intereſt, or pleaſure, to the doing his duty? If a Chriſtian foregoes ſome preſent advantage for the ſake of his conſcience, he acts accountably, becauſe it is with the view of gaining ſome greater future good: but he that, having no ſuch view, ſhould yet conſcientiouſly deny himſelf a preſent good in any incident where he may ſave appearances, is altogether as ſtupid as he that would truſt him at ſuch a juncture.

It will, perhaps, be ſaid, that virtue is her own reward, that a natural gratification attends good actions, which is alone ſufficient to excite men to the performance of them. But although there is nothing more lovely than virtue, and the practice of it is the ſureſt way to ſolid natural happineſs, even in this life; yet titles, eſtates, and fantaſtical pleaſures, are more ardently ſought after by moſt men, than the natural gratifications of a reaſonable mind; and it cannot be denied, that virtue and innocence are not always the readieſt methods to attain that ſort of happineſs. Beſides, the fumes of paſſion muſt be allayed, and reaſon muſt burn brighter than ordinary, to enable men to ſee and reliſh all the native beauties and delights of a virtuous life. And though we ſhould grant our free-thinkers to be a ſet of refined ſpirits, capable only of being enamoured of virtue, yet what would become of the bulk of mankind who have groſs underſtandings, but lively ſenſes, and ſtrong paſſions? What a deluge of luſt, and fraud, and violence, would in a little time overflow the whole nation, if theſe wiſe advocates for morality were univerſally hearkened

to! Laſtly, opportunities do ſometimes offer, in which a man may wickedly make his fortune, or indulge a pleaſure, without fear of temporal damage, either in reputation, health or fortune. In ſuch caſes what reſtraint do they lie under who have no regards beyond the grave; the inward compunctions of a wicked, as well as the joys of an upright mind, being grafted on the ſenſe of another ſtate?

The thought, 'that our exiſtence terminates with this life,' doth naturally check the ſoul in any generous purſuit, contract her views, and fix them on temporary and ſelfiſh ends. It dethrones the reaſon, extinguiſhes all noble and heroic ſentiments, and ſubjects the mind to the ſlavery of every preſent paſſion. The wiſe heathens of antiquity were not ignorant of this: hence they endeavoured by fables, and conjectures, and the glimmerings of nature, to poſſeſs the minds of men with the belief of a future ſtate, which has been ſince brought to light by the goſpel, and is now moſt inconſiſtently decried by a few weak men, who would have us believe that they promote virtue, by turning religion into ridicule [c].

[c] This paper, N° 55, is aſcribed to biſhop Berkeley, on the authority of his ſon, the rev. George Berkeley, vicar of Bray, in Oxfordſhire.

*** The next day was publiſhed, 'Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous, to demonſtrate the reality and perfection of human knowledge; the incorporeal nature of the Soul, and the immediate providence of a Deity; in oppoſition to ſceptics and atheiſts. Alſo to open a method for rendering the ſciences more eaſy, uſeful and compendious. By George Berkeley, M. A. fellow of Trinity-college, Dublin. Printed for H. Clements, at the Half-Moon, in St.

Paul's Church-yard, where may be had, his Discourse of Passive Obedience. Guard. in folio, Nº 56.

Nº 56. Friday, May 15, 1713.

By Dr. THOMAS PARNELL.

Quid mentem traxisse polo, quid profuit altum
Erexisse caput? pecudum si more pererrant. CLAUD.

What profits us, that we from heaven derive
A soul immortal, and with looks erect
Survey the stars; if, like the brutal kind,
We follow where our passions lead the way?

I WAS considering last night, when I could not sleep, how noble a part of the creation man was designed to be, and how distinguished in all his actions above other earthly creatures. From whence I fell to take a view of the change and corruption which he has introduced into his own condition, the groveling appetites, the mean characters of sense, and wild courses of passions, that cast him from the degree in which Providence had placed him; the debasing himself with qualifications not his own; and his degenerating into a lower sphere of action. This inspired me with a mixture of contempt and anger; which, however, was not so violent as to hinder the return of sleep, but grew confused as that came upon me, and made me end my reflections with giving mankind the opprobrious names of inconsiderate, mad, and foolish.

Here, methought, where my waking reason left the subject, my fancy pursued it in a dream; and I imagined myself in a loud soliloquy of passion, railing at my species, and walking hard to

get rid of the company I deſpiſed; when two men, who had overheard me, made up on either hand. Theſe I obſerved had many features in common, which might occaſion the miſtake of one for the other in thoſe to whom they appear ſingle; but I, who ſaw them together, could eaſily perceive, that though there was an air of ſeverity in each, it was tempered with a natural ſweetneſs in the one, and by turns conſtrained or ruffled by the deſigns of malice in the other.

I was at a loſs to know the reaſon of their joining me ſo briſkly; when he, whoſe appearance diſpleaſed me moſt, thus addreſſed his companion: 'Pray, brother, let me alone, and we ſhall immediately ſee him transformed into a tyger.' This ſtruck me with horror, which the other perceived, and, pitying my diſorder, bid me be of good courage, for though I had been ſavage in my treatment of mankind (whom I ſhould rather reform than rail againſt), he would, however, endeavour to reſcue me from my danger. At this I looked a little more chearful, and while I teſtified my reſignation to him, we ſaw the angry brother fling away from us in a paſſion for his diſappointment. Being now left to my friend, I went back with him at his deſire, that I might know the meaning of thoſe words which had ſo affrighted me.

As we went along, 'To inform you, ſays he, 'with whom you have this adventure, my name is Reproof, and his Reproach, both born of the ſame mother; but of different fathers. Truth is our common parent. Friendſhip, who ſaw her, fell in love with her, and ſhe being pleaſed

with him, he begat me upon her; but, a while after, Enmity lying in ambuſh for her, became the father of him whom you ſaw along with me. The temper of our mother inclines us to the ſame ſort of buſineſs, the informing mankind of their faults; but the different complexions of our fathers make us differ in our deſigns and company. I have a natural benevolence in my mind which engages me with friends; and he a natural impetuoſity in his, which caſts him among enemies.'

As he thus diſcourſed, we came to a place where there were three entrances into as many ſeveral walks, which lay aſide of one another. We paſſed into the middlemoſt, a plain ſtraight regular walk, ſet with trees, which added to the beauty of the place, but did not ſo cloſe their boughs over head as to exclude the light from it. Here as we walked I was made to obſerve, how the road on one hand was full of rocks and precipices, over which Reproach (who had already gotten thither) was furiouſly driving unhappy wretches: the other ſide was all laid out in gardens of gaudy tulips, amongſt whoſe leaves the ſerpents wreathed, and at the end of every graſſy walk the inchantreſs Flattery was weaving bowers to lull ſouls aſleep in. We continued ſtill walking on the middle way, until we arrived at a building in which it terminated. This was formerly erected by Truth for a watch-tower, from whence ſhe took a view of the earth, and, as ſhe ſaw occaſion, ſent out Reproof, or even Reproach, for our reformation. Over the door I took notice that a face was carved with a heart upon the lips of it, and preſently called to

mind that this was the ancients' emblem of ſincerity. In the entrance I met with Freedom of Speech and Complaiſance, who had for a long time looked upon one another as enemies; but Reproof has ſo happily brought them together, that they now act as friends and fellow agents in the ſame family. Before I aſcended the ſtairs, I had my eyes purified by a water which made me ſee extremely clear; and I think they ſaid it ſprung in a pit, from whence (as Democritus had reported) they formerly had brought up Truth, who had hid herſelf in it. I was then admitted to the upper chamber of proſpect, which was called the Knowledge of Mankind: here the window was no ſooner opened, but I perceived the clouds to roll off and part before me, and a ſcene of all the variety of the world preſented itſelf.

But how different was mankind in this view from what it uſed to appear! Methought the very ſhape of moſt of them was loſt; ſome had the heads of dogs, others of apes or parrots, and, in ſhort, wherever any one took upon him the inferior and unworthy qualities of other creatures, the change of his ſoul became viſible in his countenance. The ſtrutting pride of him who is endued with brutality inſtead of courage, made his face ſhoot out into the form of a horſe's; his eyes became prominent, his noſtrils widened, and his wig untying flowed down on one ſide of his neck in a waving mane. The talkativeneſs of thoſe who love the ill-nature of converſation made them turn into aſſemblies of geeſe, their lips hardened to bills by external uſing, they gabbled for diverſion, they hiſſed in ſcandal, and their

ruffles falling back on their arms, a fucceffion of little feathers appeared, which formed wings for them to flutter with from one vifit to another. The envious and malicious lay on the ground with the heads of different forts of ferpents; and not endeavouring to erect themfelves, but meditating mifchief to others, they fucked the poifon of the earth, fharpened their tongues to ftings upon the ftones, and rolled their trains unperceivably beneath their habits. The hypocritical oppreffors wore the face of crocodiles: their mouths were inftruments of cruelty, their eyes of deceit; they committed wickednefs, and bemoaned that there fhould be fo much of it in the world; they devoured the unwary and wept over the remains of them. The covetous had fo hooked and worn their fingers by counting interefts upon interefts, that they were converted to the claws of harpies, and thefe they ftill were ftretching out for more, yet ftill feemed unfatisfied with their acquifitions. The fharpers had the looks of camelions; they every minute changed their appearance, and fed on fwarms of flies which fell as fo many cullies amongft them. The bully feemed a dunghill cock; he crefted well, and bore his comb aloft; he was beaten by almoft every one, yet ftill fung for triumph; and only the mean coward pricked up his ears of a hare to fly before him. Critics were turned into cats, whofe pleafure and grumbling go together. Fops were apes in embroidered jackets. Flatterers were curled fpaniels, fawning and crouching. The crafty had the face of a fox, the flothful of an afs, the cruel of a wolf, the ill-

bred of a bear, the leachers were goats, and the gluttons ſwine. Drunkenneſs was the only vice that did not change the face of its profeſſors into that of another creature; but this I took to be far from a privilege, for theſe two reaſons; becauſe it ſufficiently deforms them of itſelf, and becauſe none of the lower rank of beings is guilty of ſo fooliſh an intemperance.

As I was taking a view of theſe repreſentations of things without any more order than is uſual in a dream, or in the confuſion of the world itſelf, I perceived a concern within me for what I ſaw. My eyes began to moiſten, as if the virtue of that water with which they were purified was loſt for a time, by their being touched with that which aroſe from paſſion. The clouds immediately began to gather again, and cloſe from either hand upon the proſpect. I then turned towards my guide, who addreſſed himſelf to me after this manner: 'You have ſeen the condition of mankind when it deſcends from its dignity; now therefore guard yourſelf from that degeneracy by a modeſt greatneſs of ſpirit on one ſide, and a conſcious ſhame on the other. Endeavour alſo with a generoſity of goodneſs to make your friends aware of it; let them know what defects you perceive are growing upon them; handle the matter as you ſee reaſon, either with the airs of ſevere or humourous affection; ſometimes plainly deſcribing the degeneracy in its full proper colours, or at other times letting them know, that, if they proceed as they have begun, you give them to ſuch a day, or ſo many months, to turn bears, wolves, or foxes, &c. Neither neglect your

more remote acquaintance, where you ſee any worthy and ſuſceptible of admonition. Expoſe the beaſts whoſe qualities you ſee them putting on, where you have no mind to engage with their perſons. The poſſibility of their applying this is very obvious. The Egyptians ſaw it ſo clearly, that they made the pictures of animals explain their minds to one another inſtead of writing; and, indeed, it is hardly to be miſſed, ſince Æſop took them out of their mute condition, and taught them to ſpeak for themſelves with relation to the actions of mankind[d].'

My guide had thus concluded, and I was promiſing to write down what was ſhewn me for the ſervice of the world, when I was awakened by a zealous old ſervant of mine, who brought me the Examiner, and told me with looks full of concern, he was afraid I was in it again.

Nº 57. Saturday, May 16, 1713.

By STEELE.

Quàm multa injuſta ac prava fiunt moribus!

TER. Heaut. Act iv. Sc. 6.

How many unjuſt and wrong things are authorized by cuſtom!

IT is of no ſmall concern to me, that the intereſts of virtue are ſupplanted by common cuſtom and regard for indifferent things. Thus mode and faſhion defend the moſt abſurd and

[d] Here ends Dr. Parnell's paper.

unjuſt proceedings, and nobody is out of countenance for doing what every body practiſes, though at the ſame time there is no one who is not convinced in his own judgment of the errors in which he goes on with the multitude. My correſpondent, who writes me the following letter, has put together a great many points which would deſerve ſerious conſideration, as much as things which at firſt appearance bear a weightier aſpect. He recites almoſt all the little arts that are uſed in the way to matrimony, by the parents of young women. There is nothing more common than for people, who have good and worthy characters, to run, without reſpect to the laws of gratitude, into the moſt exorbitant demands for their children, upon no other foundation than that which ſhould incline them to the quite contrary, the unreſerved affection of the lover. I ſhall at this time, by inſerting my correſpondent's letter, lay ſuch offences before all parents and daughters reſpectively, and reſerve the particular inſtances to be conſidered in future precautions.

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'SIR,

'I HAVE for ſome time retired myſelf from the town and buſineſs to a little ſeat, where a pleaſant champain country, good roads, and healthful air, tempt me often abroad; and being a ſingle man, have contracted more acquaintance than is ſuitable to my years, or agreeable to the intentions of retirement I brought down with me hither. Among others, I have a young neigh-

bour, who, yeſterday, imparted to me the hiſtory of an honourable amour, which has been carried on a conſiderable time with a great deal of love on his ſide, and (as he ſays he has been made to believe) with ſomething very unlike averſion on the young lady's. But ſo matters have been contrived, that he could never get to know her mind thoroughly. When he was firſt acquainted with her, he might be as intimate with her as other people; but ſince he firſt declared his paſſion, he has never been admitted to wait upon her, or to ſee her, other than in public. If he went to her father's houſe, and deſired to viſit her, ſhe was either to be ſick or out of the way, and nobody would come near him in two hours, and then he ſhould be received as if he had committed ſome ſtrange offence. If he aſked her father's leave to viſit her, the old gentleman was mute. If he put it negatively, and aſked if he refuſed it, the father would anſwer with a ſmile, "No, I do not ſay ſo neither." If they talked of the fortune, he had conſidered his circumſtances, and it every day diminiſhed. If the ſettlements came into debate, he had conſidered the young gentleman's eſtate, and daily increaſed his expectations. If the mother was conſulted, ſhe was mightily for the match, but affected ſtrangely to ſhew her cunning in perplexing matters. It went off ſeemingly ſeveral times, but my young neighbour's paſſion was ſuch that it eaſily revived upon the leaſt encouragement given him; but tired out with writing (the only liberty allowed him), and receiving anſwers at croſs purpoſes, deſtitute of all hopes, he at length wrote a

formal adieu; but it was very unfortunately timed, for ſoon after he had the long wiſhed-for opportunity of finding her at a diſtance from her parents. Struck with the joyful news, in heat of paſſion, reſolute to do any thing rather than leave her, down he comes poſt, directly to the houſe where ſhe was, without any preparatory interceſſion after the provocation of an adieu. She, in a premeditated anger to ſhew her reſentment, refuſed to ſee him. He in a kind of fond phrenzy, abſent from himſelf, and exaſperated into rage, curſed her heartily; but returning to himſelf, was all confuſion, repentance, and ſubmiſſion. But in vain; the lady continued inexorable, and ſo the affair ended in a manner that renders them very unlikely ever to meet again. Through the purſuit of the whole ſtory (whereof I give but a ſhort abſtract) my young neighbour appeared ſo touched, and diſcovered ſuch certain marks of unfeigned love, that I cannot but be heartily ſorry for them both. When he was gone, I ſat down immediately to my ſcrutoir, to give you the account, whoſe buſineſs, as a Guardian, it is to tell your wards what is to be avoided, as well as what is fit to be done. And I humbly propoſe, that you will, upon this occaſion, extend your inſtructions to all ſorts of people concerned in treaties of this nature, (which of all others do moſt nearly concern human life) ſuch as parents, daughters, lovers, and confidents of both ſexes. I deſire leave to obſerve, that the miſtakes in this courtſhip (which might otherwiſe probably have ſucceeded happily) ſeem chiefly theſe four, viz.

‘ 1. The father’s cloſe equivocal management, ſo as always to keep a reſervation to uſe upon occaſion, when he found himſelf preſſed.

‘ 2. The mother’s affecting to appear extremely artful.

3. A notion in the daughter (who is a lady of ſingular good ſenſe and virtue) that no man can love her as he ought, who can deny any thing her parents demand.

‘ 4. Carrying on the affair by letters and confidents, without ſufficient interviews.

‘ I think you cannot fail obliging many in the world, beſides my young neighbour and me, if you pleaſe to give your thoughts upon treaties of this nature, wherein all the nobility and gentry of this nation (in the unfortunate methods marriages are at preſent in) come at one time or other unavoidably to be engaged; eſpecially it is my humble requeſt, you will be particular in ſpeaking to the following points, to wit,

‘ 1. Whether honourable love ought to be mentioned firſt to the young lady, or her parents?

‘ 2. If to the young lady firſt, whether a man is obliged to comply with all the parents demand afterwards, under pain of breaking off diſhonourably?

‘ 3. If to the parents firſt, whether the lover may inſiſt upon what the father pretends to give, and refuſe to make ſuch ſettlement as muſt incapacitate him for any thing afterwards; without juſt imputation of being mercenary, or putting a ſlight upon the lady, by entertaining views upon the contingency of her death?

'4. What inſtructions a mother ought to give her daughter upon ſuch occaſions, and what the old lady's part properly is in ſuch treaties, her huſband being alive?

'5. How far a young lady is in duty obliged to obſerve her mother's directions, and not to receive any letters or meſſages without her knowledge?

'6. How far a daughter is obliged to exert the power ſhe has over her lover, for the eaſe and advantage of her father and his family; and how far ſhe may conſult and endeavour the intereſt of the family ſhe is to marry into?

'7. How far letters and confidents of both ſexes may regularly be employed, and wherein they are improper?

'8. When a young lady's pen is employed about ſettlements, fortunes, or the like, whether it be an affront to give the ſame anſwers as if it had been in the hand-writing of thoſe that inſtructed her.

'Laſtly, be pleaſed at your leiſure to correct that too common way among fathers, of publiſhing in the world, that they will give their daughters twice the fortune they really intend, and thereby drawing young gentlemen, whoſe eſtates are often in debt, into a dilemma, either of croſſing a fixed inclination, contracted by a long habit of thinking upon the ſame perſon, and ſo being miſerable that way; or elſe beginning the world under a burden they can never get quit of.

"Thus, ſage ſir, have I laid before you all that does at preſent occur to me on the impor-

tant ſubject of marriage; but before I ſeal up my epiſtle, I muſt deſire you farther to conſider, how far treaties of th: ſort come under the head of bargain and ſale; and whether you cannot find out meaſures to have the whole tranſacted in fairer and more open market than at preſent. How would it become you to put the laws in execution againſt foreſtallers, who take the young things of each ſex before they are expoſed to an honeſt ſale, or the worth or imperfection of the purchaſe is thoroughly conſidered?

'We mightily want a demand for women in theſe parts.

I am, ſagacious Sir,
Your moſt obedient and
moſt humble ſervant,
T. L.[e]'

N° 58. Monday, May 18, 1713.
By STEELE.

Nec ſibi, ſed toti genitum ſe credere mundo. LUCAN.
Not for himſelf, but for the world, he lives.

A PUBLIC ſpirit is ſo great and amiable a character, that moſt people pretend to it, and perhaps think they have it in the moſt ordinary occurrences of life. Mrs. Cornelia Lizard buys abundance of romances for the encouragement of learning; and Mrs. Annabella ſquanders away her money in buying fine clothes, becauſe it ſets a great many poor people at work. I know a

[e] See Guard. N° 10, N° 15, and notes.

gentleman, who drinks vaſt quantities of ale and October to encourage our own manufactures; and another who takes his three bottles of French claret every night, becauſe it brings a great cuſtom to the crown.

I have been led into this chat, by reading ſome letters upon my paper of Thurſday was ſe'n-night [f]. Having there acquainted the world, that I have, by long contemplation and philoſophy, attained to ſo great a ſtrength of fancy, as to believe every thing to be my own, which other people poſſeſs only for oſtentation; it ſeems that ſome perſons have taken it in their heads, that they are public benefactors to the world, while they are only indulging their own ambition, or infirmities. My firſt letter is from an ingenious author, who is a great friend to his country, becauſe he can get neither victuals nor clothes any other way.

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'SIR,

OF all the precautions, with which you have inſtructed the world, I like that beſt, which is upon natural and fantaſtical pleaſure, becauſe it falls in very much with my own way of thinking. As you receive real delight from what creates only imaginary ſatisfactions in others; ſo do I raiſe to myſelf all the conveniencies of life by amuſing the fancy of the world. I am, in a word, a member of that numerous tribe, who write for their daily bread. I flouriſh in a dearth of foreign news; and though I do not pretend to

[f] See N° 49, by biſhop Berkeley.

the ſpleen, I am never ſo well as in the time of a weſterly wind. When it blows from that auſpicious point, I raiſe to myſelf contributions from the Britiſh iſle, by affrighting my ſuperſtitious countrymen with printed relations of murders, ſpirits, prodigies, or monſters. According as my neceſſities ſuggeſt to me, I hereby provide for my being. The laſt ſummer I paid a large debt for brandy and tobacco, by a wonderful deſcription of a fiery dragon, and lived for ten days together upon a whale and a mermaid. When winter draws near, I generally conjure up my ſpirits, and have my apparitions ready againſt long dark evenings. From November laſt till January, I lived ſolely upon murders; and have, ſince that time, had a comfortable ſubſiſtence from a plague and a famine. I made the Pope pay for my beef and mutton laſt Lent, out of pure ſpite to the Romiſh religion; and at preſent my good friend the king of Sweden finds me in clean linen, and the Mufti gets me credit at the tavern.

‘ The aſtoniſhing accounts that I record, I uſually enliven with wooden cuts, and the like paltry embelliſhments. They adminiſter to the curioſity of my fellow-ſubjects, and not only advance religion and virtue, but take reſtleſs ſpirits off from meddling with the public affairs. I therefore cannot think myſelf an uſeleſs burden upon earth; and that I may ſtill do the more good in my generation, I ſhall give the world, in a ſhort time, an hiſtory of my life, ſtudies, maxims and atchievements, provided my bookſeller advances a round ſum for my copy.

‘ I am, Sir, yours.’

The ſecond is from an old friend of mine in the country, who fancies that he is perpetually doing good, becauſe he cannot live without drinking.

'Old Iron,

'We take thy papers in at the Bowling-Green, where the country gentlemen meet every Tueſday, and we look upon thee as a comical dog. Sir Harry was hugely pleaſed at thy fancy of growing rich at other folks coſt; and for my own part I like my own way of life the better ſince I find I do my neighbours as much good as myſelf. I now ſmoke my pipe with the greater pleaſure, becauſe my wife ſays, ſhe likes it well enough at ſecond hand; and drink ſtale beer the more hardily, becauſe unleſs I will, nobody elſe does. I deſign to ſtand for our borough the next election, on purpoſe to make the ſquire on the other ſide, tap luſtily for the good of our town; and have ſome thoughts of trying to get knighted, becauſe our neighbours take a pride in ſaying, they have been with Sir ſuch a one.

'I have a pack of pure ſlow hounds againſt thou comeſt into the country, and Nanny my fat doe ſhall bleed[g] when we have thee at Hawthorn-hall. Pr'ythee do not keep ſtaring at gilt coaches, and ſtealing necklaces and trinkets from people with thy looks. Take my word for it, a

[g] It ſeems ſhocking to invite one to eat a doe with a name: beſides it is May, and the viſit to be ſure would be in the ſummer when does are never killed. A.

gallon of my October will do thee more good than all thou canſt get by fine ſights at London, which I will engage thou may'ſt put in the ſhine [h] of thine eye.

I am, Old Iron,
thine to command,
NIC. HAWTHORN.'

The third is from a lady who is going to ruin her family by coaches and liveries, purely out of compaſſion to us poor people that cannot go to the price of them.

'SIR,

'I AM a lady of birth and fortune, but never knew, until laſt Thurſday, that the ſplendor of my equipage was ſo beneficial to my country. I will not deny that I have dreſt for ſome years out of the pride of my heart; but am very glad that you have ſo far ſettled my conſcience in that particular, that I can now look upon my vanities as ſo many virtues. Since I am ſatisfied that my perſon and garb give pleaſure to my fellow-creatures, I ſhall not think the three hours buſineſs I uſually attend at my toilette, below the dignity of a rational ſoul. I am content to ſuffer great torment from my ſtays, that my ſhape may appear graceful to the eyes of others; and often mortify myſelf with faſting, rather than my fatneſs ſhould give diſtaſte to any man in England.

'I am making up a rich brocade for the be-

[h] i. e. And never ſee the worſe for it. A.

nefit of mankind, and deſign, in a little time, to treat the town with a thouſand pounds worth of jewels. I have ordered my chariot to be new painted for your uſe, and the world's; and have prevailed upon my huſband to preſent you with a pair of fine Flanders mares, by driving them every evening round the ring. Gay pendants for my ears, a coſtly croſs for my neck, a diamond of the beſt water for my finger, ſhall be purchaſed at any rate to enrich you; and I am reſolved to be a patriot in every limb. My huſband will not ſcruple to oblige me in theſe trifles, ſince I have perſuaded him from your ſcheme, that pin money is only ſo much ſet apart for charitable uſes. You, ſee, ſir, how expenſive you are to me, and I hope you will eſteem me accordingly; eſpecially when I aſſure you that I am, as far as you can ſee me,

Entirely yours,

CLEORA [i].'

N° 59. Tueſday, May 19, 1713.

BY STEELE.

Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit——— HOR. Ars. Poet. ver. 400.

So ancient is the pedigree of verſe,
And ſo divine a poet's function. ROSCOMMON.

THE tragedy of Cato has increaſed the number of my correſpondents, but none of them can take it ill, that I give the preference to the let-

i See Guard. N° 10, N° 15, and notes.

ters which come from a learned body, and which on this occaſion may not improperly be termed the Plauſus Academici. The firſt is from my lady Lizard's youngeſt ſon, who, (as I mentioned in a former precaution) is fellow of All-ſouls, and applies himſelf to the ſtudy of divinity.

'SIR,

'I RETURN you thanks for your preſent of Cato: I have read it over ſeveral times with the greateſt attention and pleaſure imaginable. You deſire to know my thoughts of it, and at the ſame time compliment me upon my knowledge of the ancient poets. Perhaps you may not allow me to be a good judge of them, when I tell you, that the tragedy of Cato exceeds, in my opinion, any of the dramatic pieces of the ancients. But theſe are books I have ſome time ſince laid by; being, as you know, engaged in the reading of divinity, and converſant chiefly in the poetry of the truly inſpired writers. I ſcarce thought any modern tragedy could have mixed ſuitably with ſuch ſerious ſtudies, and little imagined to have found ſuch exquiſite poetry, much leſs ſuch exalted ſentiments of virtue, in the dramatic performance of a contemporary.

'How elegant, juſt and virtuous is that reflection of Portius!

'The ways of heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors;
Our underſtanding traces them in vain,
Loſt and bewilder'd in the fruitleſs ſearch;
Nor ſees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confuſion ends.'

'Cato's ſoliloquy at the beginning of the fifth act is inimitable, as indeed is almoſt every thing in the whole play; but what I would obſerve, by particularly pointing at theſe places, is, that ſuch virtuous and moral ſentiments were never before put into the mouth of a Britiſh actor; and I congratulate my countrymen on the virtue they have ſhown in giving them (as you tell me) ſuch loud and repeated applauſes. They have now cleared themſelves of the imputation which a late writer had thrown upon them in his 502d ſpeculation[k]. Give me leave to tranſcribe his words.

"In the firſt ſcene of Terence's play, the Self-Tormentor, when one of the old men accuſes the other of impertinence for interpoſing in his affairs, he anſwers, 'I am a man, and cannot help feeling any ſorrow that can arrive at man.' It is ſaid this ſentence was received with univerſal applauſe. There cannot be a greater argument of the general good underſtanding of a people, than a ſudden conſent to give their approbation of a ſentiment which has no emotion in it.

"If it were ſpoken with never ſo great ſkill in the actor, the manner of uttering that ſentence could have nothing in it which could ſtrike any but people of the greateſt humanity, nay people elegant and ſkilful in obſervations upon it. It is poſſible he might have laid his hand on his breaſt, and with a winning inſinuation in his countenance, expreſſed to his neighbour, that he was a man who made his caſe his own; yet I will

[k] See Spect. N° 502. By Steele, at leaſt marked T. See alſo Spect. N° 324, note on ſignature T, *ad finem.*

engage a player in Covent-garden might hit ſuch an attitude a thouſand times before he would have been regarded." 'Theſe obſervations in favour of the Roman people, may now be very juſtly applied to our own nation.

'Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) He muſt delight in virtue;
And that which He delights in muſt be happy.'

'This will be allowed, I hope, to be as virtuous a ſentiment as that which he quotes out of Terence; and the general applauſe with which (you ſay) it was received, muſt certainly make this writer (notwithſtanding his great aſſurance in pronouncing upon our ill taſte) alter his opinion of his countrymen.

'Our poetry, I believe, and not our morals, has been generally worſe than that of the Romans; for it is plain, when we can equal the beſt dramatic performance of that polite age, a Britiſh audience may vie with the Roman theatre in the virtue of their applauſes.

'However different in other things our opinions may be, all parties agree in doing honour to a man, who is an honour to our country. How are our hearts warmed by this excellent tragedy with the love of liberty, and our conſtitution! How irreſiſtible is virtue in the character of Cato! Who would not ſay with the Numidian prince to Marcia,

'I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Tranſplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, till I ſhine like him.'

Rome herſelf received not ſo great advantages from her patriot, as Britain will from this admirable repreſentation of him. Our Britiſh Cato improves our language, as well as our morals, nor will it be in the power of tyrants to rob us of him, (or to uſe the laſt line of an epigram to the author)

'In vain your Cato ſtabs, he cannot die.'

I am, Sir,
your moſt obliged
humble ſervant,
Oxon. All-ſouls Col. May 6. WILLIAM LIZARD [1].'

'MR. IRONSIDE, Oxon. Chriſt-Church, May 7.

'YOU are, I perceive, a very wary old fellow, more cautious than a late brother-writer of yours, who at the rehearſal of a new play, would at the hazard of his judgment, endeavour to prepoſſeſs the town in its favour; whereas you very prudently waited until the tragedy of Cato had gained an univerſal and irreſiſtible applauſe, and then with great boldneſs venture to pronounce your opinion of it to be the ſame with that of all mankind. I will leave you to conſider whether ſuch a conduct becomes a Guardian, who ought to point out to us pro-

1 John Lizard. See Guard. N° 13. See alſo N° 55, N° 72, N° 181, and N° 308. This letter was probably written by Dr. Edward Young, at this time fellow of All-ſouls-college. 'When Addiſon publiſhed Cato in 1713, Young had the honour of prefixing to it a recommendatory copy of verſes.' H. Croft, in Dr. Johnſon's Lives of Engl. Poets, vol. iv. 8vo. 1781.

per entertainments, and inſtruct us when to beſtow our applauſe. However, in ſo plain a caſe we did not wait for your directions; and I muſt tell you, that none here were earlier or louder in their praiſes of Cato, than we at Chriſt-church. This may, I hope, convince you, that we do not deſerve the character (which envious dull fellows give us) of allowing nobody to have wit or parts but thoſe of our own body, eſpecially when I let you know that we are many of us,

Your affectionate
humble ſervants.'

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'MR. IRONSIDE, Oxon. Wad. Coll. May 7.

'WERE the ſeat of the muſes ſilent while London is ſo loud in their applauſe of Cato, the univerſity's title to that name might very well be ſuſpected;—in juſtice therefore to your alma mater, let the world know our opinion of that tragedy here.

'The author's other works had raiſed our expectation of it to a very great height, yet it exceeds whatever we could promiſe ourſelves from ſo great a genius.

'Cæſar will no longer be a hero in our declamations. This tragedy has at once ſtripped him of all the flattery and falſe colours, which hiſtorians and the claſſic authors had thrown upon him, and we ſhall for the future treat him as a murderer of the beſt patriot of his age, and a deſtroyer of the liberties of his country. Cato as repreſented in theſe ſcenes, will caſt a blacker

ſhade on the memory of that uſurper, than the picture of him did upon his triumph. Had this finiſhed dramatic piece appeared ſome hundred years ago, Cæſar would have loſt ſo many centuries of fame, and monarchs had diſdained to let themſelves be called by his name. However it will be an honour to the times we live in, to have had ſuch a work produced in them, and a pretty ſpeculation for poſterity to obſerve, that the tragedy of Cato was acted with general applauſe in 1713.

I am, Sir,

your moſt humble ſervant, &c.

A. B[m].

' P. S. The French tranſlation of Cato now in the preſs, will, I hope, be *in uſum Delphini*[n].

[m] Perhaps by Aaron Baker, A. M. of Wad. Col. Oct. 23, 1704.

[n] Guardian in folio. See N° 10, N° 15, N° 53, and notes.

Adv. Juſt publiſhed, the fourth edition of Cato, a tragedy by Mr. Addiſon. Printed for J. Tonſon, at Shakeſpeare's head, over againſt Catherine-ſtreet, in the Strand. N. B. There is ſold a pirated edition of this play, wherein are numberleſs groſs errors, and ſeveral ſcenes left out. The edition publiſhed and corrected by the author, and printed for J. Tonſon, has a head of Cato, taken from an old medal, printed in the title-page, to diſtinguiſh it from that which is ſpurious and imperfect. Guard. in folio. N° 59, *ad finem*.

Nº 60. Wednesday, May 20, 1713.
By STEELE.

Nihil legebat quod non excerperet. PLIN. Epist.
He pick'd something out of every thing he read.

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'SIR,

'THERE is nothing in which men deceive themselves more ridiculously, than in the point of reading, and which, as it is commonly practised under the notion of improvement, has less advantage. The generality of readers who are pleased with wandering over a number of books, almost at the same instant, or if confined to one, who pursue the author with much hurry and impatience to his last page, must without doubt be allowed to be notable digesters. This unsettled way of reading naturally seduces us into as undetermined a manner of thinking, which unprofitably fatigues the imagination, when a continued chain of thought would probably produce inestimable conclusions. All authors are eligible either for their matter, or style; if for the first, the elucidation and disposition of it into proper lights ought to employ a judicious reader: if for the last, he ought to observe how some common words are started into a new signification, how such epithets are beautifully reconciled to things that seemed incompatible, and must often remember the whole structure of a period, because by the least transposition, that assemblage

of words which is called a ſtyle becomes utterly annihilated. The ſwift diſpatch of common readers not only eludes their memory, but betrays their apprehenſion, when the turn of thought and expreſſion would inſenſibly grow natural to them, would they but give themſelves time to receive the impreſſion. Suppoſe we fix one of theſe readers in an eaſy chair, and obſerve him paſſing through a book with a grave ruminating face, how ridiculouſly muſt he look, if we deſire him to give an account of an author he has juſt read over! and how unheeded° muſt the general character of it be, when given by one of theſe ſerene unobſervers! The common defence of theſe people is, that they have no deſign in reading but for pleaſure, which I think ſhould rather ariſe from the reflection and remembrance of what one has read, than from the tranſient ſatiſfaction of what one does, and we ſhould be pleaſed proportionably as we are profited. It is prodigious arrogance in any one to imagine, that by one haſty courſe through a book he can fully enter into the ſoul and ſecrets of a writer, whoſe life perhaps has been buſied in the birth of ſuch production. Books that do not immediately concern ſome profeſſion or ſcience, are generally run over as mere empty entertainments, rather than as matter of improvement; though, in my opinion, a refined ſpeculation upon morality, or hiſtory, requires as much time and capacity to collect and digeſt, as the moſt abſtruſe treatiſe of any profeſſion; and I think, beſides, there can

° Little worth notice.

be no book well written, but what muſt neceſſarily improve the underſtanding of the reader, even in the very profeſſion to which he applies himſelf. For to reaſon with ſtrength, and expreſs himſelf with propriety, muſt equally concern the divine, the phyſician, and the lawyer. My own courſe of looking into books has occaſioned theſe reflections, and the following account may ſuggeſt more.

'Having been bred up under a relation that had a pretty large ſtudy of books, it became my province once a week to duſt them. In the performance of this my duty, as I was obliged to take down every particular book, I thought there was no way to deceive the toil of my journey through the different abodes and habitations of theſe authors but by reading ſomething in every one of them; and in this manner to make my paſſage eaſy from the comely folio in the upper ſhelf or region, even through the crowd of duodecimo's in the lower. By frequent exerciſe I became ſo great a proficient in this tranſitory application to books, that I could hold open half a dozen ſmall authors in my hand, graſping them with as ſecure a dexterity as a drawer doth his glaſſes, and feaſting my curious eye with all of them at the ſame inſtant. Through theſe methods the natural irreſolution of my youth was much ſtrengthened, and having no leiſure, if I had had inclination, to make pertinent obſervations in writing, I was thus confirmed a very early wanderer. When I was ſent to Oxford, my chiefeſt expence run upon books, and my only conſideration in ſuch expence upon numbers, ſo

that you may be ſure I had what they call a choice collection, ſometimes buying by the pound, ſometimes by the dozen, at other times by the hundred. For the more pleaſant uſe of a multitude of books, I had by frequent conferences with an ingenious joiner, contrived a machine of an orbicular ſtructure, that had its particular receptions for a dozen authors, and which, with the leaſt touch of the finger, would whirl round, and preſent the reader at once with a delicious view of its full furniture. Thrice a day did I change, not only the books, but the languages; and had uſed my eye to ſuch a quick ſucceſſion of objects, that in the moſt precipitate twirl I could catch a ſentence out of each author, as it paſſed fleeting by me. Thus my hours, days, and years, flew unprofitably away, but yet were agreeably lengthened by being diſtinguiſhed with this endearing variety; and I cannot but think myſelf very fortunate in my contrivance of this engine, with its ſeveral new editions and amendments, which have contributed ſo much to the delight of all ſtudious vagabonds. When I had been reſident the uſual time at Oxford that gains one admiſſion into the public library, I was the happieſt creature on earth, promiſing to myſelf moſt delightful travels through this new world of literature. Sometimes you might ſee me mounted upon a ladder, in ſearch of ſome Arabian manuſcripts, which had ſlept in a certain corner undiſturbed for many years. Once I had the miſfortune to fall from this eminence, and catching at the chains of the books, was ſeen hanging in a very merry poſture, with two or three large folio's

rattling about my neck, 'till the humanity of Mr. Crab [p] the librarian disentangled us.

'As I always held it necessary to read in public places, by way of ostentation, but could not possibly travel with a library in my pockets, I took the following method to gratify this errantry of mine. I contrived a little pocket-book, each leaf of which was a different author, so that my wandering was indulged and concealed within the same inclosure.

'This extravagant humour, which should seem to pronounce me irrecoverable, had the contrary effect; and my hand and eye being thus confined to a single book, in a little time reconciled me to the perusal of a single author. However, I chose such a one as had as little connexion as possible, turning to the Proverbs of Solomon, where the best instructions are thrown together in the most beautiful range imaginable, and where I found all that variety which I had before sought in so many different authors, and which was so necessary to beguile my attention. By these proper degrees, I have made so glorious a reformation in my studies, that I can keep company with Tully in his most extended periods, and work through the continued narrations of the most prolix historian. I now read nothing without making exact collections, and shall shortly give the world an instance of this in the publication of the following discourses. The first is a learned contro-

[p] Though Oxford is mentioned in the text, this seems to be an oblique stroke at Dr. Bentley; and induces a suspicion that Addison was concerned in this paper; the date of which permits the preceding supposition.

verſy about the exiſtence of griffins, in which I hope to convince the world, that notwithſtanding ſuch a mixt creature has been allowed by Ælian, Solinus, Mela, and Herodotus, that they have been perfectly miſtaken in that matter, and ſhall ſupport myſelf by the authory of Albertus, Pliny, Aldrovandus, and Matthias Michovius, which two laſt have clearly argued that animal out of the creation.

'The ſecond is a treatiſe of ſternutation or ſneezing, with the original cuſtom of ſaluting or bleſſing upon that motion; as alſo with a problem from Ariſtotle, ſhewing why ſneezing from noon to night was innocent enough, from night to noon, extremely unfortunate.

'The third and moſt curious is my diſcourſe upon the nature of the lake Aſphaltites, or the lake of Sodom, being a very careful enquiry whether brickbats and iron will ſwim in that lake, and feathers ſink; as Pliny and Mandeville[q] have averred[r].

'The diſcuſſing theſe difficulties without perplexity or prejudice, the labour in collecting and collating matters of this nature, will, I hope, in a great meaſure atone for the idle hours I have trifled away in matters of leſs importance.

I am Sir,

your humble ſervant.'

[q] See Tat. N° 254. Note on ſir J. Mandeville.
[r] See Guard. N° 10, N° 15, and notes.

Nº 61. Thurſday, May 21, 1713.
By POPE.

——Primâque è cæde ferarum
Incaluiſſe putem maculatum ſanguine ferrum.
OVID. Met. xv. 106.

Th' eſſay of bloody feaſts on brutes began,
And after forg'd the ſword to murder man.
DRYDEN.

I CANNOT think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no leſs in proportion accountable for the ill uſe of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exerciſe of tyranny over their own ſpecies. The more entirely the inferior creation is ſubmitted to our power, the more anſwerable we ſhould ſeem for our miſmanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders theſe creatures incapable of receiving any recompence in another life for their ill treatment in this.

It is obſervable of thoſe noxious animals, which have qualities moſt powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unleſs provoked or neceſſitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand ſeeks out and purſues even the moſt inoffenſive animals, on purpoſe to perſecute and deſtroy them.

Montaigne thinks it ſome reflection upon human nature itſelf, that few people take delight in ſeeing beaſts careſs or play together, but almoſt every one is pleaſed to ſee them lacerate and worry one another. I am ſorry this temper is become almoſt a diſtinguiſhing character of our

own nation, from the obſervation which is made by foreigners of our beloved paſtimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We ſhould find it hard to vindicate the deſtroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonneſs; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the firſt pleaſures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals; almoſt as ſoon as we are ſenſible what life is ourſelves, we make it our ſport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good uſe might be made of the fancy which children have for birds, and inſects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or puniſhed them as they treated them well, or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exerciſe of humanity, and improving their very diverſion to a virtue.

I fancy too, ſome advantage might be taken of the common notion, that it is ominous or unlucky to deſtroy ſome ſorts of birds, as ſwallows or martins; this opinion might poſſibly ariſe from the confidence theſe birds ſeem to put in us by building under our roofs, ſo that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hoſpitality, to murder them. As for robin-red-breaſts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their ſecurity to the old ballad of the Children in the Wood. However it be, I do not know, I ſay, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preſervation of many innocent creatures, which are now expoſed to all the wantonneſs of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reaſon, to be treated as common enemies wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives, has coſt at leaſt nine lives in ten of the whole race of them. Scarce a boy in the ſtreets but has in this point outdone Hercules himſelf, who was famous for killing a monſter that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animoſity againſt this uſeful domeſtic may be any cauſe of the general perſecution of owls (who are a ſort of feathered cats), or whether it be only an unreaſonable pique the moderns have taken to a ſerious countenance, I ſhall not determine. Though I am inclined to believe the former; ſince I obſerve the ſole reaſon alledged for the deſtruction of frogs, is becauſe they are like toads. Yet amidſt all the misfortunes of theſe unfriended creatures, it is ſome happineſs that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for ſhould our countrymen refine upon the French never ſo little, it is not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reſerved.

When we grow up to men, we have another ſucceſſion of ſanguinary ſports; in particular hunting. I dare not attack a diverſion which has ſuch authority and cuſtom to ſupport it; but muſt have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exerciſe, with the example and number of the chaſers, not a little contribute to reſiſt thoſe checks, which compaſſion would naturally ſuggeſt in behalf of the animal purſued. Nor ſhall I ſay with monſieur Fleury, that this ſport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity? But I muſt

animadvert upon a certain cuſtom yet in uſe with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians; I mean that ſavage compliment our huntſmen paſs upon ladies of quality, who are preſent at the death of a ſtag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpleſs, trembling and weeping creature.

' ——*Queſtuque cruentus,*
Atque imploranti ſimilis.——'

' ———That lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life,'

But if our ſports are deſtructive, our gluttony is more ſo, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobſters roaſted alive, pigs whipt to death, fowls ſew'd up, are teſtimonies of our outrageous luxury. Thoſe who (as Seneca expreſſes it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conſcience and a nauſeated ſtomach, have a juſt reward of their gluttony in the diſeaſes it brings with it; for human ſavages, like other wild beaſts, find ſnares and poiſon in the proviſions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their deſtruction. I know nothing more ſhocking or horrid than the proſpect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance, beſtrew'd with the ſcattered heads and mangled limbs of thoſe who were ſlain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch (who has more ſtrokes of good-nature in his writings than I remember in any author) cites a ſaying of Cato to this

effect, "That it is no eaſy taſk to preach to the belly, which has no ears." 'Yet if,' ſays he, 'we are aſhamed to be ſo out of faſhion as not to offend, let us at leaſt offend with ſome diſcretion and meaſure. If we kill an animal for our proviſion, let us do it with the meltings of compaſſion, and without tormenting it. Let us conſider, that it is in its own nature cruelty to put a living creature to death; we at leaſt deſtroy a ſoul that has ſenſe and perception.'—In the life of Cato the Cenſor, he takes occaſion from the ſevere diſpoſition of that man to diſcourſe in this manner: 'It ought to be eſteemed a happineſs to mankind, that our humanity has a wider ſphere to exert itſelf in than bare juſtice. It is no more than the obligation of our very birth to practiſe equity to our own kind; but humanity may be extended through the whole order of creatures, even to the meaneſt. Such actions of charity are the overflowings of a mild good-nature on all below us. It is certainly the part of a well-natured man to take care of his horſes and dogs, not only in expectation of their labour while they are foals and whelps, but even when their old age has made them incapable of ſervice.'

Hiſtory tells us of a wiſe and polite nation that rejected a perſon of the firſt quality, who ſtood for a judiciary office, only becauſe he had been obſerved in his youth to take pleaſure in tearing and murdering of birds. And of another that expelled a man out of the ſenate, for daſhing a bird againſt the ground which had taken ſhelter in his boſom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this

kind. I remember an Arabian author[s], who has written a treatiſe to ſhow, how far a man ſuppoſed to have ſubſiſted in a deſert iſland, without any inſtruction, or ſo much as the ſight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philoſophy and virtue. One of the firſt things he makes him obſerve is, that univerſal benevolence of nature in the protection and preſervation of its creatures. In imitation of which the firſt act of virtue he thinks his ſelf-taught philoſopher would of courſe fall into is, to relieve and aſſiſt all the animals about him in their wants and diſtreſſes.

Ovid has ſome very tender and pathetic lines applicable to this occaſion:

'*Quid meruiſtis, oves, placidum pecus, inque tegendos*
Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in ubere nectar?
Mollia quæ nobis veſtras velamina lanas
Præbetis; vitâque magis quàm morte juvatis.
Quid meruere boves, animal ſine fraude doliſque,
Innocuum, ſimplex, natum tolerare labores?
Immemor eſt demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
Ruricolam mactare ſuum—— Met. xv. 116.

'*Quàm malè conſuevit, quàm ſe parat ille cruori*
Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro
Rumpit, & immotas præbet mugitibus aures!
Aut qui vagitus ſimiles puerilibus hædum
Edentem jugulare poteſt!——' Ib. ver. 463.

'The Sheep was ſacrific'd on no pretence,
But meek and unreſiſting innocence.

[s] Telliamed.

A patient, uſeful creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly fleece, that cloth'd her murderer;
And daily to give down the milk ſhe bred,
A tribute for the graſs, on which ſhe fed,
Living, both food and raiment ſhe ſupplies,
And is of leaſt advantage, when ſhe dies.
How did the toiling ox his death deſerve;
A downright ſimple drudge, and born to ſerve?
O tyrant! with what juſtice canſt thou hope
The promiſe of the year, a plenteous crop;
Whent hou deſtroy'ſt thy lab'ring ſteer, who till'd,
And plough'd with pains, thy elſe ungrateful field!
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
That neck, with which the ſurly clods he broke:
And to the hatchet yield thy huſbandman,
Who finiſh'd autumn, and the ſpring began?

———————————

What more advance can mortals make in ſin
So near perfection, who with blood begin?
Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life:
Deaf to the harmleſs kid, that ere he dies,
All methods to ſecure thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain the children's cries.'

DRYDEN.

Perhaps that voice or cry ſo nearly reſembling the human, with which Providence has endued ſo many different animals, might purpoſely be given them to move our pity, and prevent thoſe cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow-creatures.

There is a paſſage in the book of Jonas, when God declares his unwillingneſs to deſtroy Nineveh, where methinks that compaſſion of the Creator, which extends to the meaneſt rank of his

creatures, is expreſſed with wonderful tenderneſs —— 'Should I not ſpare Nineveh that great city, wherein are more than ſix ſcore thouſand perſons'—— and alſo much cattle? And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good-nature of this ſort, with a bleſſing in form annexed to it, in thoſe words; 'If thou ſhalt find a bird's neſt in the way, thou ſhalt not take the dam with the young: But thou ſhalt in any wiſe let the dam go; that it may be well with thee, and that thou may'ſt prolong thy days.'

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gratitude owing to thoſe animals that ſerve us. As for ſuch as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to deſtroy them; and for thoſe that are neither of advantage or prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

This whole matter with regard to each of theſe conſiderations, is ſet in a very agreeable light in one of the Perſian fables of Pilpay, with which I ſhall end this paper.

A traveller paſſing through a thicket, and ſeeing a few ſparks of a fire, which ſome paſſengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a ſudden the ſparks caught hold of a buſh in the midſt of which lay an adder, and ſet it in flames. The adder intreated the traveller's aſſiſtance, who tying a bag to the end of his ſtaff reached it, and drew him out: he then bid him go where he pleaſed, but never more be hurtful to men, ſince he owed his life to a man's compaſſion. The adder, however, prepared to

ſting him, and when he expoſtulated how unjuſt it was to retaliate good with evil, 'I ſhall do no more,' ſaid the adder, 'than what you men practiſe every day, whoſe cuſtom it is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you cannot deny this truth, let us refer it to the firſt we meet.' The man conſented, and ſeeing a tree, put the queſtion to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompenſed? 'If you mean according to the uſage of men,' replied the tree, 'by its contrary: I have been ſtanding here theſe hundred years to protect them from the ſcorching ſun, and in requital they have cut down my branches, and are going to ſaw my body into planks.' Upon this, the adder inſulting the man, he appealed to a ſecond evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a cow. The ſame demand was made, and much the ſame anſwer given, that among men it was certainly ſo. 'I know it,' ſaid the cow, 'by woful experience; for I have ſerved a man this long time with milk, butter, and cheeſe, and brought him beſides a calf every year; but now I am old, he turns me into this paſture with deſign to ſell me to a butcher, who will ſhortly make an end of me.' The traveller upon this ſtood confounded, but deſired, of courteſy, one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beaſt they ſhould meet. This happened to be the fox, who, upon hearing the ſtory in all its circumſtances, could not be perſuaded it was poſſible for the adder to enter in ſo narrow a bag. The adder, to convince him, went in again; when the fox told the man he had now his ene-

my in his power, and with that he faſtened the bag, and cruſhed him to pieces [t].

N° 62. Friday, May 22, 1713.

By G. BERKELEY, D.D.

O fortunatos nimiùm, ſua ſi bona nôrint!

VIRG. Georg. ii. ver. 458.

Too happy, if they knew their happy ſtate.

UPON the late election of king's ſcholars, my curioſity drew me to Weſtminſter-ſchool. The ſight of a place where I had not been for many years, revived in my thoughts the tender images of my childhood, which by a great length of time had contracted a ſoftneſs, that rendered them inexpreſſibly agreeable. As it is uſual with me to draw a ſecret unenvied pleaſure from a thouſand incidents overlooked by other men, I threw myſelf into a ſhort tranſport, forgetting my age, and fancying myſelf a ſchool-boy.

This imagination was ſtrongly favoured by the preſence of ſo many young boys, in whoſe looks were legible the ſprightly paſſions of that age, which raiſed in me a ſort of ſympathy. Warm blood thrilled through every vein; the faded memory of thoſe enjoyments that once gave me pleaſure put on more lively colours, and a thouſand gay amuſements filled my mind.

It was not without regret, that I was forſaken

[t] This paper N° 61, is aſcribed to Pope on the authority of Steele himſelf. See The Publiſher to the Reader.

by this walking dream. The cheapneſs of puerile delights, the guiltleſs joy they leave upon the mind, the blooming hopes that lift up the ſoul in the aſcent of life, the pleaſure that attends the gradual opening of the imagination, and the dawn of reaſon, made me think moſt men found that ſtage the moſt agreeable part of their journey.

When men come to riper years, the innocent diverſions which exalted the ſpirits, and produced health of body, indolence of mind, and refreſhing ſlumbers, are too often exchanged for criminal delights, which fill the ſoul with anguiſh, and the body with diſeaſe. The grateful employment of admiring and raiſing themſelves to an imitation of the polite ſtyle, beautiful images, and noble ſentiments of ancient authors [u], is abandoned for law-latin, the lucubrations of our paltry news-mongers, and that ſwarm of vile pamphlets, which corrupt our taſte, and infeſt the public. The ideas of virtue which the characters of heroes had imprinted on their minds, inſenſibly wear out, and they come to be influenced by the nearer examples of a degenerate age.

In the morning of life, when the ſoul firſt makes her entrance into the world, all things look freſh and gay; their novelty ſurpriſes, and every little glitter or gaudy colour tranſports the ſtranger. But by degrees the ſenſe grows callous, and we loſe that exquiſite reliſh of trifles by

[u] All the villainy of the gods and heroes, much inſiſted on of late, is here artfully ſunk. A.

the time our minds ſhould be ſuppoſed ripe for rational entertainments. I cannot make this reflection without being touched with a commiſeration of that ſpecies called beaus, the happineſs of thoſe men neceſſarily terminating with their childhood; who, from a want of knowing other purſuits, continue a fondneſs for the delights of that age, after the reliſh of them is decayed.

Providence hath with a bountiful hand prepared variety of pleaſures for the various ſtages of life. It behoves us not to be wanting to ourſelves, in forwarding the intention of nature, by the culture of our minds, and a due preparation of each faculty for the enjoyment of thoſe objects it is capable of being affected with.

As our parts open and diſplay by gentle degrees, we riſe from the gratifications of ſenſe, to reliſh thoſe of the mind. In the ſcale of pleaſure, the loweſt are ſenſual delights, which are ſucceeded by the more enlarged views and gay portraitures of a lively imagination; and theſe give way to the ſublimer pleaſures of reaſon, which diſcover the cauſes and deſigns, the frame, connexion, and ſymmetry of things, and fill the mind with the contemplation of intellectual beauty, order, and truth.

Hence I regard our public ſchools and univerſities, not only as nurſeries of men for the ſervice of the church and ſtate, but alſo as places deſigned to teach mankind the moſt refined luxury, to raiſe the mind to its due perfection, and give it a taſte for thoſe entertainments which afford the higheſt tranſport, without the groſſneſs or remorſe that attend vulgar enjoyments.

In thoſe bleſſed retreats men enjoy the ſweets of ſolitude, and yet converſe with the greateſt genii that have appeared in every age, wander through the delightful mazes of every art and ſcience, and as they gradually enlarge their ſphere of knowledge, at once rejoice in their preſent poſſeſſions, and are animated by the boundleſs proſpect of future diſcoveries. There a generous emulation, a noble thirſt of fame, a love of truth and honourable regards, reign in minds as yet untainted from the world. There, the ſtock of learning tranſmitted down from the ancients, is preſerved, and receives a daily increaſe; and it is thence propagated by men, who, having finiſhed their ſtudies, go into the world, and ſpread that general knowledge and good taſte throughout the land, which is ſo diſtant from the barbariſm of its ancient inhabitants, or the fierce genius of its invaders. And as it is evident that our literature is owing to the ſchools and univerſities, ſo it cannot be denied that theſe are owing to our religion.

Is was chiefly, if not altogether, upon religious conſiderations that princes, as well as private perſons, have erected colleges, and aſſigned liberal endowments to ſtudents and profeſſors. Upon the ſame account they meet with encouragement and protection from all Chriſtian ſtates as being eſteemed a neceſſary means [v] to have the ſacred oracles and primitive traditions of Chriſtianity preſerved and underſtood. And it is well known that after a long night of ignorance and ſuperſti-

[v] Mean; plural for the ſingular number.

tion, the reformation of the church and that of learning began together, and made proportionable advances, the latter having been the effect of the former, which of courſe engaged men in the ſtudy of the learned languages, and of antiquity.

Or, if a free-thinker is ignorant of theſe facts, he may be convinced from the manifeſt reaſon of the thing. Is it not plain that our ſkill in literature is owing to the knowledge of Greek and Latin, which that they are ſtill preſerved among us, can be aſcribed only to a religious regard? What elſe ſhould be the cauſe why the youth of Chriſtendom, above the reſt of mankind, are educated in the painful ſtudy of thoſe dead languages; and that religious ſocieties ſhould peculiarly be employed in acquiring that ſort of knowledge, and teaching it to others?

And it is more than probable, that in caſe our free-thinkers could once atchieve their glorious deſign of ſinking the credit of the Chriſtian religion, and cauſing thoſe revenues to be withdrawn which their wiſer forefathers had appointed to the ſupport and encouragement of its teachers, in a little time the Shaſter would be as intelligible as the Greek teſtament; and we, who want that ſpirit and curioſity which diſtinguiſhed the ancient Grecians, would by degrees relapſe into the ſame ſtate of barbariſm, which over-ſpread the northern nations, before they were enlightened by Chriſtianity.

Some perhaps, from the ill tendency and vile taſte which appear in their writings, may ſuſpect that the free-thinkers are carrying on a malicious

design against the belles letters: for my part, I rather conceive them as unthinking wretches of short views and narrow capacities, who are not able to penetrate into the causes or consequences of things [w].

N° 63. Saturday, May 23, 1713.

By STEELE and Mr. RICHARD LUCAS, D.D.

> Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἀλλὰ οὐ ῥῦσαι ὑπ' ἠέρος υἷας Ἀχαιῶν,
> Ποίησον δ' αἴθρην, δὸς δ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδέσθαι,
> Ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον. Hom. Il. xvii. 645.

> O King! O Father! hear my humble prayer:
> Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore,
> Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more:
> If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,
> But let us perish in the face of day! Pope.

I am obliged, for many reasons, to insert this first letter, though it takes me out of my way, especially on a Saturday; but the ribaldry of some part of that will be abundantly made up by the quotation in the second.

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'Sir, Friday, May 22, 1713.

'The Examiner of this day consists of reflections upon the letter I writ to you, published in yours of the twelfth instant [x]. The

[w] This paper, N° 62, is ascribed to bishop Berkeley, on the authority of his son, the Rev. George Berkeley, formerly student of Christ-church, and vicar of Bray in Oxfordshire.

[x] N° 53.

ſentence upon which he ſpends moſt of his invectives, is this, "I will give myſelf no manner of liberty to make gueſſes at him, if I may ſay 'him;' for though ſometimes I have been told by familiar friends, that they ſaw me ſuch a time talking to the Examiner; others who have rallied me upon the ſins of my youth, tell me it is credibly reported that I have formerly lain with the Examiner."

'Now, Mr. Ironſide, what was there in all this but ſaying, "I cannot tell what to do in this caſe. There has been named for this paper one, for whom I have a value [y], and another whom I cannot but neglect?" I have named no man, but if there be any gentleman, who wrongfully lies under the imputation of being, or aſſiſting the Examiner, he would do well to do himſelf juſtice, under his own hand, in the eye of the world. As to the exaſperated miſtreſs [z], the Examiner demands in her behalf, a "reparation for offended

[y] Dr. Swift. See Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 100. &c. cr. 8vo.

[z] Mrs. D. Manley. Steele makes the following apology for this alluſion. 'He who will take upon him to adviſe or reprove, muſt look to it that he himſelf be unblameable; there is an unanſwerable objection againſt my being a man of gallantry, which is the caſe of Mrs. Manley. I had the impatience to write ſomething like ſatire, in return to the liberties that ingenious lady took with me in certain of her writings. The anger of a woman, according to all rules of chivalry, is never to be returned, but abated by perſuaſion and ſubmiſſion. I look upon the ſecret effeminate malice, that men without names now practiſe againſt me, as a juſt judgment on my unmanly conduct in contending with a woman." &c. See Theatre, N° 26; Tat. N° 210, N° 229; and the paper to which this refers, N° 53.

innocence." This is pleaſant language, when ſpoken of this perſon; he wants to have me unſay what he makes me to have ſaid before. I declare then it was a falſe report, which was ſpread concerning me and a lady, ſometimes reputed the author of the Examiner; and I can now make her no reparation, but in begging her pardon, that I never lay with her.

'I ſpeak all this only in regard to the Examiner's offended innocence, and will make no reply as to what relates merely to myſelf. "I have ſaid before he is welcome from henceforward, to treat me as he pleaſes." But the bit of Greek, which I intreat you to put at the front of to-morrow's paper, ſpeaks all my ſenſe on this occaſion. It is a ſpeech put in the mouth of Ajax, who is engaged in the dark: He cries out to Jupiter, "Give me but day-light, let me but ſee my foe, and let him deſtroy me if he can."

'But when he repeats his ſtory of the "general for life," I cannot hear him with ſo much patience. He may inſinuate what he pleaſes to the miniſtry of me; but I am ſure I could not, if I would, by detraction, do them more injury, than he does by his ill-placed, ignorant, nauſeous flattery. One of them, whoſe talent is addreſs, and ſkill in the world, he calls Cato; another, whoſe praiſe is converſation-wit and a taſte of pleaſures, is alſo Cato[a]. Can any thing in nature be more out of character, or more expoſe thoſe, whom he would recommend to the raillery of his

[a] See Examiner, Vol. III. N° 47, in folio, Harley, and Bolingbroke.

adverſaries, than comparing theſe to Cato? But gentlemen of their eminence are to be treated with reſpect, and not to ſuffer becauſe a ſycophant has applauded them in a wrong place.

'As much as he ſays I am in defiance with thoſe in preſent power, I will lay before them one point that would do them more honour than any one circumſtance in their whole adminiſtration; which is, to ſhew their reſentment of the Examiner's nauſeous applauſe of themſelves, and licentious calumny of their predeceſſors. Till they do themſelves that juſtice, men of ſenſe will believe they are pleaſed with the adulation of a proſtitute, who heaps upon them injudicious applauſes, for which he makes way, by random abuſe upon thoſe who are in preſent poſſeſſion of all that is laudable.

I am, Sir,

your moſt humble ſervant,

RICHARD STEELE.'

'TO MR. IRONSIDE.

'SIR,

'A mind ſo well qualified as yours, muſt receive every day large improvements, when exerciſed upon ſuch truths which are the glory of our natures; ſuch as thoſe which lead us to an endleſs happineſs in our life ſucceeding this. I herewith ſend you Dr. Lucas's Practical Chriſtianity[b], for your ſerious peruſal. If you have

[b] Richard Lucas, D. D. vicar of St. Stephen's Coleman-ſtreet, lecturer of St. Olave's, Southwark, and prebendary of Weſtminſter, at the date of this paper was totally blind. He

already read it, I deſire you would give it to one of your friends who has not. I think you cannot recommend it better than in inſerting, by way of ſpecimen, theſe paſſages which I point to you, as follows.

'That I have, in this ſtate I am now in, a ſoul as well as a body, whoſe intereſt concerns me, is a truth my ſenſe ſufficiently diſcovers: For I feel joys and ſorrows, which do not make their abode in the organs of the body, but in the inmoſt receſſes of the mind; pains and pleaſures which ſenſe is too groſs and heavy to partake of, as the peace or trouble of conſcience in the reflection upon good or evil actions, the delight or vexation of the mind, in the contemplation of, or a fruitleſs inquiry after, excellent and important truths.

'And ſince I have ſuch a ſoul capable of happineſs or miſery, it naturally follows, that it were ſottiſh and unreaſonable to loſe this ſoul for the gain of the whole world. For my ſoul is I myſelf, and if that be miſerable, I muſt needs be ſo. Outward circumſtances of fortune may give the world occaſion to think me happy, but they can never make me ſo. Shall I call myſelf happy, if diſcontent and ſorrow eat out the life and ſpirit of my ſoul? if luſts and paſſions riot and mutiny

was born in Radnorſhire about 1648, and died in 1715. The book here recommended was not then a new one; for it was firſt publiſhed in 1678, and a ſecond edition of it appeared in 1681. Dr. Lucas was the author of many excellent writings, ſome of which were after his death publiſhed by his ſon, who was of the ſame name, bred at Sidney-college Cambridge, A. M. and probably the communicator of this paper, N° 63.

in my boſom? if my ſins ſcatter an uneaſy ſhame all over me, and my guilt appals and frights me? What avails it me, that my rooms are ſtately, my tables full, my attendants numerous, and my attire gaudy, if all this while my very being pines and languiſhes away? Theſe indeed are rich and pleaſant things, but I nevertheleſs am a poor and miſerable man. Therefore I conclude, that whatever this thing be I call a ſoul, though it were a periſhing, dying thing, and would not out-live the body, yet it were my wiſdom and intereſt to prefer its content and ſatisfaction before all the world, unleſs I could chuſe to be miſerable, and delight to be unhappy.

'This very conſideration, ſuppoſing the uncertainty of another world, would yet ſtrongly engage me to the ſervice of religion; for all it aims at, is to baniſh ſin out of the world, which is the ſource and original of all the troubles that diſquiet the mind; 1. Sin, in its very eſſence, is nothing elſe but diſordered, diſtempered paſſions, affections fooliſh and prepoſterous in their choice, or wild and extravagant in their proportion, which our own experience ſufficiently convinces us to be painful and uneaſy. 2. It engages us in deſperate hazards, wearies us with daily toils, and often buries us in the ruins we bring upon ourſelves; and laſtly, it fills our hearts with diſtruſt, and fear, and ſhame; for we ſhall never be able to perſuade ourſelves fully, that there is no difference between good and evil; that there is no God, or none that concerns himſelf at the actions of this life: and if we cannot, we can never rid ourſelves of the pangs and ſtings of a troubled con-

ſcience; we ſhall never be able to eſtabliſh a peace and calm in our boſoms; and ſo enjoy our pleaſure with a clear and uninterrupted freedom. But if we could perſuade ourſelves into the utmoſt height of atheiſm, yet ſtill we ſhall be under theſe two ſtrange inconveniences: 1. That a life of ſin will be ſtill irregular and diſorderly, and therefore troubleſome: 2. That we ſhall have diſmantled our ſouls of their greateſt ſtrength, and diſarmed them of that faith which can only ſupport them under the afflictions of this preſent life.'

*** This is to acquaint the curious, that Claudius Dupuys exhibits his cabinet of rarities at the Queen's-arms, Green-poſts, and Flower-pots, againſt the Queen's Bagnio, Long-acre. Price 1s. a piece. C. Dupuys has for many years applied himſelf to collect, with great care and charge, natural and artificial rarities, antique and modern; intending only to pleaſe himſelf, and oblige his friends, and travellers; but now, by the perſuaſion of ſome of the virtuoſo's, he has been prevailed on to make it public, that they may ſee the wonderful works of God in many things taken from ſea and land, and the excellent works of man in many admirable pieces of art. Guardian in folio, N° 62. N. B. He keeps his printing trade ſtill as before, and makes no other outſide ſhew but for the ſame. See Tatler N° 216, and N° 221, notes.

N° 64. Monday, May 25, 1713.

—*Levium ſpectacula rerum.* VIRG. Georg. iv. ver. 3.
Trifles ſet out to ſhew.

I AM told by ſeveral perſons whom I have taken into my ward[c], that it is to their great da-

[c] Wardſhip.

mage I have digreſſed ſo much of late from the natural courſe of my precautions. They have addreſſed and petitioned me with appellations and titles, which admoniſh me to be that ſort of patron which they want me to be, as follows.

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'Patron of the induſtrious.

'The humble petition of John Longbottom, Charles Lilly, Bat Pidgeon, and J. Norwood, capital artificers, moſt humbly ſheweth,

'THAT your petitioners behold with great ſorrow, your honour employing your important moments in remedying matters which nothing but time can cure, and which do not ſo immediately, or at leaſt ſo profeſſedly, appertain to your office, as do the concerns of us your petitioners, and other handicraft perſons, who excell in their different and reſpective dexterities.

'That as all mechanics are employed in accommodating the dwellings, clothing the perſons, or preparing the diet of mankind, your petitioners ought to be placed firſt in your guardianſhip, as being uſeful in a degree ſuperior to all other workmen, and as being wholly converſant in clearing and adorning the head of man.

'That the ſaid Longbottom, above all the reſt of mankind, is ſkilful in taking off that horrid excreſcence on the chins of all males, and caſting, by the touch of his hand, a chearfulneſs where that excreſcence grew; an art known only to this your artificer.

'That Charles Lilly prepares ſnuff, and perfumes, which refreſh the brain in thoſe that have too much for their quiet, and gladdens it in thoſe who have too little to know their want of it.

'That Bat Pidgeon cuts the luxuriant locks growing from the upper part of the head, in ſo artful a manner, with regard to the viſage, that he makes the ringlets, falling by the temples, conſpire with the brows and laſhes of the eye, to heighten the expreſſions of modeſty and intimations of good-will, which are moſt infallibly communicated by ocular glances.

'That J. Norwood forms periwigs with reſpect to particular perſons and viſages, on the ſame plan that Bat Pidgeon corrects natural hair; that he has a ſtrict regard to the climate under which his cuſtomer was born, before he pretends to cover his head; that no part of his wig is compoſed of hair which grew above twenty miles from the buyer's place of nativity; that the very neck-lock grew in the ſame country, and all the hair to the face in the very pariſh where he was born.

'That theſe your cephalic operators humbly intreat your more frequent attention to the mechanic arts, and that you would place your petitioners at the head of the family of coſmetics, and your petitioners ſhall ever pray, &c.'

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.
Guardian of good fame.

'The memorial of Eſau Ringwood ſheweth,

'THAT though nymphs and ſhepherds, ſonnets and complaints, are no more to be ſeen or

heard in the foreſts and chaſes of Great Britain, yet are not the huntſmen who now frequent the woods ſo barbarous as repreſented in the Guardian of the twenty-firſt inſtant; that the knife is not preſented to the lady of quality by the huntſman to cut the throat of the deer; but after he is killed, that inſtrument is given her, as the animal is now become food, in token that all our labour, joy, and exultation in the purſuit, were excited from the ſole hope of making the ſtag an offering to her table; that your honour has detracted from the humanity of ſportſmen in this repreſentation; that they demand you would retract your error, and diſtinguiſh Britons from Scythians.

'P. S. Repent, and eat veniſon.'

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE.
Avenger of detraction.

'The humble petition of Suſanna How-d'ye-call moſt humbly ſheweth,

'THAT your petitioner is mentioned at all viſits, with an account of facts done by her, of ſpeeches ſhe has made, and of journeys ſhe has taken, to all which circumſtances your petitioner is wholly a ſtranger; that in every family in Great Britain, glaſſes and cups are broken, and utenſils diſplaced, and all theſe faults laid upon Mrs. How-d'ye-call; that your petitioner has applied to counſel, upon theſe grievances; that your petitioner is adviſed, that her caſe is the ſame with that of John-a-Styles, and that ſhe is abuſed only by way of form; your petitioner

therefore moſt humbly prays, that in behalf of herſelf, and all others defamed under the term of Mr. or Mrs. How-d'ye-call, you will grant her and them the following conceſſions; that no reproach ſhall take place where the perſon has not an opportunity of defending himſelf; that the phraſe of a 'certain perſon' means 'no certain perſon:' that the 'How-d'ye-calls,' 'ſome people,' 'a certain ſet of men,' 'there are folks now-a-days,' and 'things are come to that paſs,' are words that ſhall concern 'nobody' after the preſent Monday in Whitſun-week, 1713.

'That it is baſeneſs to offend any perſon, except the offender expoſes himſelf to that perſon's examination; that no woman is defamed by any man, without he names her name [d]; that 'exaſperated miſtreſs,' 'falſe fair,' and the like, ſhall from the ſame Whitſun-Monday, ſignify no more than Cloe, Corinna, or Mrs. How-d'ye-call; that your petitioner, being an old maid, may be joined in marriage to John-a-Nokes, or, in caſe of his being reſolved upon celibacy, to Tom Long the carrier, and your petitioner ſhall ever pray, &c.'

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'The humble petition of Hugh Pounce, of Grub-ſtreet, ſheweth,

'THAT in your firſt paper you have touched upon the affinity between all arts which concern the good of ſociety, and profeſſed that you ſhould promote a good underſtanding between them.

[d] See N° 63, the ſarcaſtic alluſion to Mrs. D. Manley; and note upon it.

'That your petitioner is ſkilful in the art and myſtery of writing verſes or diſtichs.

'That your petitioner does not write for vain-glory, but for the uſe of ſociety.

'That, like the art of painting upon glaſs [e], the more durable work of writing upon iron is almoſt loſt.

'That your petitioner is retained as poet to the Ironmongers company.

'Your petitioner therefore humbly deſires you would protect him in the ſole making of poſies for knives, and all manner of learning to be wrought on iron, and your petitioner ſhall ever pray.'

'TO THE GUARDIAN.

'SIR,

'THOUGH every body has been talking of writing on the ſubject of Cato, ever ſince the world was obliged with that tragedy, there has not, methinks, been an examination of it, which ſufficiently ſhows the ſkill of the author merely as a poet. There are peculiar graces which ordinary readers ought to be inſtructed how to admire; among others, I am charmed with his artificial expreſſions in well adapted ſimilies; there is no part of writing in which it is more difficult to ſucceed, for on ſub-

[e] The art of painting on glaſs was never loſt. See Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, &c. vol. ii. p. 26. *et ſeq.* In aid of what is ſaid by Mr. Walpole, in ſupport of this argument, it appears that painting of glaſs was well performed in 1703, by a Mr. Winches, in Bread-ſtreet, London. See Arts Improvement. By T. S. 8vo. 1703. Prolegom.

lime occaſions it requires at once the utmoſt ſtrength of the imagination, and the ſevereſt correction of the judgment. Thus Syphax, when he is forming to himſelf the ſudden and unexpected deſtruction which is to befall the man he hates, expreſſes himſelf in an image which none but a Numidian could have a lively ſenſe of; but yet, if the author had ranged over all the objects upon the face of the earth, he could not have found a repreſentation of a diſaſter ſo great, ſo ſudden, and ſo dreadful as this;

'So where our wide Numidian waſtes extend,
Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes deſcend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the ſands, and ſweep whole plains away,
The helpleſs traveller, with wild ſurpriſe,
Sees the dry deſert all around him riſe,
And ſmother'd in the duſty whirlwind, dies.'

When Sempronius promiſes himſelf the poſſeſſion of Martia by a rape, he triumphs in the proſpect, and exults in his villainy, by repreſenting it to himſelf in a manner wonderfully ſuited to the vanity and impiety of his character.

'So Pluto, ſeiz'd of Proſerpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid;
There grimly ſmil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envy'd Jove his ſunſhine and his ſkies.

Pray, old Neſtor, trouble thyſelf no more with the ſquabbles of old lovers; tell them from me, now they are paſt the ſins of the fleſh [f], they are

[f] A reference to what Steele ſays of Mrs. D. Manley, in Nº 53, and Nº 63. See notes, *Ibid.*

got into thofe of the fpirit; Defire hurts the foul lefs than Malice; it is not now, as when they were Sappho and Phaon.

I am, Sir,

Your affectionate humble fervant,

A. B.'[g]

N° 65. Tuefday, May 26, 1713.

By STEELE.

——*Inter fcabiem tantam et contagia.*——

HOR. 1 Ep. xii. 13.

Amidft the poifon of fuch infectious times.

THERE is not any where, I believe, fo much talk about religion, as among us in England; nor do I think it poffible for the wit of man to devife forms to addrefs to the Almighty, in more ardent and forcible terms than are every where to be found in our book of common prayer; and yet I have heard it read with fuch negligence, affectation and impatience, that the efficacy of it has been apparently loft to all the congregation. For my part, I make no fcruple to own it, that I go fometimes to a particular place in the city, far diftant from my own home, to hear a gentleman, whofe manner I admire, read the liturgy. I am perfuaded devotion is the greateft

[g] Perhaps Alexander Bayne. See Hughes's Correfpondence, *paffim*. Ruffhead's Life of Pope, 8vo. 1769, p. 140, &c.; and Dr. Johnfon's Lives of Englifh Poets, vol. ii. p. 369, *et feq*. Edit. 8vo. 1781.

pleaſure of his ſoul, and there is none hears him read without the utmoſt reverence. I have ſeen the young people, who have been interchanging glances of paſſion to each other's perſons, checked into an attention to the ſervice at the interruption which the authority of his voice has given them. But the other morning I happened to riſe earlier than ordinary, and thought I could not paſs my time better, than to go upon the admonition of the morning bell, to the church prayers at ſix of the clock. I was there the firſt of any in the congregation, and had the opportunity, however I made uſe of it, to look back on all my life, and contemplate the bleſſing and advantage of ſuch ſtated early hours for offering ourſelves to our Creator, and prepoſſeſſing ourſelves with the love of Him, and the hopes we have from Him, againſt the ſnares of buſineſs and pleaſure in the enſuing day. But whether it be that people think fit to indulge their own eaſe in ſome ſecret, pleaſing fault, or whatever it was, there was none [h] at the confeſſion but a ſet of poor ſcrubs of us, who could ſin only in our wills, whoſe perſons could be no temptation to one another, and might have, without interruption from any body elſe, humble, lowly hearts, in frightful looks and dirty dreſſes, at our leiſure. When we poor ſouls had preſented ourſelves with a contrition ſuitable to our worthleſſneſs, ſome pretty young ladies in mobbs, popped in here and there about the church, clattering the pew-door after them, and ſquatting into a whiſ-

h Contr. for no one.

per behind their fans. Among others, one of lady Lizard's daughters, and her hopeful maid, made their entrance: the young lady did not omit the ardent form behind the fan, while the maid immediately gaped round her to look for ſome other devout perſon, whom I ſaw at a diſtance very well dreſſed; his air and habit a little military, but in the pertneſs, not the true poſſeſſion, of the martial character. This jackanapes was fixed at the end of a pew, with the utmoſt impudence, declaring, by a fixed eye on that ſeat (where our beauty was placed) the object of his devotion. This obſcene[i] ſight gave me all the indignation imaginable, and I could attend to nothing but the reflection that the greateſt affronts imaginable are ſuch as no one can take notice of. Before I was out of ſuch vexatious inadvertencies to the buſineſs of the place, there was a great deal of good company now come in. There was a good number of very janty ſlatterns, who gave us to underſtand, that it is neither dreſs nor art[k] to which they were beholden for the town's admiration. Beſides theſe, there were alſo by this time arrived two or three ſets of whiſperers, who carry on moſt of their calumnies by what they entertain one another with in that place, and we were now altogether very good company. There were indeed a few, in whoſe looks there appeared an heavenly joy and gladneſs upon the entrance of a new day, as if they had gone to ſleep with expectation of it. For the ſake of theſe it is worth while that the church keeps up ſuch

[i] Indecent. [k] Yet janty. A,

early mattins throughout the cities of London and Weſtminſter; but the generality of thoſe who obſerve that hour, perform it with ſo taſteleſs a behaviour, that it appears a taſk rather than a voluntary act. But of all the world, thoſe familiar ducks who are, as it were, at home at the church, and by frequently meeting there throw the time of prayer very negligently into their common life, and make their coming together in that place as ordinary as any other action, and do not turn their converſation upon any improvements ſuitable to the true deſign of that houſe, but on trifles below even their worldly concerns and characters[1]. Theſe are little groups of acquaintance diſperſed in all parts of the town, who are, forſooth, the only people of unſpotted characters, and throw all the ſpots that ſtick on thoſe of other people. Malice is the ordinary vice of thoſe who live in the mode of religion, without the ſpirit of it. The pleaſurable world are hurried by their paſſions above the conſideration of what others think of them, into a purſuit of irregular enjoyments; while theſe, who forbear the gratifications of fleſh and blood, without having won over the ſpirit to the intereſts of virtue, are implacable in defamations on the errors of ſuch who offend without reſpect to fame. But the conſideration of perſons whom one cannot but take notice of, when one ſees them in that place, has drawn me out of my intended taſk, which was to bewail that people do not

[1] A verb ſeems wanting here, to explain the cenſure implied in this ſentence.

know the pleaſure of early hours, and of dedicating their firſt moments of the day, with joy and ſingleneſs of heart, to their Creator. Experience would convince us, that the earlier we left our beds, the ſeldomer we ſhould be confined to them.

One great good which would alſo accrue from this, were it become a faſhion, would be, that it is poſſible our chief divines would condeſcend to pray themſelves, or at leaſt thoſe whom they ſubſtitute would be better ſupplied, than to be forced to appear at thoſe oraiſons in a garb and attire which makes them appear mortified with worldly want, and not abſtracted from the world by the contempt of it. How is it poſſible for a gentleman, under the income of fifty pounds a year, to be attentive to ſublime things? He muſt riſe and dreſs like a labourer for ſordid hire, inſtead of approaching his place of ſervice with the utmoſt pleaſure and ſatisfaction, that now he is going to be mouth of a crowd of people who have laid aſide all the diſtinctions of this contemptible being, to beſeech a protection under its manifold pains and diſadvantages, or a releaſe from it, by his favour who ſent them into it. He would, with decent ſuperiority, look upon himſelf as orator before the throne of grace, for a crowd, who hang upon his words, while he aſks for them all that is neceſſary in a tranſitory life; from the aſſurance that a good behaviour, for a few moments in it, will purchaſe endleſs joy and happy immortality.

But who can place himſelf in this view, who, though not pinched with want, is diſtracted with care from the fear of it? No; a man, in the leaſt

degree below the ſpirit of a ſaint or a martyr, will loll, huddle over his duty, look confuſed, or aſſume a reſolution in his behaviour which will be quite as ungraceful, except he is ſupported above the neceſſities of life.

'Power and commandment to his miniſter to declare and pronounce to his people,' is mentioned with a very unguarded [m] air, when the ſpeaker is known in his own private condition to be almoſt an object of their pity and charity. This laſt circumſtance, with many others here looſely ſuggeſted, are the occaſion that one knows not how to recommend, to ſuch as have not already a fixed ſenſe of devotion, the pleaſure of paſſing the earlieſt hours of the day in a public congregation. But were this morning ſolemnity as much in vogue, even as it is now at more advanced hours of the day, it would neceſſarily have ſo good an effect upon us, as to make us more diſengaged and chearful in converſation, and leſs artful and inſincere in buſineſs. The world would be quite another place, than it is now, the reſt of the day; and every face would have an alacrity in it, which can be borrowed from no other reflections, but thoſe which give us the aſſured protection of Omnipotence.

[m] Unregarded.

N° 66. Wednesday, May 13, 1713
By THOMAS PARNELL, D.D.

Sæpe tribus lectis videas cœnare quaternos:
E quibus unus avet quavis aspergere cunctos,
Præter eum qui præbet aquam: pōst, hunc quoque—
HOR. 1. Sat. iv. 86.

Set twelve at supper; one above the rest
Takes all the talk, and breaks a scurvy jest
On all, except the master of the feast:
At last on him——

THE following letter is full of imagination, and in a fabulous manner sets forth a connection between things, and an alliance between persons, that are very distant and remote to common eyes. I think I know the hand to be that of a very ingenious man [n], and shall therefore give it the reader without farther preface.

'TO THE GUARDIAN.

'SIR,

'THERE is a set of mankind, who are wholly employed in the ill-natured office of gathering up a collection of stories that lessen the reputation of others, and spreading them abroad with a certain air of satisfaction. Perhaps indeed, an innocent unmeaning curiosity, a de-

[n] Dr. Parnell. This is the fourth vision of his composition published in the Spectator and Guardian. See Spect. N° 460, N° 501; and Guard. N° 56. See also another vision by Dr. Parnell, in a small volume of his poems; a posthumous publication by Pope, *ad finem*.

ſire of being informed concerning thoſe we live with, or a willingneſs to profit by reflection upon the actions of others, may ſometimes afford an excuſe, or ſometimes a defence for inquiſitiveneſs; but certainly it is beyond all excuſe a tranſgreſſion againſt humanity, to carry the matter farther, to tear off the dreſſings as I may ſay, from the wounds of a friend, and expoſe them to the air in cruel fits of diverſion; and yet we have ſomething more to bemoan, an outrage of a higher nature, which mankind is guilty of when they are not content to ſpread the ſtories of folly, frailty, and vice, but even enlarge them, or invent new ones, and blacken characters, that we may appear ridiculous or hateful to one another. From ſuch practices as theſe it happens, that ſome feel a ſorrow, and others are agitated with a ſpirit of revenge; that ſcandals or lies are told, becauſe another has told ſuch before; that reſentments and quarrels ariſe, and affronts and injuries are given, received and multiplied, in a ſcene of vengeance.

'All this I have often obſerved with abundance of concern, and having a perfect deſire to further the happineſs of mankind, I lately ſet myſelf to conſider the cauſe from whence ſuch evils ariſe, and the remedies which may be applied. Whereupon I ſhut my eyes to prevent a diſtraction from outward objects, and a while after ſhot away, upon an impulſe of thought, into the world of ideas, where abſtracted qualities became viſible in ſuch appearances as were agreeable to each of their natures.

'That part of the country where I happened

to light, was the moſt noiſy that I had ever known. The winds whiſtled, the leaves ruſtled, the brooks rumbled, the birds chattered, the tongues of men were heard, and the echo mingled ſomething of every ſound in its repetition, ſo that there was a ſtrange confuſion and uproar of ſounds about me. At length, as the noiſe ſtill increaſed, I could diſcern a man habited like a herald, and (as I afterwards underſtood) called Novelty, that came forward proclaiming a ſolemn day to be kept at the houſe of Common Fame. Immediately behind him advanced three nymphs, who had monſtrous appearances. The firſt of theſe was Curioſity, habited like a virgin, and having an hundred ears about her head to ſerve her enquiries. The ſecond of theſe was Talkativeneſs, a little better grown; ſhe ſeemed to be like a young wife, and had an hundred tongues to ſpread her ſtories. The third was Cenſoriouſneſs, habited like a widow, and ſurrounded with an hundred ſquinting eyes of a malignant influence, which ſo obliquely darted on all around, that it was impoſſible to ſay which of them had brought in the information ſhe boaſted of. Theſe, as I was informed, had been very inſtrumental in preſerving and rearing Common Fame, when upon her birth-day ſhe was ſhuffled into a crowd, to eſcape the ſearch which Truth might have made after her, and her parents. Curioſity found her there, Talkativeneſs conveyed her away, and Cenſoriouſneſs ſo nurſed her up, that in a ſhort time ſhe grew to a prodigious ſize, and obtained an empire over the univerſe; wherefore the Power, in gratitude for

these services, has since advanced them to her highest employments. The next who came forward in the procession was a light damsel, called Credulity, who carried behind them the lamp, the silver vessel with a spout, and other instruments proper for this solemn occasion°.

'She had formerly seen these three together, and conjecturing from the number of their ears, tongues, and eyes, that they might be the proper genii of Attention, Familiar Converse, and Ocular Demonstration, she from that time gave herself up to attend them. The last who followed were some who had closely muffled themselves in upper garments, so that I could not discern who they were; but just as the foremost of them was come up, I am glad, says she, calling me by my name, to meet you at this time; stay close by me, and take a strict observation of all that passes: her voice was sweet and commanding, I thought I had somewhere heard it; and from her, as I went along, I learned the meaning of every thing which offered.

'We now marched forward through the Rookery of Rumours, which flew thick, and with a terrible din, all around us. At length we arrived at the house of Common Fame, where a hecatomb of reputations was that day to fall for her pleasure. The house stood upon an eminence, having a thousand passages to it, and a thousand whispering holes for the conveyance of sound. The hall we entered was formed with the art of a music-chamber for the improvement of noises.

° Tea equipage, *ut postea.* See also Guard. N° 24.

Reſt and ſilence are baniſhed the place. Stories of different natures wander in light flocks all about, ſometimes truths and lies, or ſometimes lies themſelves claſhing againſt one another. In the middle ſtood a table painted after the manner of the remoteſt Aſiatic countries, upon which the lamp, the ſilver veſſel, and cups of a white earth, were planted in order. Then dried herbs were brought, collected for the ſolemnity in moon-ſhine[p], and water being put to them, there was a greeniſh liquor made, to which they added the flower of milk, and an extraction from the canes of America, for performing a libation to the infernal powers of Miſchief. After this, Curioſity, retiring to a withdrawing room, brought forth the victims, being to appearance a ſet of ſmall waxen images, which ſhe laid upon the table one after another. Immediately then Talkativeneſs gave each of them the name of ſome one, whom for that time they were to repreſent; and Cenſorіouſneſs ſtuck them all about with black pins, ſtill pronouncing at every one ſhe ſtuck, ſomethink to the prejudice of the perſons repreſented. No ſooner were theſe rites performed, and incantations uttered, but the ſound of a ſpeaking trumpet was heard in the air, by which they knew the deity of the place was propitiated, and aſſiſting. Upon this the ſky grew darker, a ſtorm aroſe, and murmurs, ſighs, groans, cries, and the words of grief, or reſentment, were heard within it. Thus the three ſorcereſſes diſ-

p In moonſhine, as herbs are gathered for witchcraft and miſchief. A.

covered, that they whoſe names they had given to the images, were already affected with what was done to them in effigy. The knowledge of this was received with the loudeſt laughter, and in many congratulatory words they applauded one another's wit and power.

'As matters were at this high point of diſorder, the muffled lady, whom I attended on, being no longer able to endure ſuch barbarous proceedings, threw off her upper garment of Reſerve, and appeared to be Truth. As ſoon as ſhe had confeſſed herſelf preſent, the ſpeaking-trumpet ceaſed to ſound, the ſky cleared up, the ſtorm abated, the noiſes which were heard in it ended, the laughter of the company was over, and a ſerene light, until then unknown to the place, diffuſed around it. At this the detected ſorcereſſes endeavoured to eſcape in a cloud which I ſaw begin to thicken round them; but it was ſoon diſperſed, their charms being controlled, and prevailed over by the ſuperior divinity. For my part I was exceedingly glad to ſee it ſo, and began to conſider what puniſhment ſhe would inflict upon them. I fancied it would be proper to cut off Curioſity's ears, and fix them to the eaves of the houſes: to nail the tongues of Talkativeneſs to Indian tables; and to put out the eyes of Cenſorioufneſs with a flaſh of her light. In reſpect of Credulity, I had indeed ſome little pity, and had I been judge ſhe might, perhaps, have eſcaped with a hearty reproof.

'But I ſoon found that the diſcerning judge had other deſigns. She knew them for ſuch as will not be deſtroyed entirely while mankind is

in being, and yet ought to have a brand and punifhment affixed to them that they may be avoided. Wherefore fhe took a feat for judgment, and had the criminals brought forward by Shame ever blufhing, and Trouble with a whip of many lafhes; two phantoms who had dogged the proceffion in difguife, and waited until they had an authority from Truth to lay hands upon them. Immediately then fhe ordered Curiofity and Talkativenefs to be fettered together, that the one fhould never fuffer the other to reft, nor the other ever let her remain undifcovered. Light Credulity fhe linked to Shame at the tormentor's own requeft, who was pleafed to be thus fecure that her prifoner could not efcape; and this was done partly for her punifhment, and partly for her amendment. Cenforioufnefs was alfo in like manner begged by Trouble, and had her affigned for an eternal companion. After they were thus chained with one another, by the judge's order, fhe drove them from the prefence to wander for ever through the world, with Novelty ftalking before them.

'The caufe being now over, fhe retreated from fight within the fplendour of her own glory; which leaving the houfe it had brightened, the founds that were proper to the place began to be as loud and confufed as when we entered; and there being no longer a clear diftinguifhed appearance of any objects reprefented to me, I returned from the excurfion I had made in fancy[q].'

[q] See Dr. Goldfmith's Life of Dr. T. Parnell, 8vo, 1770; and Ruffhead's Life of Pope, 8vo, 1769, p. 492, note.

N° 67. Thurſday, May 28, 1713.

By ADDISON.[r]

——nè fortè pudori
Sic tibi Muſa lyræ ſolers, et cantor Apollo.
HOR. Ars Poet. v. 406.

Bluſh not to patronize the muſe's ſkill.

It has been remarked, by curious obſervers, that poets are generally long-lived, and run beyond the uſual age of man, if not cut off by ſome accident or exceſs, as Anacreon, in the midſt of a very merry old age, was choaked with a grape-ſtone. The ſame redundancy of ſpirits that produces the poetical flame, keeps up the vital warmth, and adminiſters uncommon fuel to life. I queſtion not but ſeveral inſtances will occur to my reader's memory, from Homer down to Mr. Dryden. I ſhall only take notice of two who have excelled in lyrics; the one an ancient, and the other a modern. The firſt gained an immortal reputation by celebrating ſeveral jockeys in the olympic games, the laſt has ſignalized himſelf on the ſame occaſion by the ode that begins with—'To horſe, brave boys, to New-market, to horſe.' My reader will, by this time, know that the two poets I have mentioned, are Pindar and Mr. d'Urfey[s]. The former of theſe

[r] This paper is aſcribed to Addiſon, as being the firſt marked with a hand, on the authority of Steele himſelf; ſee The Publiſher to the Reader. It is reprinted in Mr. Tickell's edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 129.

[s] Concerning Mr. D'Urfey, See Tat. N° 1, N° 11, N° 43, notes; Guard. N° 29, N° 82, final note; Lover, N° 40, and note. Ed. cr. 8vo. 1789.

is long ſince laid in his urn, after having, many years together, endeared himſelf to all Greece by his tuneful compoſitions. Our countryman is ſtill living, and in a blooming old age, that ſtill promiſes many muſical productions; for if I am not miſtaken, our Britiſh ſwan will ſing to the laſt. The beſt judges who have peruſed his laſt ſong on The moderate Man, do not diſcover any decay in his parts, but think it deſerves a place amongſt the fineſt of thoſe works with which he obliged the world in his more early years.

I am led into this ſubject by a viſit which I lately received from my good old friend and contemporary. As we both flouriſhed together in king Charles the Second's reign, we diverted ourſelves with the remembrance of ſeveral particulars that paſſed in the world before the greateſt part of my readers were born, and could not but ſmile to think how inſenſibly we were grown into a couple of venerable old gentlemen. Tom obſerved to me, that after having written more odes than Horace, and about four times as many comedies as Terence, he was reduced to great difficulties by the importunities of a ſet of men, who, of late years, had furniſhed him with the accommodations of life, and would not, as we ſay, be paid with a ſong. In order to extricate my old friend, I immediately ſent for the three directors of the playhouſe, and deſired them that they would in their turn do a good office for a man, who, in Shakſpeare's phraſe, had often filled their mouths, I mean with pleaſantry, and popular conceits. They very generouſly liſtened to my propoſal, and agreed to act the Plotting

Siſters, (a very taking play of my old friend's compoſing), on the 15th of the next month, for the benefit of the author[t].

My kindneſs to the agreeable Mr. d'Urfey will be imperfect, if after having engaged the players in his favour, I do not get the town to come into it. I muſt therefore heartily recommend to all the young ladies, my diſciples, the caſe of my old friend, who has often made their grand-mothers merry, and whoſe ſonnets have perhaps lulled aſleep many a preſent toaſt, when ſhe lay in her cradle.

I have already prevailed on my lady Lizard to be at the houſe in one of the front boxes, and deſign, if I am in town, to lead her in myſelf at the head of her daughters. The gentleman I am ſpeaking of has laid obligations on ſo many of his countrymen, that I hope they will think this but a juſt return to the good ſervice of a veteran poet.

I myſelf remember king Charles the Second leaning on Tom d'Urfey's ſhoulder more than once, and humming over a ſong with him. It is certain that monarch was not a little ſupported by 'Joy to great Cæſar,' which gave the whigs ſuch a blow as they were not able to recover that whole reign. My friend afterwards attacked po-

[t] Mr. D'Urfey was never in very affluent circumſtances. The amount of this benefit does not appear; but, joined to the profits of a large ſubſcription to an edition of his works, in ſix volumes, it was probably ſufficient to make him eaſy, as he continued to write with the ſame humour, to the time of his death, which happened on the 26th of February, 1723. See Nº 82. Some account of The Plotting Siſters: and the final note.

pery with the ſame ſucceſs, having expoſed Bellarmine and Porto-Carero more than once in ſhort ſatirical compoſitions, which have been in every body's mouth. He has made uſe of Italian tunes and ſonatas for promoting the Proteſtant intereſt, and turned a conſiderable part of the Pope's muſic againſt himſelf. In ſhort, he has obliged the court with political ſonnets, the country with dialogues and paſtorals, the city with deſcriptions of a lord mayor's feaſt, not to mention his little ode upon Stool-Ball, with many other of the like nature.

Should the very individuals he has celebrated make their appearance together, they would be ſufficient to fill the play-houſe. Pretty Peg of Windſor, Gillian of Croydon, with Dolly and Molly, and Tommy and Johnny, with many others to be met with in the Muſical Miſcellanies, entitled, Pills to purge Melancholy, would make a good benefit-night.

As my friend, after the manner of the old lyrics, accompanies his works with his own voice, he has been the delight of the moſt polite companies and converſations, from the beginning of king Charles the Second's reign to our preſent times. Many an honeſt gentleman has got a reputation in his country, by pretending to have been in company with Tom d'Urfey.

I might here mention ſeveral other merits in my friend; as his enriching our language with a multitude of rhimes, and bringing words together, that without his good offices, would never have been acquainted with one another, ſo long as it had been a tongue. But I muſt not omit that

my old friend angles for a trout, the beſt of any man in England. May-flies come in late this ſeaſon, or I myſelf ſhould before now, have had a trout of his hooking.

After what I have ſaid, and much more that I might ſay, on this ſubject, I queſtion not but the world will think that my old friend ought not to paſs the remainder of his life in a cage like a ſinging bird, but enjoy all that pindaric liberty which is ſuitable to a man of his genius. He has made the world merry, and I hope they will make him eaſy, ſo long as he ſtays among us. This I will take upon me to ſay, they cannot do a kindneſs to a more diverting companion, or a more chearful, honeſt, and good-natured man. ☞[u].

Nº 68. Friday, May 29, 1713.

By STEELE.

Inſpicere, tanquam in ſpeculum, in vitas omnium
Jubeo, atque ex aliis ſumere exemplum ſibi.

TER. Adelph. Act. iii. Sc. 4.

My advice to him is, to conſult the lives of other men as he would a looking-glaſs, and from thence fetch examples for his own imitation.

THE paper of to-day ſhall conſiſt of a letter from my friend ſir Harry Lizard, which, with my anſwer, may be worth the peruſal of young

[u] See The Publiſher to the Reader. 'All thoſe papers which are diſtinguiſhed by the mark of a hand, were written by a gentleman who has obliged the world with productions too ſublime to admit that the author ſhould receive any addi-

men of eſtates, and young women without fortunes. It is abſolutely neceſſary, that in our firſt vigorous years we lay down ſome law to ourſelves for the conduct of future life, which may at leaſt prevent eſſential misfortunes. The cutting cares which attend ſuch an affection as that againſt which I forewarn my friend ſir Harry, are very well known to all who are called the men of pleaſure; but when they have oppoſed their ſatisfaction to their anxieties in an impartial examination, they will find their life not only a dream, but a troubled and vexatious one.

'DEAR OLD MAN,

'I BELIEVE you are very much ſurpriſed, that in the ſeveral letters I have written to you, ſince the receipt of that wherein you recommend a young lady for a wife [x] to your humble ſervant, I have not made the leaſt mention of that matter. It happens at this time that I am not much inclined to marry; there are very many matches in our country, wherein the parties live ſo inſipidly, or ſo vexatiouſly, that I am afraid to venture from their example. Beſides, to tell you the truth, good Neſtor, I am informed your fine young woman is ſoon to be diſpoſed of elſewhere. As to the young ladies of my acquaintance in your great town, I do not know one whom I could think of as a wife, who is not either prepoſſeſſed with ſome inclination for ſome other man,

tion to his reputation, from ſuch looſe occaſional thoughts as make up theſe little treatiſes, &c.' This gentleman was Mr. Addiſon.

x Guard. Nº 26.

or affects pleaſures and entertainments, which ſhe prefers to the converſation of any man living. Women of this kind are the moſt frequently met with of any ſort whatever; I mean they are the moſt frequent among people of condition, that is to ſay, ſuch are eaſily to be had as would ſit at the head of your eſtate and table, lie-in by you for the ſake of receiving viſits in pomp at the end of the month, and enjoy the like gratifications from the ſupport of your fortune; but you yourſelf would ſignify no more to one of them, than a name in truſt in a ſettlement which conveys land and goods, but has no right for its own uſe. A woman of this turn can no more make a wife, than an ambitious man can be a friend; they both ſacrifice all the true taſtes of being, and motives of life, for the oſtentation, the noiſe, and the appearance of it. Their hearts are turned to unnatural objects, and as the men of deſign can carry them on with an excluſion of their daily companions, ſo women of this kind of gaiety, can live at bed and board with a man, without any affection to his perſon. As to any woman that you examine hereafter for my ſake, if you can poſſibly, find means to converſe with her at ſome country ſeat. If ſhe has no reliſh for rural views, but is undelighted with ſtreams, fields, and groves, I deſire to hear no more of her; ſhe has departed from nature, and is irrecoverably engaged in vanity.

'I have ever been curious to obſerve the arrogance of a town-lady when ſhe firſt comes down to her huſband's ſeat, and beholding her country neighbours, wants ſomebody to laugh with her,

at the frightful things, to whom ſhe herſelf is equally ridiculous. The pretty pitty-pat ſtep, the playing head, and the fall-back in the courteſy, ſhe does not imagine, make her as unconverſable, and inacceſſible to our plain people, as the loud voice, and ungainly ſtride, render one of our huntreſſes to her. In a word, dear Neſtor, I beg you to ſuſpend all inquiries towards my matrimony until you hear further from,

Sir,

your moſt obliged and,

moſt humble ſervant,

HARRY LIZARD.'

A certain looſe turn in this letter, mixed indeed with ſome real exceptions to the too frequent ſilly choice made by country gentlemen, has given me no ſmall anxiety: and I have ſent ſir Harry an account of my ſuſpicions as follows.

'TO SIR HARRY LIZARD.

'SIR,

'YOUR letter I have read over two or three times, and muſt be ſo free with you as to tell you, it has in it ſomething which betrays you have loſt that ſimplicity of heart with relation to love, which I promiſed myſelf would crown your days with happineſs and honour. The alteration of your mind towards marriage is not repreſented as flowing from diſcretion and warineſs in the choice, but a diſinclination to that ſtate in general; you ſeem ſecretly to propoſe to yourſelf (for I

will think no otherwiſe of a man of your age and temper) all its ſatisfactions out of it, and to avoid the care and inconveniencies that attend thoſe who enter into it. I will not urge at this time the greateſt conſideration of all, to wit, regard of Innocence; but having, I think, in my eye, what you aim at, I muſt, as I am your friend, acquaint you, that you are going into a wilderneſs of cares and diſtractions, from which you will never be able to extricate yourſelf, while the compunctions of honour and pity are yet alive in you.

'Without naming names, I have long ſuſpected your deſigns upon a young gentlewoman in your neighbourhood; but give me leave to tell you, with all the earneſtneſs of a faithful friend, that to enter into a criminal commerce with a woman of merit, whom you find innocent, is of all the follies in this life, the moſt fruitful of ſorrow. You muſt make your approaches to her with the benevolence and language of a good angel, in order to bring upon her pollution and ſhame, which is the work of a demon. The faſhion of the world, the warmth of youth, and the affluence of fortune, may, perhaps, make you look upon me in this talk, like a poor well-meaning old man, who is paſt thoſe ardencies in which you at preſent triumph; but believe me, ſir, if you ſucceed in what I fear you deſign, you will find the ſacrifice of beauty and innocence ſo ſtrong an obligation upon you, that your whole life will paſs away in the worſt condition imaginable, that of doubt and irreſolution; you will ever be deſigning to leave her, and never do it; or elſe leave her for another, with a conſtant

longing after her. He is a very unhappy man who does not reſerve the moſt pure and kind affections of his heart for his marriage-bed, he will otherwiſe be reduced to this melancholy circumſtance, that he gave his miſtreſs that kind of affection which was proper for his wife, and has not for his wife either that, or the uſual inclination which men beſtow upon their miſtreſſes. After ſuch an affair as this, you are a very lucky man if you find a prudential marriage is only inſipid, and not actually miſerable; a woman of as ancient a family as your own, may come into the houſe of the Lizards, murmur in your bed, growl at your table, rate your ſervants, and inſult yourſelf, while you bear all this with this unhappy reflection at the bottom of your heart, "This is all for the injured—" The heart is ungovernable enough, without being biaſſed by prepoſſeſſions; how emphatically unhappy therefore is he, who beſides the natural vagrancy of affection, has a paſſion to one particular object, in which he ſees nothing but what is lovely, except what proceeds from his own guilt againſt it! I ſpeak to you, my dear friend, as one who tenderly regards your welfare, and beg of you to avoid this great error, which has rendered ſo many agreeable men unhappy before you. When a man is engaged among the diſſolute, gay, and artful of the fair ſex, a knowledge of their manners and deſigns, their favours unendeared by truth, their feigned ſorrows and groſs flatteries, muſt in time reſcue a reaſonable man from the inchantment; but in a caſe wherein you have none but yourſelf to accuſe, you will find the beſt part

of a generous mind torn away with her, whenever you take your leave of an injured, deſerving woman. Come to town, fly from Olinda, to

Your obedient humble ſervant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE[y].'

N° 69. Saturday, May 30, 1713.

BY STEELE.

Jupiter eſt quodcunque vides—— LUCAN.

Where'er you turn your eyes, 'tis God you ſee.

I HAD this morning a very valuable and kind preſent ſent me, of a tranſlated work of a moſt excellent foreign writer, who makes a very conſiderable figure in the learned and Chriſtian world. It is entitled, A Demonſtration of the Exiſtence, Wiſdom, and Omnipotence of God[z], drawn from the knowledge of nature, particularly of man, and fitted to the meaneſt capacity, by the archbiſhop of Cambray, author of Telemachus, and tranſlated from the French by the ſame hand that engliſhed that excellent piece. This great author, in the writings which he has before produced, has manifeſted a heart full of virtuous ſentiments, great benevolence to mankind, as well as a ſincere and fervent piety towards his Creator. His talents and parts are a very great

y See N° 10, N° 15, notes.

z Oeuvres Philoſophiques, ou Demonſtration de l'Exiſtence de Dieu, &c. Par François de Salignac de la Motte Fenelon, &c. 2 tomes. The beſt edition of this book is in 1726. A Paris, 12mo.

good to the world, and it is a pleaſing thing to behold the polite arts ſubſervient to religion, and recommending it from its natural beauty. Looking over the letters of my correſpondents, I find one which celebrates this treatiſe, and recommends it to my readers.

'TO THE GUARDIAN.

'SIR,

'I THINK I have ſomewhere read, in the writings of one whom I take to be a friend of yours, a ſaying which ſtruck me very much, and as I remember, it was to this purpoſe: "The exiſtence of a God is ſo far from being a thing that wants to be proved, that I think it is the only thing of which we are certain." This is a ſprightly and juſt expreſſion; however, I dare ſay, you will not be diſpleaſed that I put you in mind of ſaying ſomething on the Demonſtration of the biſhop of Cambray. A man of his talents views all things in a light different from that in which ordinary men ſee them, and the devout diſpoſition of his ſoul turns all thoſe talents to the improvement of the pleaſures of a good life. His ſtyle clothes philoſophy in a dreſs almoſt poetic; and his readers enjoy in full perfection the advantage, while they are reading him, of being what he is. The pleaſing repreſentation of the animal powers in the beginning of his work, and his conſideration of the nature of man with the addition of reaſon in the ſubſequent diſcourſe, impreſſes upon the mind a ſtrong ſatisfaction in itſelf, and gratitude towards Him who beſtowed that ſuperiority over the brute-

world. Theſe thoughts had ſuch an effect upon the author himſelf, that he has ended his diſcourſe with a prayer. This adoration has a ſublimity in it befitting his character, and the emotions of his heart flow from wiſdom and knowledge. I thought it would be proper for a Saturday's paper, and have tranſlated it to make you a preſent of it. I have not, as the tranſlator was obliged to do, confined myſelf to an exact verſion from the original, but have endeavoured to expreſs the ſpirit of it, by taking the liberty to render his thoughts in ſuch a way as I ſhould have uttered them if they had been my own. It has been obſerved, that the private letters of great men are the beſt pictures of their ſouls; but certainly their private devotions would be ſtill more inſtructive, and I know not why they ſhould not be as curious and entertaining.

'If you inſert this prayer, I know not but I may ſend you, for another occaſion, one uſed by a very great wit of the laſt age, which has alluſions to the errors of a very wild life; and, I believe you would think it written with an uncommon ſpirit[a]. The perſon whom I mean was an excellent writer, and the publication of this prayer of his may be, perhaps, ſome kind of antidote againſt the infection in his other writings. But this ſupplication of the biſhop has in it a more happy and untroubled ſpirit; it is (if that is not ſaying ſomethig too fond) the worſhip of an angel concerned for thoſe who had fallen, but himſelf ſtill in the ſtate of glory and innocence.

[a] See Guard. N° 81.

The book ends with an act of devotion, to this effect.

'O my God, if the greater number of mankind do not discover Thee in that glorious show of nature which thou hast placed before our eyes, it is not because Thou art far from every[b] one of us. Thou art present to us more than any object which we touch with our hands; but our senses, and the passions which they produce in us, turn our atteution from Thee. Thy light shines in the midst of darkness, but the darkness comprehends it not. Thou, O Lord, dost every way display thyself. Thou shinest in all thy works, but art not regarded by heedless and unthinking man. The whole creation talks aloud of Thee, and echos with the repetitions of thy holy name. But such is our insensibility, that we are deaf to the great and universal voice of nature. Thou art every where about us, and within us; but we wander from ourselves, become strangers to our own souls, and do not apprehend thy presence. O Thou who art the eternal fountain of light and beauty, who art the ancient of days, without beginning and without end; O Thou, who art the life of all that truly live, those can never fail to find Thee, who seek for Thee within themselves. But, alas! the very gifts which Thou bestowest upon us do so employ our thoughts, that they hinder us from perceiving the hand which conveys them to us. We live by Thee, and yet we live without thinking on Thee; but, O Lord, what is life in the ignorance of Thee! A dead

[b] Any.

unactive piece of matter; a flower that withers; a river that glides away; a palace that haſtens to its ruin; a picture made up of fading colours; a maſs of ſhining ore; ſtrike our imaginations, and make us ſenſible of their exiſtence; we regard them as objects capable of giving us pleaſure, not conſidering that thou conveyeſt, through them, all the pleaſure which we imagine they give us. Such vain empty objects that are only the ſhadows of being, are proportioned to our low and groveling thoughts. That beauty which Thou haſt poured out on thy creation, is as a veil which hides thee from our eyes. As Thou art a being too pure and exalted to paſs through our ſenſes, Thou art not regarded by men, who have debaſed their nature, and have made themſelves like the beaſts that periſh. So infatuated are they, that, notwithſtanding they know what is wiſdom and virtue, which have neither ſound, nor colour, nor ſmell, not taſte, nor figure, nor any other ſenſible quality, they can doubt of thy exiſtence, becauſe thou art not apprehended by the groſſer organs of ſenſe. Wretches that we are! we conſider ſhadows as realities, and truth as a phantom. That which is nothing, is all to us; and that which is all, appears to us nothing. What do we ſee in all nature but Thee, O my God! Thou, and only Thou, appeareſt in every thing. When I conſider Thee, O Lord, I am ſwallowed up, and loſt in contemplation of Thee. Every thing beſides thee, even my own exiſtence, vaniſhes and diſappears in the contemplation of Thee. I am loſt to myſelf, and fall into nothing, when I think on Thee. The man who does not

ſee Thee, has beheld nothing; he who does not taſte Thee, has a reliſh of nothing. His being is vain, and his life but a dream. Set up Thyſelf, O Lord, ſet up Thyſelf, that we may behold Thee. As wax conſumes before the fire, and as the ſmoke is driven away, ſo let thine enemies vaniſh out of thy preſence. How unhappy is that ſoul who, without the ſenſe of Thee, has no God, no hope, no comfort to ſupport him! But how happy the man who ſearches, ſighs, and thirſts after thee! But he only is fully happy, on whom Thou lifteſt up the light of thy countenance, whoſe tears thou haſt wiped away, and who enjoys in thy loving-kindneſs the completion of all his deſires. How long, how long, O Lord, ſhall I wait for that day when I ſhall poſſeſs, in thy preſence, fulneſs of joy and pleaſures for evermore? O my God, in this pleaſing hope, my bones rejoice and cry out, Who is like unto Thee! My heart melts away, and my ſoul faints within me when I look up to Thee, who art the God of my life, and my portion to all eternity[c]."

N° 70. Monday, June 1, 1713.

By G. BERKELEY, D. D.

——*mentiſque capacius altæ.* OVID. Met. i. 76.

Of thoughts enlarg'd, and more exalted mind.

As I was the other day taking a ſolitary walk in St. Paul's, I indulged my thoughts in the pur-

c See notes on N° 10, and N° 15.

ſuit of a certain analogy between that fabric and the Chriſtian church in the largeſt ſenſe. The divine order and œconomy of the one ſeemed to be emblematically ſet forth by the juſt, plain, and majeſtic architecture of the other. And as the one conſiſts of a great variety of parts united in the ſame regular deſign, according to the trueſt art, and moſt exact proportion; ſo the other contains a decent ſubordination of members, various ſacred inſtitutions, ſublime doctrines, and ſolid precepts of morality digeſted into the ſame deſign, and with an admirable concurrence tending to one view, the happineſs and exaltation of human nature.

In the midſt of my contemplation, I beheld a fly upon one of the pillars; and it ſtraightway came into my head, that this ſame fly was a free-thinker[d]. For it required ſome comprehenſion in the eye of the ſpectator, to take in at one view the various parts of the building, in order to obſerve their ſymmetry and deſign. But to the fly, whoſe proſpect was confined to a little part of one of the ſtones of a ſingle pillar, the joint beauty of the whole, or the diſtinct uſe of its parts, were inconſpicuous, and nothing could ap-

[d] This poetical thought is probably the original of Thomſon's critic-fly. Summer, line 321, *et ſeq.*

'Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
His works unwiſe, of which the ſmalleſt part
Exceeds the narrow viſion of her mind?
As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
On ſwelling columns heav'd the pride of art!
A critic-fly, whoſe feeble ray ſcarce ſpreads
An inch around, with blind preſumption bold
Should dare to tax the ſtructure of the whole.'

pear but ſmall inequalities in the ſurface of the hewn ſtone, which in the view of that inſect ſeemed ſo many deformed rocks and precipices.

The thoughts of a free-thinker are employed on certain minute particularities of religion, the difficulty of a ſingle text, or the unaccountableneſs of ſome ſtep of Providence or point of doctrine to his narrow faculties, without comprehending the ſcope and deſign of Chriſtianity, the perfection to which it raiſeth human nature, the light it hath ſhed abroad in the world, and the cloſe connection it hath as well with the good of public ſocieties, as with that of particular perſons.

This raiſed in me ſome reflections on that frame or diſpoſition which is called largeneſs of mind, its neceſſity towards forming a true judgment of things, and where the ſoul is not incurably ſtinted by nature, what are the likelieſt methods to give it enlargement.

It is evident that philoſophy doth open and enlarge the mind, by the general views to which men are habituated in that ſtudy, and by the contemplation of more numerous and diſtant objects, that fall within the ſphere of mankind in the ordinary purſuits of life. Hence it comes to paſs, that philoſophers judge of moſt things very differently from the vulgar. Some inſtances of this may be ſeen in the Thætetus of Plato, where Socrates makes the following remarks, among others of the like nature.

'When a philoſopher hears ten thouſand acres mentioned as a great eſtate, he looks upon it as an inconſiderable ſpot, having been uſed to con-

template the whole globe of earth. Or when he beholds a man elated with the nobility of his race, becauſe he can reckon a ſeries of ſeven rich anceſtors; the philoſopher thinks him a ſtupid ignorant fellow, whoſe mind cannot reach to a general view of human nature, which would ſhew him that we have all innumerable anceſtors, among whom are crowds of rich and poor, kings and ſlaves, Greeks and barbarians.' Thus far Socrates, who was accounted wiſer than the reſt of the heathens, for notions which approach the neareſt to Chriſtianity.

As all parts and branches of philoſophy, or ſpeculative knowledge, are uſeful in that reſpect, aſtronomy is peculiarly adapted to remedy a little and narrow ſpirit. In that ſcience there are good reaſons aſſigned to prove the ſun an hundred thouſand times bigger than our earth, and the diſtance of the ſtars ſo prodigious, that a cannon-bullet continuing in its ordinary rapid motion, would not arrive from hence at the neareſt of them in the ſpace of an hundred and fifty thouſand years. Theſe ideas wonderfully dilate and expand the mind. There is ſomething in the immenſity of this diſtance, that ſhocks and overwhelms the imagination; it is too big for the graſp of a human intellect: eſtates, provinces, and kingdoms, vaniſh at its preſence. It were to be wiſhed a certain prince [c], who hath encouraged the ſtudy of it in his ſubjects, had been himſelf a proficient in aſtronomy. This might have ſhewed him how mean an ambition that

[c] Lewis XIV.

was, which terminated in a ſmall part of what is itſelf but a point, in reſpect to that part of the univerſe which lies within our view.

But the Chriſtian religion ennobleth and enlargeth the mind beyond any other profeſſion or ſcience whatſoever. Upon that ſcheme, while the earth, and the tranſient enjoyments of this life, ſhrink into the narroweſt dimenſions, and are accounted as 'the duſt of a balance, the drop of a bucket, yea, leſs than nothing,' the intellectual world opens wider to our view. The perfections of the Deity, the nature and excellence of virtue, the dignity of the human ſoul, are diſplayed in the largeſt characters. The mind of man ſeems to adapt itſelf to the different nature of its objects; it is contracted and debaſed by being converſant in little and low things, and feels a proportionable enlargement ariſing from the contemplation of theſe great and ſublime ideas.

The greatneſs of things is comparative; and this does not only hold, in reſpect of extenſion, but likewiſe in reſpect of dignity, duration, and all kinds of perfections. Aſtronomy opens the mind, and alters our judgment, with regard to the magnitude of extended beings; but Chriſtianity produceth an univerſal greatneſs of ſoul. Philoſophy increaſeth our views in every reſpect, but Chriſtianity extends them to a degree beyond the light of nature.

How mean muſt the moſt exalted potentate upon earth appear to that eye which takes in innumerable orders of bleſſed ſpirits, differing in glory and perfection! How little muſt the amuſe-

ments of ſenſe, and the ordinary occupations of mortal men, ſeem to one who is engaged in ſo noble a purſuit, as the aſſimilation of himſelf to the Deity, which is the proper employment of every Chriſtian!

And the improvement which grows from habituating the mind to the comprehenſive views of religion muſt not be thought wholly to regard the underſtanding. Nothing is of greater force to ſubdue the inordinate motions of the heart, and to regulate the will. Whether a man be actuated by his paſſions, or his reaſon, theſe are firſt wrought upon by ſome object, which ſtirs the ſoul in proportion to its apparent dimenſions. Hence irreligious men, whoſe ſhort proſpects are filled with earth, and ſenſe, and mortal life, are invited, by theſe mean ideas, to actions proportionably little and low. But a mind, whoſe views are enlightened and extended by religion, is animated to nobler purſuits by more ſublime and remote objects.

There is not any inſtance of weakneſs in the free-thinkers that raiſes my indignation more, than their pretending to ridicule Chriſtians, as men of narrow underſtandings, and to paſs themſelves upon the world for perſons of ſuperior ſenſe, and more enlarged views. But I leave it to any impartial man to judge which hath the nobler ſentiments, which the greater views; he whoſe notions are ſtinted to a few miſerable inlets of ſenſe, or he whoſe ſentiments are raiſed above the common taſte, by the anticipation of thoſe delights which will ſatiate the ſoul, when the whole capacity of her nature is branched out

into new faculties? He who looks for nothing beyond this ſhort ſpan of duration, or he whoſe aims are co-extended with the endleſs length of eternity? He who derives his ſpirit from the elements, or he who thinks it was inſpired by the Almighty [f]?

N° 71. Tueſday, June 2, 1713.
By ADDISON.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit eſculetis;
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix. HOR. 1 Od. xxii. 13.

No beaſt, of more portentous ſize,
In the Hercinian foreſt lies;
Nor fiercer in Numidia bred,
With Carthage were in triumph led. ROSCOMMON.

I QUESTION not but my country cuſtomers will be ſurprized to hear me complain that this town is, of late years, very much infeſted with lions: and will, perhaps, look upon it as a ſtrange piece of news when I aſſure them that there are many of theſe beaſts of prey, who walk our ſtreets in broad day-light, beating about from coffee-houſe to coffee-houſe, and ſeeking whom they may devour.

To unriddle this paradox, I muſt acquaint my rural reader that we polite men of the town give the name of a lion to any one who is a great

[f] This paper, N° 70, is aſcribed to biſhop Berkeley, on the authority of his ſon, the Rev. George Berkeley, formerly ſtudent of Chriſt-church, and vicar of Bray in Oxfordſhire.

man's ſpy. And whereas I cannot diſcharge my office of Guardian, without ſetting a mark on ſuch a noxious animal, and cautioning my wards againſt him, I deſign this whole paper as an eſſay upon the political lion.

It has coſt me a great deal of time to diſcover the reaſon of this appellation, but after many diſquiſitions and conjectures on ſo obſcure a ſubject, I find there are two accounts of it more ſatisfactory than the reſt. In the republic of Venice, which has been always the mother of politics, there are near the doge's palace ſeveral large figures of lions curiouſly wrought in marble, with mouths gaping in a moſt enormous manner. Thoſe who have a mind to give the ſtate any private intelligence of what paſſes in the city, put their hands into the mouth of one of theſe lions, and convey into it a paper of ſuch private informations as any way regard the intereſt or ſafety of the commonwealth. By this means all the ſecrets of ſtate come out of the lion's mouth. The informer is concealed; it is the lion that tells every thing. In ſhort, there is not a miſmanagement in office, or a murmur in converſation, which the lion does not acquaint the government with. For this reaſon, ſay the learned, a ſpy is very properly diſtinguiſhed by the name of lion.

I muſt confeſs this etymology is plauſible enough, and I did for ſome time acquieſce in it, until about a year or two ago I met with a little manuſcript which ſets this whole matter in a clear light. In the reign of queen Elizabeth, ſays my author, the renowned Walſingham had many

ſpies in his ſervice, from whom the government received great advantage. The moſt eminent among them was the ſtateſman's barber, whoſe ſurname was lion. This fellow had an admirable knack of fiſhing out the ſecrets of his cuſtomers, as they were under his hands. He would rub and lather a man's head, until he had got out every thing that was in it. He had a certain ſnap in his fingers and a volubility in his tongue, that would engage a man to talk with him whether he would or no. By this means he became an inexhauſtible fund of private intelligence, and ſo ſignalized himſelf in the capacity of a ſpy, that from his time a maſter-ſpy goes under the name of a lion.

Walſingham had a moſt excellent penetration, and never attempted to turn any man into a lion whom he did not ſee highly qualified for it, when he was in his human condition. Indeed the ſpeculative men of thoſe times ſay of him, that he would now and then play them off, and expoſe them a little unmercifully; but that, in my opinion, ſeems only good policy, for otherwiſe they might ſet up for men again, when they thought fit, and deſert his ſervice. But however, though in that very corrupt age he made uſe of theſe animals, he had a great eſteem for true men, and always exerted the higheſt generoſity in offering them more, without aſking terms of them, and doing more for them out of mere reſpect for their talents, though againſt him, than they could expect from any other miniſter whom they had ſerved never ſo conſpicuouſly. This made Raleigh (who profeſt himſelf

his opponent) ſay one day to a friend, 'Pox take this Walſingham, he baffles every body; he won't ſo much as let a man hate him in private.' True it is, that by the wanderings, roarings, and lurkings, of his lions, he knew the way to every man breathing, who had not a contempt for the world itſelf; he had lions rampant whom he uſed for the ſervice of the church, and couchant who were to lie down for the queen. They were ſo much at command, that the couchant would act as the rampant, and the rampant as couchant, without being the leaſt out of countenance, and all this within four and twenty hours. Walſingham had the pleaſanteſt life in the world; for, by the force of his power and intelligence, he ſaw men as they really were, and not as the world thought of them. All this was principally brought about by feeding his lions well, or keeping them hungry, according to their different conſtitutions.

Having given this ſhort but neceſſary account of this ſtateſman and his barber, who, like the taylor in Shakſpeare's Pyramus and Thyſbe, was a man made as other men are, notwithſtanding he was a nominal lion, I ſhall proceed to the deſcription of this ſtrange ſpecies of creatures. Ever ſince the wiſe Walſingham was ſecretary in this nation, our ſtateſmen are ſaid to have encouraged the breed among us, as very well knowing that a lion in our Britiſh arms is one of the ſupporters of the crown, and that it is impoſſible for a government, in which there are ſuch a variety of factions and intrigues, to ſubſiſt without this neceſſary animal.

A lion, or a mafter-fpy, hath feveral jack-calls under him, who are his retailers in intelligence, and bring him in materials for his report; his chief haunt is a coffee-houfe, and as his voice is exceeding ftrong, it aggravates the found of every thing it repeats.

As the lion generally thirfts after blood, and is of a fierce and cruel nature, there are no fecrets which he hunts after with more delight, than thofe that cut off heads, hang, draw, and quarter, or end in the ruin of the perfon who becomes his prey. If he gets the wind of any word or action that may do a man good, it is not for his purpofe, he quits the chace and falls into a more agreeable fcent.

He difcovers a wonderful fagacity in feeking after his prey. He couches and frifks about in a thoufand fportful motions to draw it within his reach, and has a particular way of imitating the found of the creature whom he would enfnare; an artifice to be met with in no beaft of prey, except the hyæna and the political lion.

You feldom fee a clufter of news-mongers without a lion in the midft of them. He never miffes taking his ftand within ear-fhot of one of thofe little ambitious men who fet up for orators in places of public refort. If there is a whifpering-hole, or any public fpirited corner in a coffee-houfe, you never fail of feeing a lion couched upon his elbow in fome part of the neighbourhood.

A lion is particularly addicted to the perufal of every loofe paper that lies in his way. He appears more than ordinary attentive to what he

reads, while he liftens to thofe who are about him. He takes up the poft-man, and fnuffs the candle that he may hear the better by it. I have feen a lion pore upon a fingle paragraph in an old gazette for two hours together, if his neighbours have been talking all that while.

Having given a full defcription of this monfter, for the benefit of fuch innocent perfons as may fall into his walks, I fhall apply a word or two to the lion himfelf, whom I would defire to confider that he is a creature hated both by God and man, and regarded with the utmoft contempt even by fuch as make ufe of him. Hangmen and executioners are neceffary in a ftate, and fo may the animal I have been here mentioning; but how defpicable is the wretch that takes on him fo vile an employment? There is fcarce a being that would not fuffer by a comparifon with him, except that being only who acts the fame kind of part, and is both the tempter and accufer of mankind.

'N. B. Mr. Ironfide has, within five weeks laft paft, muzzled three lions, gorged five, and killed one. On Monday next the fkin of the dead one will be hung up *in terrorem*, at Button's coffee-houfe, over-againft Tom's, in Covent-garden.' ☞[g].

[g] The mark of Addifon's papers in the Guardian. See The Publifher to the Reader. This paper, N° 71, is reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of Addifon's Works, in 4to. vol. iv. p. 131.

N° 72. Wedneſday, June 3, 1713.
By STEELE.

—— *In vitium libertas excidit, & vim*
Dignam lege regi—— HOR. Ars. Poet. v. 282.

——Its liberty was turn'd to rage;
Such rage as civil power was forc'd to tame. CREECH.

OXFORD is a place which I am more inquiſitive about than even that of my nativity; and when I have an account of any ſprightly ſaying, or riſing genius from thence, it brings my own youthful days into my mind, and throws me forty years back into life. It is for this reaſon, that I have thought myſelf a little neglected of late by Jack Lizard [h], from whom I uſed to hear at leaſt once a week. The laſt poſt brought me his excuſe, which is, that he hath been wholly taken up in preparing ſome exerciſes for the theatre. He tells me likewiſe, that the talk there is about a public act, and that the gay part of the univerſity have great expectation of a Terræ-filius [i], who is to laſh and ſting all the world in a ſatyrical ſpeech. Againſt the great licence which hath heretofore been taken in theſe libels, he expreſſes himſelf with ſuch humanity, as is very unuſual in a young perſon, and ought to be cheriſhed and admired. For my own part, I ſo far agree with him, that if the univerſity per-

h See Guard. N° 13, N° 55, N° 181, and N° 308.

i See the book publiſhed under the title of Terræ-filius, in 2 vols. 12mo.

mits a thing, which I think much better let alone; I hope thoſe, whoſe duty it is to appoint a proper perſon for that office, will take care that he utter nothing unbecoming a gentleman, a ſcholar, and a Chriſtian. Moreover I would have them conſider that their learned body hath already enemies enough, who are prepared to aggravate all irreverent inſinuations, and to interpret all oblique indecencies, who will triumph in ſuch a victory, and bid the univerſity thank herſelf for the conſequences.

In my time I remember the Terræ-filius contented himſelf with being bitter upon the Pope, or chaſtiſing the Turk; and raiſed a ſerious and manly mirth, and adapted to the dignity of his auditory, by expoſing the falſe reaſoning of the heretic, or ridiculing the clumſy pretenders to genius and politeneſs. In the jovial reign of king Charles the Second, wherein never did more wit or more ribaldry abound, the faſhion of being arch upon all that was grave, and waggiſh upon the ladies, crept into our ſeats of learning upon theſe occaſions. This was managed groſly and aukwardly enough, in a place where the general plainneſs and ſimplicity of manners could ill bear the mention of ſuch crimes, as in courts and great cities are called by the ſpecious names of air and gallantry. It is to me amazing, that ever any man, bred up in the knowledge of virtue and humanity, ſhould ſo far caſt off all ſhame and tenderneſs, as to ſtand up in the face of thouſands, and utter ſuch contumelies as I have read and heard of. Let ſuch an one know that he is making fools merry, and wiſe men ſick; and

that, in the eye of conſidering perſons, he hath leſs compunction than the common hangman, and leſs ſhame than a proſtitute.

Infamy is ſo cutting an evil, that moſt perſons who have any elevation of ſoul, think it worſe than death. Thoſe who have it not in their power to revenge it, often pine away in anguiſh, and loth their being; and thoſe who have, enjoy no reſt until they have vengeance. I ſhall therefore make it the buſineſs of this paper to ſhew how baſe and ungenerous it is to traduce the women, and how dangerous it is to expoſe men of learning and character, who have generally been the ſubjects of theſe invectives.

It hath been often ſaid, that women ſeem formed to ſoften the boiſterous paſſions, and ſooth the cares and anxieties to which men are expoſed in the many perplexities of life. That having weaker bodies, and leſs ſtrength of mind, than man, Nature hath poured out her charms upon them, and given them ſuch tenderneſs of heart, that the moſt delicate delight we receive from them is, in thinking them intirely ours, and under our protection. Accordingly we find, that all nations have paid a decent homage to this weaker and lovelier part of the rational creation, in proportion to their removal from ſavageneſs and barbariſm. Chaſtity and truth are the only due returns that they can make for this generous diſpoſition in the nobler ſex. For beauty is ſo far from ſatisfying us of itſelf, that whenever we think that it is communicated to others, we behold it with regret and diſdain. Whoever therefore robs a woman of her reputation, deſpoils a poor

defenceleſs creature of all that maks her valuable, turns her beauty into loathſomneſs, and leaves her friendleſs, abandoned, and undone. There are many tempers ſo ſoft, that the leaſt calumny gives them pains they are not able to bear They give themſelves up to ſtrange fears, gloomy reflections, and deep melancholy. How ſavage muſt he be, who can ſacrifice the quiet of ſuch a mind to a tranſient burſt of mirth! Let him who wantonly ſports away the peace of a poor lady, conſider what diſcord he ſows in families; how often he wrings the heart of an hoary parent; how often he rouſes the fury of a jealous huſband; how he extorts from the abuſed woman curſes, perhaps not unheard, and poured out in the bitterneſs of her ſoul! What weapons hath ſhe wherewith to repel ſuch an outrage! How ſhall ſhe oppoſe her ſoftneſs and imbecillity to the hardened forehead of a coward, who hath trampled upon weakneſs that could not reſiſt him! to a buffoon, who hath ſlandered innocence, to raiſe, the laughter of fools! who hath 'ſcattered firebrands, arrows and death, and ſaid, am I not in ſport!'

Irreverent reflections upon men of learning and note, if their character be ſacred, do great diſſervice to religion, and betray a vile mind in the author. I have therefore always thought, with indignation, upon that 'accuſer of the brethren,' the famous antiquary[k], whoſe employ-

[k] Mr. Anthony à Wood. He was born in 1632, and died in 1695; aged 64. His life, written by himſelf, was publiſhed by Mr. T. Hearne, at the Clarendon preſs, 8vo. 1772. He was himſelf very roughly handled by Mr. Shirley the

ment it was for ſeveral years, to rake up all the ill-natured ſtories that had ever been faſtened upon celebrated men, and tranſmit them to poſterity with cruel induſtry, and malicious joy. Though the good men, ill-uſed, may out of a meek and chriſtian diſpoſition, ſo far ſubdue their natural reſentment, as to neglect and forgive; yet the inventors of ſuch calumnies will find generous perſons, whoſe bravery of mind makes them think themſelves proper inſtruments to chaſtiſe ſuch inſolence. And I have in my time, more than once known the diſcipline of the blanket adminiſtered to the offenders, and all their ſlanders anſwered by that kind of ſyllogiſm which the ancient Romans called the 'argumentum bacillinum[1].'

I have leſs compaſſion for men of ſprightly parts and genius, whoſe characters are played upon, becauſe they have it in their power to revenge themſelves tenfold. But I think of all the claſſes of mankind, they are the moſt pardonable if they pay the ſlanderer in his own coin. For their names being already blazed abroad in the world, the leaſt blot thrown upon them is diſplayed far and wide; and they have this ſad privilege above the men in obſcurity, that the diſhonour travels as far as their fame. To be even therefore with their enemy, they are but too apt

Terræ filius of Trinity college. See his life, abovementioned, p. 253, &c.

[1] 'Becauſe courſing in Lent, i. e. the endeavours of one party to run down and confute another in diſputations, did commonly end in blows and domeſtic quarrels [the refuge of the vanquiſhed ſide], Dr. John Fell, by his authority,' as

to diffuſe his infamy as far as their own reputation; and perhaps triumph in ſecret, that they have it in their power to make his name the ſcoff and deriſion of after-ages. This I ſay, they are too apt to do. For ſometimes they reſent the expoſing of their little affectations or ſlips in writings as much as wounds upon their honour. The firſt are trifles they ſhould laugh away, but the latter deſerves their utmoſt ſeverity.

I muſt confeſs a warmth againſt the buffooneries mentioned in the beginning of this paper; as they have ſo many circumſtances to aggravate their guilt. A licence for a man to ſtand up in the ſchools of the prophets, in a grave decent habit, and audaciouſly vent his obloquies againſt the doctors of our church, and directors of our young nobility, gentry and clergy, in their hearing and before their eyes; to throw calumnies upon poor defenceleſs women, and offend their ears with nauſeous ribaldry, and name their names at length in a public theatre, when a queen[m] is upon the throne; ſuch a licence as this never yet gained ground in our playhouſes; and I hope will not need a law to forbid it. Were I to adviſe in this matter, I ſhould repreſent to the orator how noble a field there lay before him for panegyric; what a happy opportunity he had of doing juſtice to the great men who once were of that famous body, or now ſhine forth in it; nor ſhould I neglect to inſinuate the

vice chancellor, did annual that cuſtom, ſome time between 1666 and 1669. Wood's Athenæ Oxon. vol. ii. p. 603. Edit. 1691.

[m] Queen Anne, mentioned merely as a queen.

advantages he might propofe by gaining their friendfhip, whofe worth, by a contrary treatment, he will be imagined either not to know, or to envy. This might refcue the name from fcandal; and if, as it ought, this performance turned folely upon matters of wit and learning, it might have the honour of being one of the firft productions of the magnificent printing houfe, juft erected at Oxford[n].

This paper is written with a defign to make my journey to Oxford agreeable to me, where I defign to be at the Public Act. If my advice is neglected, I fhall not fcruple to infert in the Guardian whatever the men of letters and genius tranfmit to me, in their own vindication; and I hereby promife that I myfelf will draw my pen in defence of all injured women[o].

N° 73. Thurfday, June 4, 1713.

By STEELE.

In Amore hæc infunt omnia.—TER. Eun. Act. i. Sc. 1.

All thefe things are infeparable from love.

IT is a matter of great concern that there come fo many letters to me, wherein I fee parents make love for their children, and without any manner of regard to the feafon of life, and the refpective interefts of their progeny, judge of their future happinefs by the rules of ordinary commerce. When a man falls in love in fome fa-

[n] The Clarendon printing-houfe.

[o] See N° 10, N° 15, notes.

milies, they uſe him as if his land was mortgaged to them, and he cannot diſcharge himſelf, but by really making it the ſame thing in an unreaſonable ſettlement, or foregoing what is dearer to him than his eſtate itſelf. Theſe extortioners are of all others, the moſt cruel; and the ſharks, who prey upon the inadvertency of young heirs, are more pardonable than thoſe who treſpaſs upon the good opinion of thoſe who treat with them upon the foot of choice and reſpect. The following letters may place in the reader's view uneaſineſſes of this ſort, which may perhaps be uſeful to ſome under the circumſtances mentioned by my correſpondents.

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

From a certain town in Cumberland, May 21.

'VENERABLE SIR,

'IT is impoſſible to expreſs the univerſal ſatisfaction your precautions give in a country ſo far north as ours; and indeed it were impertinent to expatiate in a caſe that is by no means particular to ourſelves, all mankind, who wiſh well to one another, being equally concerned in their ſucceſs. However, as all nations have not the genius, and each particular man has his different views and taſte, we northerns cannot but acknowledge our obligations in a more eſpecial manner, for your matrimonial precautions, which we more immediately are intereſted in. Our climate has ever been recorded as friendly to the continuation of our kind; and the ancient hiſtories are not more full of their Goths and Vandals, that in ſwarms overſpread all Europe, than

modern ſtory of its Yorkſhire hoſtlers and attornies, who are remarkably eminent and beneficial in every market-town, and moſt inns in this kingdom. I ſhall not here preſume to enter, with the ancient ſages, into a particular reaſoning upon the caſe, as whether it proceeds from the cold temper of the air, or the particular conſtitutions of the perſons, or both; from the faſhionable want of artifice in the women, and their entire ſatisfaction in one conqueſt only, or the happy ignorance in the men, of thoſe ſouthern vices which effeminate mankind.

'From this encomium, I do not queſtion but by this time you infer me happy already in the legal poſſeſſion of ſome fair one, or in a probable way of being ſo. But alas! neither is my caſe, and from the cold damp which this minute ſeizes upon my heart, I preſage never will. What ſhall I do? To complain here is to talk to winds, or mortals as regardleſs as they. The tempeſtuous ſtorms in the neighbouring mountains, are not more relentleſs, or the crags more deaf, than the old gentleman is to my ſighs and prayers. The lovely Paſtorella indeed hears and gently ſighs, but it is only to increaſe my tortures; ſhe is too dutiful to diſobey a father; and I am neither able, nor forward, to receive her by an act of diſobedience.

'As to myſelf, my humour, until this accident to ruffle it, has ever been gay and thoughtleſs, perpetually toying amongſt the women, dancing briſkly and ſinging ſoftly. For I take it, more men miſcarry amongſt them for having too much

than too little underſtanding. Paſtorella ſeems willing to relieve me from my frights; and by her conſtant carriage, by admitting my viſits at all hours, has convinced all hereabouts of my happineſs with her, and occaſioned a total defection amongſt her former lovers, to my infinite contentment. Ah! Mr. Ironſide, could you but ſee in a calm evening the profuſion of eaſe and tenderneſs betwixt us! The murmuring river that glides gently by, the cooing turtles in the neighbouring groves, are harſh compared to her more tuneful voice. The happy pair, firſt joined in Paradiſe, not more enamoured walked! more ſweetly loved! But alas! what is all this! an imaginary joy, in which we trifle away our precious time, without coming together for ever. That muſt depend upon the old gentleman, who ſees I cannot live without his daughter, and knows I cannot, upon his terms, be ever happy with her. I beg of you to ſend for us all up to town together, that we may be heard before you (for we all agree in a deference to your judgment) upon theſe heads, Whether the authority of a father ſhould not accommodate itſelf to the liberty of a free-born Engliſh woman?

'Whether, if you think fit to take the old gentleman into your care, the daughter may not chooſe her lover for her Guardian?

'Whether all parents are not obliged to provide for the juſt paſſions of their children when grown up, as well as food and raiment in their tender years?

'Theſe and ſuch points being unſettled in the

world, are cauſe of great diſtraction, and it would be worthy your great age and experience, to conſider them diſtinctly for the benefit of domeſtic life. All which, moſt venerable Neſtor, is humbly ſubmitted by all your northern friends, as well as

Your moſt obedient, and
devoted humble ſervant,

PASTOR FIDO.'

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'WE who ſubſcribe this, are man and wife, and have been ſo theſe fifteen years: but you muſt know we have quarrelled twice a day ever ſince we came together, and at the ſame time have a very tender regard for one another. We obſerve this habitual diſputation has an ill effect upon our children, and they loſe their reſpect towards us from this jangling of ours. We lately entered into an agreement, that from that time forward, when either ſhould fall into a paſſion, the party angry ſhould go into another room, and write a note to the other by one of the children, and the perſon writ to right or wrong, beg pardon; becauſe the writing to avoid paſſion, is in itſelf an act of kindneſs. This little method, with the ſmiles of the meſſengers, and other nameleſs incidents in the management of this correſpondence with the next room, has produced inexpreſſible delight, made our children and ſervants chearful under our care and protection, and made us ourſelves ſenſible of a thouſand good qualities we now ſee in each other, which

could not before ſhine out, becauſe of our mutual impatience.

Your humble ſervants,

PHILIP and MARY.'

'P. S. Since the above, my wife is gone out of the room, and writes word by Billy that ſhe would have in the above letter, the words "jangling of ours," changed into the words, "theſe our frequent debates." I allow of the amendment, and deſire you would underſtand accordingly, that we never jangled, but went into frequent debates, which were always held in a committee of the whole houſe.'

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'SAGACIOUS SIR,

'WE married men reckon ourſelves under your ward, as well as thoſe who live in a leſs regular condition. You muſt know, I have a wife, who is one of thoſe good women who are never very angry, or very much pleaſed. My dear is rather inclined to the former, and will walk about in ſoliloquy, dropping ſentences to herſelf of management, ſaying "ſhe will ſay nothing, but ſhe knows when her head is laid what —" and the reſt of that kind of half expreſſions. I am never inquiſitive to know what is her grievance, becauſe I know it is only conſtitution. I call her by the kind appellation of my gentle Murmur, and I am ſo uſed to hear her, that I believe I could not ſleep without it. It would not be amiſs if you communicated this to the public,

that many who think their wives angry, may know they are only not pleaſed, and that very many come into this world, and go out of it at a very good old age, without having ever been much tranſported with joy, or grief, in their whole lives.

Your humble ſervant,

ARTHUR SMOOTH.'

'MOST VENERABLE NESTOR.

'I AM now three and twenty, and in the utmoſt perplexity how to behave myſelf towards a gentleman whom my father has admitted to viſit me as a lover. I plainly perceive my father deſigns to take advantage of his paſſion towards me, and require terms of him which will make him fly off. I have orders to be cold to him in all my behaviour; but if you inſert this letter in the Guardian, he will know that diſtance is conſtrained. I love him better than life, am ſatisfied with the offer he has made, and deſire him to ſtick to it, that he may not hereafter think he has purchaſed me too dear. My mother knows I love him, ſo that my father muſt comply.

Your thankful Ward,

SUSANNA ——.'

'P. S. I give my ſervice to him, and deſire the ſettlement may be ſuch as ſhows I have my thoughts fixed upon my happineſs in being his wife, rather than his widow[p].'

[p] See N° 10, N° 15, and notes.

Nº 74. Friday, June 5, 1713.

By Dr. WILLIAM BEVERIDGE, BISHOP OF ASAPH.

Magne Parens, ſanctâ quàm majeſtate verendus! Buch.
Great Parent! how Majeſtic! how adorable!

I will make no apology for preferring this letter, and the extract following, to any thing elſe which I could poſſibly inſert.

'Sir, Cambridge, May 31.

'You having been pleaſed to take notice of what you conceived excellent in ſome of our Engliſh divines, I have here preſumed to ſend a ſpecimen, which if I am not miſtaken, may for acuteneſs of judgment, ornament of ſpeech, and true ſublime, compare with any of the choiceſt writings of the ancient fathers or doctors of the church, who lived neareſt to the apoſtles' times. The ſubject is no leſs than that of God himſelf; and the deſign, beſides doing ſome honour to our own nation, is to ſhew by a freſh example, to what a height and ſtrength of thought a perſon, who appears not to be by nature endued with the quickeſt parts, may arrive, through a ſincere and ſteady practice of the Chriſtian religion, I mean, as taught and adminiſtered in the church of England: which will, at the ſame time, prove that the force of ſpiritual aſſiſtance is not at all abated by length of time, or the iniquity of mankind; but that if men were

not wanting to themſelves, and (as our excellent author ſpeaks) could but be perſuaded to conform to our church's rules, they might ſtill live as the primitive Chriſtians did, and come ſhort of none of thoſe eminent ſaints for virtue and holineſs. The author from whom this collection is made, is biſhop Beveridge, vol. ii. ſerm. 1[q].

PHILOTHEUS.'

In treating upon that paſſage in the book of Exodus, where Moſes being ordered to lead the children of Iſrael out of Egypt, he aſked God what name he ſhould mention him by to that people, in order to diſpoſe them to obey him; and God anſwered, 'I Am that I Am;' and bade him tell them, 'I Am hath ſent me unto you;' the admirable author thus diſcourſes: 'God having been pleaſed to reveal himſelf to us under this name or title, "I Am that I Am," he thereby ſuggeſts to us, that he would not have us apprehend of him, as of any particular or limited being, but as a being in general, or the Being of all beings; who giveth being to, and therefore exerciſeth authority over, all things in the world.

q One hundred and fifty Sermons and Diſcourſes on ſeveral ſubjects. Lond. 1708. 12 vol. 8vo. Reprinted *Ibidem*, 1719. 2 vols. folio. The author of theſe poſthumous publications was born at Barrow in Leiceſterſhire, in 1638; and died at his lodgings in the Cloiſters in Weſtminſter-Abbey, in the 71ſt year of his age, March 5, 1707-8, about three years and an half after his promotion to the ſee of St. Aſaph. Much cannot be ſaid for the ſolidity of this prelate's reaſonings, the judiciouſneſs of his expoſitions, or the elegant ſtyle and taſte of his writings; but his honeſty and goodneſs will always be had in reverence.

He did not anſwer Moſes, "I am the great, the living, the true, the everlaſting God," he did not ſay, "I am the almighty Creator, Preſerver, and Governor, of the whole world," but "I Am that I Am:" intimating, that if Moſes deſired ſuch a name of God as might fully deſcribe his nature in itſelf, that is a thing impoſſible, there being no words to be found in any language, whereby to expreſs the glory of an infinite Being, eſpecially ſo as that finite creatures ſhould be able fully to conceive it. Yet, however, in theſe words he is pleaſed to acquaint us what kind of thoughts he would have us entertain of him: inſomuch, that could we but rightly apprehend what is couched under, and intended by them, we ſhould doubtleſs have as high and true conceptions of God as it is poſſible for creatures to have.'——The anſwer given ſuggeſts farther to us theſe following notions of the moſt high God. 'Firſt, that he is one being, exiſting in and of himſelf: his unity is implied in that he ſaith, "I;" his exiſtence in that he ſaith, "I Am;" his exiſtence in and of himſelf, in that he ſaith, "I Am that I Am," that is, "I Am in and of myſelf," not receiving any thing from, nor depending upon any other. ——The ſame expreſſion implies, that as God is only one, ſo that he is a moſt pure and ſimple being; for here, we ſee, he admits nothing into the manifeſtation of himſelf but pure eſſence, ſaying, "I Am that I Am," that is, being itſelf, without any mixture or compoſition. And therefore we muſt not conceive of God, as made up of ſeveral parts, or faculties, or ingredients, but only as one who "Is that He Is," and whatſoever is in Him

is himſelf: And although we read of ſeveral properties attributed to him in ſcripture, as wiſdom, goodneſs, juſtice, &c. we muſt not apprehend them to be ſeveral powers, habits, or qualities, as they are in us; for as they are in God, they are neither diſtinguiſhed from one another, nor from his nature or eſſence, in whom they are ſaid to be. In whom, I ſay, they are ſaid to be: for to ſpeak properly, they are not in him, but are his very eſſence, or nature itſelf; which acting ſeverally upon ſeveral objects, ſeems to us to act from ſeveral properties or perfections in him; whereas all the difference is only, in our different apprehenſions of the ſame thing. God in himſelf is a moſt ſimple and pure act, and therefore cannot have any thing in him, but what is that moſt ſimple and pure act itſelf; which ſeeing it bringeth upon every creature what it deſerves, we conceive of it as of ſeveral divine perfections in the ſame Almighty Being. Whereas God, whoſe underſtanding is infinite as Himſelf, doth not apprehend himſelf under the diſtinct notions of wiſdom, or goodneſs, or juſtice, or the like, but only as Jehovah: And therefore, in this place, he doth not ſay, "I am wiſe, or juſt, or good," but ſimply, "I Am that I Am."

Having thus offered at ſomething towards the explication of the firſt of theſe myſterious ſayings in the anſwer God made to Moſes, when he deſigned to encourage him to lead his people out of Egypt, he proceeds to conſider the other, whereby God calls himſelf abſolutely 'I Am.' Concerning which he takes notice, that though "I Am" be commonly a verb of the firſt perſon,

yet it is here uſed as a noun ſubſtantive, or proper name, and is the nominative caſe to another verb of the third perſon in theſe words, "I Am hath ſent me unto you." A ſtrange expreſſion! But when God ſpeaks of himſelf, he cannot be confined to grammar-rules, but infinitely above and beyond the reach of all languages in the world. And therefore, it is no wonder that when he would reveal himſelf, he goes out of our common way of ſpeaking one to another, and expreſſeth himſelf in a way peculiar to himſelf, and ſuch as is ſuitable and proper to his own nature and glory.

'Hence therefore, as when he ſpeaks of himſelf and his own eternal eſſence, he ſaith, "I Am that I Am;" ſo when he ſpeaks of himſelf, with reference to his creatures, and eſpecially to his people, he ſaith, "I Am." He doth not ſay "I Am their light, their life, their guide, their ſtrength, or tower," but only "I Am:" He ſets as it were his hand to a blank, that his people may write under it what they pleaſe that is good for them. As if he ſhould ſay, "Are they weak? I am ſtrength. Are they poor? I am riches. Are they in trouble? I am comfort. Are they ſick? I am health, Are they dying? I am life. Have they nothing? I am all things. I am wiſdom and power, I am juſtice and mercy. I am grace and goodneſs, I am glory, beauty, holineſs, eminency, ſupereminency, perfection, all-ſufficiency, eternity, Jehovah, I Am. Whatſoever is ſuitable to their nature, or convenient for them in their ſeveral conditions, that I Am. Whatſoever is amiable in itſelf, or deſirable unto them, that I Am.

Whatſoever is pure and holy; whatſoever is great or pleaſant; whatſoever is good or needful to make men happy; that I Am." So that, in ſhort, God here repreſents himſelf unto us as an univerſal good, and leaves us to make the application of it to ourſelves, according to our ſeveral wants, capacities, and deſires, by ſaying only in general, "I Am."

Again, page 27, he thus diſcourſes; 'There is more ſolid joy and comfort, more real delight and ſatisfaction of mind, in one ſingle thought of God, rightly formed, than all the riches, and honours, and pleaſures of this world, put them all together, are able to afford.—Let us then call in all our ſcattered thoughts from all things here below, and raiſe them up and unite them all to the moſt high God; apprehending him under the idea, image, or likeneſs of any thing elſe, but as infinitely greater, and higher, and better than all things; as one exiſting in and of himſelf, and giving eſſence and exiſtence to all things in the world beſides himſelf; as one ſo pure and ſimple that there is nothing in him but himſelf, but eſſence and being itſelf; as one ſo infinite and omnipotent, that whereſoever any thing elſe is in the whole world, there he is, and beyond the world, where nothing elſe is, there all things are, becauſe he is there, as one ſo wiſe, ſo knowing, ſo omniſcient, that he at this very moment, and always, ſees what all the angels are doing in heaven; what all the fowls are doing in the air; what all the fiſhes are doing in the waters; what all the devils are doing in hell; what all the men and beaſts, and the very inſects, are do-

ing upon earth; as one ſo powerful and omnipotent, that he can do whatſoever he will, only by willing it ſhould be done; as one ſo great, ſo good, ſo glorious, ſo immutable, ſo tranſcendent, ſo infinite, ſo incomprehenſible, ſo eternal, what ſhall I ſay? ſo Jehovah, that the more we think of him, the more we admire him, the more we adore him, the more we love him, the more we may and ought; our higheſt conceptions of him being as much beneath him, as our greateſt ſervices come ſhort of what we owe him.

'Seeing therefore we cannot think of God ſo highly as he is, let us think of him as highly as we can: and for that end let us get above ourſelves, and above the world, and raiſe up our thoughts higher and higher, and higher ſtill, and when we have got them up as high as poſſibly we can, let us apprehend a Being infinitely higher than the higheſt of them; and then finding ourſelves at a loſs, amazed, confounded at ſuch an infinite height of infinite perfections, let us fall down in humble and hearty deſires to be freed from thoſe dark priſons wherein we are now immured, that we may take our flight into eternity, and there (through the merits of our bleſſed Saviour) ſee this infinite Being face to face, and enjoy him for ever.'

N° 75. Saturday, June 6, 1713.

Hic eſt, aut nuſquam, quid quærimus.
HOR. 1 Ep. xvii. 39.

—Here, or no where, we may hope to find
What we deſire. CREECH.

THIS paper ſhall conſiſt of extracts from two great divines, but of very different genius. The one is to be admired for convincing the underſtanding, the other for inflaming the heart. The former urges us in this plain and forcible manner to an inquiry into religion, and practiſing its precepts.

'Suppoſe the world began ſome time to be; it muſt either be madé by counſel and deſign, that is, produced by ſome Being that knew what it did, that did contrive it and frame it as it is; which it is eaſy to conceive, a Being that is infinitely good and wiſe, and powerful, might do: but this is to own a God. Or elſe the matter of it being ſuppoſed to have been always, and in continual motion and tumult, it at laſt happened to fall into this order, and the parts of matter, after various agitations, were at length entangled and knit together in this order, in which we ſee the world to be. But can any man think this reaſonable to imagine, that in the infinite variety which is in the world, all things ſhould happen by chance, as well, and as orderly, as the greateſt wiſdom could have contrived them? Whoever can believe this, muſt do it with his will, and not with his underſtanding.

'Suppoſing the reaſons for, and againſt, the principles of religion, were equal, yet the danger and hazard is ſo unequal, as would ſway a prudent man to the affirmative. Suppoſe a man believe there is no God, nor life after this, and ſuppoſe he be in the right, but not certain that he is (for that I am ſure in this caſe is impoſſible); all the advantage he hath by this opinion relates only to this world and this preſent time; for he cannot be the better for it when he is not. Now what advantage will it be to him in this life? He ſhall have the more liberty to do what he pleaſeth; that is, it furniſheth him with a ſtronger temptation to be intemperate, and luſtful, and unjuſt, that is, to do thoſe things which prejudice his body, and his health, which cloud his reaſon, and darken his underſtanding, which will make him enemies in the world, will bring him into danger. So that it is no advantage to any man to be vicious; and yet this is the greateſt uſe that is made of atheiſtical principles; to comfort men in their vicious courſes. But if thou haſt a mind to be virtuous, and temperate, and juſt, the belief of the principles of religion will be no obſtacle, but a furtherance to thee in this courſe. All the advantage a man can hope for, by diſbelieving the principles of religion, is to eſcape trouble and perſecution in this world, which may happen to him upon account of religion. But ſuppoſing there be a God and a life after this; then what a vaſt difference is there of the conſequence of theſe opinions! As much as between finite and infinite, time and eternity.

'To perſuade men to believe the ſcriptures, I

only refer this to mens' consideration. If there be a God, whose providence governs the world, and all the creatures in it, is it not reasonable to think that he hath a particular care of men, the noblest part of this visible world? And seeing he hath made them capable of eternal duration; that he hath provided for their eternal happiness, and sufficiently revealed to them the way to it, and the terms and conditions of it! Now let any man produce any book in the world, that pretends to be from God, and to do this, that for the matter of it is so worthy of God, the doctrines whereof are so useful, and the precepts so reasonable, and the arguments so powerful, the truth of all which was confirmed by so many great and unquestionable miracles, the relation of which has been transmitted to posterity in public and authentic records, written by those who were eye and ear witnesses of what they wrote, and free from suspicion of any worldly interest and design; let any produce a book like to this, in all these respects; and which over and besides, hath by the power and reasonableness of the doctrines contained in it, prevailed so miraculously in the world, by weak and inconsiderable means, in opposition to all the wit and power of the world, and under such discouragements as no other religion was ever assaulted with; let any man bring forth such a book, and he hath my leave to believe it as soon as the Bible. But if there be none such, as I am well assured there is not, then every one that thinks God hath revealed himself to men, ought to embrace and entertain the doctrine of the holy scriptures, as revealed by God.

'And now having preſented men with ſuch arguments and conſiderations as are proper, and I think ſufficient to induce belief, I think it not unreaſonable to intreat and urge men diligently and impartially to conſider theſe matters; and if there be weight in theſe conſiderations to ſway reaſonable men, that they would not ſuffer themſelves to be biaſſed by prejudice or paſſion, or intereſt, to a contrary perſuaſion. Thus much I may with reaſon deſire of men; for though men cannot believe what they will, yet men may, if they will, conſider things ſeriouſly and impartially, and yield or withhold their aſſent, as they ſhall ſee cauſe, after a thorough ſearch and examination.

'If any man will offer a ſerious argument againſt any of the principles of religion, and will debate the matter ſoberly, as one that conſiders the infinite conſequences of theſe things one way or other, and would gladly be ſatisfied, he deſerves to be heard what he can ſay; but if a man will turn religion into raillery, and confute it by two or three bold jeſts, he doth not make religion, but himſelf, ridiculous, in the opinion of all conſiderate men, becauſe he ſports with his life.

'So that it concerns every man that would not trifle away his ſoul, and fool himſelf into irrecoverable miſery, with the greateſt ſerious neſs to inquire into theſe things, whether they be ſo, or no, and patiently to conſider the arguments that are brought for them.

'And when you are examining theſe matters, do not take into conſideration any ſenſual or

worldly intereſt; but deal fairly and impartially with yourſelves. Think with yourſelves that you have not the making of things true and falſe, that the principles of religion are either true or falſe, before you think of them. The truth of things is already fixed; either there is a God, or no God; either your ſouls are immortal or they are not; either the ſcriptures are a divine revelation, or an impoſture; one of theſe is certain and neceſſary, and they are not now to be altered. Things will not comply with your conceits, and bend themſelves to your intereſts: therefore do not think what you would have to be; but conſider impartially what is.'

The other great writer is particularly uſeful in his rapturous ſoliloquies, wherein he thinks of the Deity with the higheſt admiration, and beholds himſelf with the moſt contrite lowlineſs. 'My preſent buſineſs, ſays he, is to treat of God, his being and attributes; but "who is ſufficient for theſe things?" At leaſt, who am I, a ſilly worm, that I ſhould take upon me to ſpeak of Him, by whom alone I ſpeak; and being myſelf but a finite ſinful creature, ſhould ſtrive to unveil the nature of the infinite and Moſt Holy God! Alas! I cannot ſo much as begin to think of him, but immediately my thoughts are confounded, my heart is perplexed, my mind amazed, my head turns round, my whole ſoul ſeems to be unhinged and overwhelmed within me. His mercy exalts me: His juſtice depreſſeth me. His wiſdom aſtoniſheth me. His power affrights me. His glory dazzles mine eyes; and "by reaſon of his highneſs," as Job ſpeaks, I cannot endure: But

the leaſt glimpſe of Him makes me abhor myſelf and repent in duſt and aſhes before Him.'

Nº 76. Monday, June 8, 1713.

BY STEELE.

——Solos aio bene vivere, quorum
Conſpicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.

HOR. 1 Ep. xv. 45.

——Thoſe are bleſt, and only thoſe,
Whoſe ſtately houſe their hidden treaſure ſhows.

CREECH.

I EVER thought it my duty to preſerve peace and love among my wards. And ſince I have ſet up for an univerſal Guardian, I have laid nothing more to heart than the differences and quarrels between the landed and the trading interests of my country, which indeed comprehend the whole. I ſhall always contribute, to the utmoſt of my power, to reconcile theſe intereſts to each other, and to make them both ſenſible that their mutual happineſs depends upon their being friends.

They mutually furniſh each other with all the neceſſaries and conveniencies of life; the land ſupplies the traders with corn, cattle, wool, and generally all materials, either for their ſubſiſtence or their riches; the traders in return provide the gentlemen with houſes, clothes and many other things, without which their life at beſt would be uncomfortable. Yet theſe very intereſts are almoſt always claſhing; the traders conſider every high duty upon any part of their trade as pro-

ceeding from jealousy in the gentlemen of their rivalling them too fast; and they are often enemies on this account. The gentlemen, on the other hand, think they can never lay too great a burden upon trade, though in every thing they eat and drink and wear, they are sure to bear the greatest part themselves.

I shall endeavour as much as possible, to remove this emulation between the parties, and in the first place to convince the traders, that in many instances high duties may be laid upon their imports, to enlarge the general trade of the kingdom. For example, if there should be laid a prohibition, or high duties which shall amount to a prohibition, upon the imports from any other country which takes from us a million sterling every year, and returns us nothing else but manufactures for the consumption of our own people, it is certain this ought to be considered as the increase of our trade in general; for if we want these manufactures, we shall either make them ourselves, or, which is the same thing, import them from other countries in exchange for our own. In either of which cases, our foreign or inland trade is enlarged, and so many more of our own people are employed and subsisted for that money which was annually exported, that is, in all probability, a hundred and fifty thousand of our people for the yearly sum of one million. If our traders would consider many of our prohibitions or high duties in this light, they would think their country and themselves obliged to the landed interest for these restraints.

Again, gentlemen are too apt to envy the traders every ſum of money they import, and gain from abroad, as if it was ſo much loſs to themſelves; but if they could be convinced, that for every million that ſhall be imported and gained by the traders, more than twice that ſum is gained by the landed intereſt, they would never be averſe to the trading part of the nation. To convince them therefore that this is the fact, ſhall be the remaining part of this diſcourſe.

Let us ſuppoſe then, that a million, or if you pleaſe, that twenty millions were to be imported, and gained by trade: to what uſes could it be applied? Which would be the greateſt gainers, the landed or the trading intereſt? Suppoſe it to be twenty millions.

It cannot at all be doubted, that a part of the afore-mentioned ſum would be laid out in luxury, ſuch as the magnificence of buildings, the plate and furniture of houſes, jewels, and rich apparel, the elegance of diet, the ſplendor of coaches and equipage, and ſuch other things as are an expence to the owners, and bring in no manner of profit. But becauſe it is ſeldom ſeen, that perſons who by great induſtry have gained eſtates, are extravagant in their luxury; and becauſe the revenue muſt be ſtill ſufficient to ſupport the annual expence, it is hard to conceive that more than two of the twenty millions can be converted into this dead ſtock, at leaſt eighteen muſt ſtill be left to raiſe an annual intereſt to the owners; and the revenue from the eighteen millions, at ſix per centum, will be little more than one million per annum.

Again, a part of the twenty millions is very likely to be converted to increaſe the ſtock of our inland trade, in which is comprehended that upon all our farms. This is the trade which provides for the annual conſumption of our people, and a ſtock of the value of two years conſumption is generally believed to be ſufficient for this purpoſe. If the eighteen millions above-mentioned will not raiſe a revenue of more than one million per annum, it is certain that no more than this laſt value can be added to our annual conſumption, and that two of the twenty millions will be ſufficient to add to the ſtock of our inland trade.

Our foreign trade is conſidered upon another foot; for though it provides in part for the annual conſumption of our own people, it provides alſo for the conſumption of foreign nations. It exports our ſuperfluous manufactures, and ſhould make returns of bullion, or other durable treaſure. Our foreign trade for forty years laſt paſt, in the judgment of the moſt intelligent perſons, has been managed by a ſtock not leſs than four, and not exceeding eight millions, with which laſt ſum they think it is driven at this time, and that it cannot be carried much farther, unleſs our merchants ſhall endeavour to open a trade to Terra Auſtralis incognita, or ſome place that would be equivalent. It will therefore be a very large allowance, that one of the twenty millions can be added to the capital ſtock of our foreign trade.

There may be another way of raiſing intereſt, that is, by laying up, at a cheap time, corn or other goods or manufactures that will keep, for

the confumption of future years, and when the markets may happen to call for them at an advanced price. But as moft goods are perifhable, and wafte fomething every year, by which means a part of the principle is ftill loft, and as it is feldom feen that thefe engroffers get more than their principal, and the common intereft of their money, this way is fo precarious and full of hazard, that it is very unlikely any more than three of the twenty millions will be applied to engroffing. It were to be wifhed the engroffers were more profitable traders for themfelves; they are certainly very beneficial for the commonwealth; they are a market for the rich, in a time of plenty, and ready at hand with relief for the poor, in a time of dearth. They prevent the exportation of many neceffaries of life, when they are very cheap; fo that we are not at the charge of bringing them back again, when they are very dear. They fave the money that is paid to foreign countries for intereft, and warehoufe room; but there is fo much hazard, and fo little profit in this bufinefs, that if twenty millions were to be imported, fcarce three of them would be applied to the making magazines for the kingdom.

If any of the money fhould be lent at intereft to perfons that fhall apply the fame to any of the purpofes above-mentioned, it is ftill the fame thing. If I have given good reafons for what I have faid, no more than eight of the twenty millions can be applied either to our dead ftock of luxury, our ftock in inland or foreign trade, or our ftores or magazines. So that ftill there will remain twelve millions, which are now no otherwife to

be diſpoſed of than in buying of lands or houſes, or our new parliamentary funds, or in being lent out at intereſt upon mortgages of thoſe ſecurities, or to perſons who have no other ways to repay the value than by part of the things themſelves.

The queſtion then is, what effect theſe twelve millions will have towards reducing the intereſt of money, or raiſing the value of eſtates; for as the former grows leſs, the latter will ever riſe in proportion. For example, while the intereſt of money is, five per cent. per annum, a man lends two thouſand pounds, to raiſe a revenue of one hundred pounds per annum, by the intereſt of his money; and for the ſame reaſon he gives two thouſand pounds or more, to purchaſe an eſtate of one hundred pounds per annum. Again, if the intereſt of money ſhall fall one per cent. he muſt be forced to lend two thouſand four hundred pounds, to gain the revenue of one hundred pounds per annum, and for the ſame reaſon he muſt give at leaſt two thouſand four hundred pounds, to purchaſe an eſtate of the ſame yearly rent. Therefore if theſe twelve millions newly gained ſhall reduce one per cent. of the preſent intereſt of money, they muſt of neceſſity, increaſe every eſtate at leaſt four years value in the purchaſe.

It is ever eaſier to meet with men that will borrow money than ſell their eſtates. An evidence of this is, that we never have ſo good a revenue by buying, as by lending. The firſt thing therefore that will be attempted with theſe twelve millions, is to lend money to thoſe that want it. This can hardly fail of reducing one

per cent. of the preſent intereſt of money, and conſequently of raiſing every eſtate four years value in the purchaſe.

For in all probability all the money or value now in England, not applied to any of the uſes above-mentioned, and which therefore lies dead, or affords no revenue to the owners, until it can be diſpoſed of to ſuch uſes, doth not exceed twelve millions; yet this ſum, whatever it is, is ſufficient to keep down money to the preſent intereſt, and to hold up lands to their preſent value. One would imagine then, if this ſum ſhould be doubled, if twelve millions extraordinary ſhould be added to it, they ſhould reduce half the preſent intereſt of money, and double the preſent value of eſtates. But it will eaſily be allowed they muſt reduce one per cent. of the preſent intereſt of money, and add the value of four years rent to the purchaſe of every eſtate.

To confirm the belief of this, an argument might be taken from what really happened in the province of Holland before the year one thouſand ſix hundred and ſeventy. I think it is in ſir William Temple's Obſervations upon the United Netherlands. The government there was indebted about thirteen millions, and paid the intereſt of five per cent. per annum. They had got a ſum of money, I think not above a million, with which they prepared to diſcharge ſuch a part of the principal. The creditors were ſo unable to find ſo good an intereſt elſewhere, that they petitioned the ſtates to keep their money, with an abatement of one per cent. of their intereſt. The ſame money was offered to the ſame number of

other creditors with the ſame ſucceſs, until one per cent. of their whole intereſt was abated, yet at laſt ſuch a part of the principal was diſcharged. And when this ſum came to be lent to private perſons, it had the ſame effect; there one per cent. of the common intereſt was abated throughout the whole province, as well between ſubject and ſubject, as between the ſubjects and their governors. And nothing is ſo notorious, as that the value of lands in that country has riſen in proportion, and that eſtates are ſold there for thirty years value of their whole rents. It is not then to be doubted, that twelve millions extraordinary to be lent at intereſt, or purchaſe lands, or government ſecurities, muſt have the like effect in England, at leaſt that lands will riſe four years rent in every purchaſe above their preſent value. And how great an improvement muſt this be of the landed intereſt!

The rents of England, according to the proportion of the land-tax, ſhould be little more than eight millions, yet perhaps they may be twelve. If there is made an addition of four years value in every purchaſe; this upon all the rents of England, amounts to forty-eight millions. So that, by the importation and clear gain of twenty millions by trade, the landed intereſt gains an improvement of forty-eight millions, at leaſt, ſix times as much as all other intereſts joined together.

I ſhould think this argument, which I have endeavoured to ſet in a clear light, muſt needs be ſufficient to ſhew, that the landed and the

trading intereſts cannot in reality but be friends to each other[r].

Nº 77. Tueſday, June 9, 1713.

By G. BERKELEY, D. D.

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, &c.

—*Certum voto pete finem.* Hor. 2 Ep. i. 56.
—To wiſhes fix an end. Creech.

The writers of morality aſſign two ſorts of goods, the one is in itſelf deſirable, the other is to be deſired, not on account of its own excellency, but for the ſake of ſome other thing which it is inſtrumental to obtain. Theſe are uſually diſtinguiſhed by the appellations of end and means. We are prompted by nature to deſire the former, but that we have any appetite for the latter is owing to choice and deliberation.

But as wiſe men engage in the purſuit of means, from a farther view of ſome natural good with which they are connected; fools, who are actuated by imitation and not by reaſon, blindly purſue the means, without any deſign or proſpect of applying them. The reſult whereof is, that they entail upon themſelves the anxiety and toil, but are debarred from the ſubſequent delights which ariſe to wiſer men; ſince their views not reaching the end, terminate in thoſe things, which although they have a relative goodneſs,

[r] This paper, Nº 76, is aſcribed to Steele; but moſt probably it was written by Mr. Henry Martyn. See Spectator, Nº 555, note on Mr. H. Martyn; Guard. Nº 10, N 15, and notes.

yet, conſidered abſolutely, are indifferent, or it may be, evil.

The principle of this miſconduct is a certain ſhort-ſightedneſs in the mind: and as this defect is branched forth into innumerable errors in life, and hath infected all ranks and conditions of men; ſo it more eminently appears in three ſpecies, the critics, miſers, and free-thinkers. I ſhall endeavour to make good this obſervation with regard to each of them. And firſt of the critic.

Profit and pleaſure are the ends that a reaſonable creature would propoſe to obtain by ſtudy, or indeed by any other undertaking. Thoſe parts of learning which relate to the imagination, as eloquence and poetry, produce an immediate pleaſure in the mind. And ſublime and uſeful truths, when they are conveyed in apt allegories or beautiful images, make more diſtinct and laſting impreſſions; by which means the fancy becomes ſubſervient to the underſtanding, and the mind is at the ſame time delighted and inſtructed. The exerciſe of the underſtanding in the diſcovery of truth, is likewiſe attended with great pleaſure, as well as immediate profit. It not only ſtrengthens our faculties, purifies the ſoul, ſubdues the paſſions; but beſides theſe advantages, there is alſo a ſecret joy that flows from intellectual operations, proportioned to the nobleneſs of the faculty, and not the leſs affecting becauſe inward and unſeen.

But the mere exerciſe of the memory as ſuch, inſtead of bringing pleaſure or immediate benefit, is a thing of vain irkſomeneſs and fatigue, eſpecially when employed in the acquiſition of languages,

which is of all others the moſt dry and painful occupation. There muſt be therefore ſomething further propoſed, or a wiſe man would never engage in it. And, indeed, the very reaſon of the thing plainly intimates that the motive which firſt drew men to affect a knowledge in dead tongues, was that they looked on them as means to convey more uſeful and entertaining knowledge into their minds.

There are nevertheleſs certain critics, who, ſeeing that Greek and Latin are in requeſt, join in a thoughtleſs purſuit of thoſe languages, without any further view. They look on the ancient authors, but it is with an eye to phraſeology, or certain minute particulars which are valuable for no other reaſon but becauſe they are deſpiſed and forgotten by the reſt of mankind. The divine maxims of morality, the exact pictures of human life, the profound diſcoveries in the arts and ſciences, juſt thoughts, bright images, ſublime ſentiments, are overlooked, while the mind is learnedly taken up in verbal remarks.

Was a critic ever known to read Plato with a contemplative mind, or Cicero, in order to imbibe the noble ſentiments of virtue and a public ſpirit, which are conſpicuous in the writings of that great man; or to peruſe the Greek or Roman hiſtories, with an intention to form his own life upon the plan of the illuſtrious patterns they exhibit to our view? Plato wrote in Greek. Cicero's Latin is fine. And it often lies in a man's way to quote the ancient hiſtorians.

There is no entertainment upon earth more noble and befitting a reaſonable mind, than the

perufal of good authors; or that better qualifies a man to paſs his life with ſatisfaction to himſelf, or advantage to the public. But where men of ſhort views and mean ſouls give themſelves to that ſort of employment which nature never deſigned them for, they indeed keep one another in countenance; but inſtead of cultivating and adorning their own minds, or acquiring an ability to be uſeful to the world, they reap no other advantage from their labours, than the dry conſolation ariſing from the applauſes they beſtow upon each other.

And the ſame weakneſs, or defect of the mind from whence pedantry takes its riſe, does likewiſe give birth to avarice. Words and money are both to be regarded as only marks of things; and as the knowledge of the one, ſo the poſſeſſion of the other is of no uſe, unleſs directed to a further end. A mutual commerce could not be carried on among men, if ſome common ſtandard had not been agreed upon, to which the value of all the various products of art and nature were reducible, and which might be of the ſame uſe in the conveyance of property, as words are in that of ideas. Gold by its beauty, ſcarceneſs, and durable nature, ſeems deſigned by Providence to a purpoſe ſo excellent and advantageous to mankind. Upon theſe conſiderations that metal came firſt into eſteem. But ſuch who cannot ſee beyond what is neareſt in the purſuit, beholding mankind touched with an affection for gold, and being ignorant of the true reaſon that introduced this odd paſſion into human nature, imagine ſome intrinſic worth in the metal to be the cauſe

of it. Hence the ſame men who, had they been turned towards learning, would have employed themſelves in laying up words in their memory, are by a different application employed to as much purpoſe, in treaſuring up gold in their coffers. They differ only in the object; the principle on which they act, and the inward frame of mind, is the ſame in the critic and the miſer.

And upon a thorough obſervation, our modern ſect of free-thinkers will be found to labour under the ſame defect with thoſe two inglorious ſpecies. Their ſhort views are terminated in the next objects, and their ſpecious pretences for liberty and truth, are ſo many inſtances of miſtaking the means for the end. But the ſetting theſe points in a clear light muſt be the ſubject of another paper[s].

N° 78. Wedneſday, June 10, 1713.

BY MR. POPE.

——————Docebo
Unde parentur opes; quid alat, formetque Poetam.
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 306.

——————I will teach to write,
Tell what the duty of a Poet is,
Wherein his wealth and ornament conſiſt,
And how he may be formed, and how improv'd.
ROSCOMMON.

IT is no ſmall pleaſure to me, who am zealous in the intereſts of learning, to think I may have

[s] This paper, N° 77, is aſcribed to biſhop Berkeley, on the authority of his ſon, the Rev. George Berkeley, formerly ſtudent of Chriſt-church, and vicar of Bray in Oxfordſhire. MS. letter.

the honour of leading the town into a very new and uncommon road of criticiſm. As that kind of literature is at preſent carried on, it conſiſts only in a knowledge of mechanic rules which contribute to the ſtructure of different ſorts of poetry; as the receipts of good houſeswives do to the making puddings of flour, oranges, plumbs, or any other ingredients. It would, methinks, make theſe my inſtructions more eaſily intelligible to ordinary readers, if I diſcourſed of theſe matters in the ſtyle in which ladies learned in œconomics, dictate to their pupils for the improvement of the kitchen and larder.

I ſhall begin with epic poetry, becauſe the critics agree it is the greateſt work human nature is capable of. I know the French have already laid down many mechanical rules for compoſitions of this ſort, but at the ſame time they cut off almoſt all undertakers from the poſſibility of ever performing them; for the firſt qualification they unanimouſly require in a poet, is a genius. I ſhall here endeavour (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifeſt, that epic poems may be made 'without a genius,' nay, without learning, or much reading. This muſt neceſſarily be of great uſe to all thoſe poets who confeſs they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. What Moliere obſerves of making a dinner, that any man can do it with money, and if a profeſt cook cannot without, he has his art for nothing [t]; the ſame may be ſaid of making a poem, it is eaſily brought

[t] The meaning is, his art is good for nothing.

about by him that has a genius, but the ſkill lies in doing it without one. In purſuance of this end, I ſhall preſent the reader with a plain and certain recipe, by which even ſonneteers and ladies may be qualified for this grand performance.

I know it will be objected, that one of the chief qualifications of an epic poet, is to be knowing in all arts and ſciences. But this ought not to diſcourage thoſe that have no learning, as long as indexes and dictionaries may be had, which are the compendium of all knowledge. Beſides, ſince it is an eſtabliſhed rule, that none of the terms of thoſe arts and ſciences are to be made uſe of, one may venture to affirm our poet cannot impertinently offend in this point. The learning which will be more particularly neceſſary to him, is the ancient geography of towns, mountains, and rivers: for this let him take Cluverius, value fourpence.

Another quality required is a complete ſkill in language. To this I anſwer, that it is notorious perſons of no genius have been oftentimes great linguiſts. To inſtance in the Greek, of which there are two ſorts; the original Greek, and that from which our modern authors tranſlate. I ſhould be unwilling to promiſe impoſſibilities, but modeſtly ſpeaking, this may be learned in about an hour's time with eaſe. I have known one, who became a ſudden profeſſor of Greek, immediately upon application of the left-hand page of the Cambridge Homer to his eyes. It is in theſe days, with authors as with other men, the well-bred are familiarly acquainted with them at firſt ſight; and as it is ſufficient

for a good general to have ſurveyed the ground he is to conquer, ſo it is enough for a good poet to have ſeen the author he is to be maſter of. But to proceed to the purpoſe of this paper.

A Receipt to make an Epic Poem.

FOR THE FABLE.

'Take out of any old poem, hiſtory book, romance, or legend (for inſtance Geffry of Monmouth, or don Belianis of Greece) thoſe parts of ſtory which afford moſt ſcope for long deſcriptions. Put theſe pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero whom you may chooſe for the ſound of his name, and put him into the midſt of theſe adventures. There let him work, for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out ready prepared to conquer, or to marry; it being neceſſary that the concluſion of an epic poem be fortunate.'

To make an epiſode.—'Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of uſe, applied to any other perſon, who may be loſt and evaporate in the courſe of the work, without the leaſt damage to the compoſition.'

For the moral and allegory.—'Theſe you may extract out of the fable afterwards at your leiſure. Be ſure you ſtrain them ſufficiently.'

FOR THE MANNERS.

'For thoſe of the hero, take all the beſt qualities you can find in all the celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a conſiſtency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be ſure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have: and to prevent any miſtake which the world may be ſubject to, ſelect from the alphabet thoſe capital letters that compoſe his name, and ſet them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not abſolutely obſerve the exact quantity of theſe virtues, it not being determined, whether or no it be neceſſary for the hero of a poem, to be an honeſt man.—For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occaſion ſerves.'

FOR THE MACHINES.

'Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can uſe. Separate them into equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occaſions to make uſe of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils draw them out of Milton's Paradiſe, and extract your ſpirits from Taſſo. The uſe of theſe machines is evident; for ſince no epic poem can poſſibly ſubſiſt without them, the wiſeſt way is to reſerve them for your greateſt neceſſities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourſelf by your own wits, ſeek relief from hea-

ven, and the gods will do your buſineſs very readily. This is according to the direct preſcription of Horace in the Art of Poetry:'

> '*Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice Nodus*
> *Inciderit*——' ver. 191.

> 'Never preſume to make a God appear,
> But for a buſineſs worthy of a God.' ROSCOMMON.

That is to ſay, a poet ſhould never call upon the gods for their aſſiſtance, but when he is in great perplexity.'

FOR THE DESCRIPTIONS.

For a tempeſt.—'Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auſter, and Boreas, and caſt them together in one verſe. Add to theſe of rain, lightning, and of thunder (the loudeſt you can) *quantum ſufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together until they foam, and thicken your deſcription here and there with a quickſand. Brew your tempeſt well in your head, before you ſet it a blowing,'

For a battle.—'Pick a large quantity of images and deſcriptions from Homer's Iliad, with a ſpice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus you may lay them by for a ſkirmiſh. Seaſon it well with ſimiles, and it will make an excellent battle.'

For burning a town.—'If ſuch a deſcription be neceſſary, becauſe it is certain there is one in Virgil, Old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the theory of conflagration[u],

[u] From Lib. III. De Conflagratione Mundi of Telluris Theoria Sacra, publiſhed in 4to, 1689, by Dr. Thomas Burnet, maſter of the Charter-houſe. See Spect.

well circumſtanced, and done into verſe, will be a good ſuccedaneum.'

'As *for ſimiles and metaphors,* they may be found all over the creation; the moſt ignorant may gather them, but the danger is in applying them. For this, adviſe with your bookſeller.'

FOR THE LANGUAGE.

(I mean the diction.) 'Here it will do well to be an imitator of Milton, for you will find it eaſier to imitate him in this, than any thing elſe. Hebraiſms and Greciſms are to be found in him, without the trouble of learning the languages. I knew a painter, who (like our poet) had no genius, make his daubings to be thought originals by ſetting them in the ſmoke. You may in the ſame manner give the venerable air of antiquity to your piece, by darkening it up and down with Old Engliſh. With this you may be eaſily furniſhed upon any occaſion, by the dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer.'

I muſt not conclude, without cautioning all writers without genius in one material point. which is, never to be afraid of having too much fire in their works. I ſhould adviſe rather to take their warmeſt thoughts, and ſpread them abroad upon paper; for they are obſerved to cool before they are read[x].

[x] This paper, Nº 78, is aſcribed to POPE on the authority of Steele himſelf, who in The Publiſher to the Reader tells us, that the receipt to make an epic poem had Mr. Pope for its author.

N° 79. Thurſday, June 11, 1713.
By STEELE.

——Præclara et pulchra minantem
Vivere nec recte, nec ſuaviter——

HOR. 1 Ep. viii. 3.

—I make a noiſe, a gaudy ſhow,
I promiſe mighty things, I nobly ſtrive;
Yet what an ill, unpleaſant life I live! CREECH.

IT is an employment worthy a reaſonable creature, to examine into the diſpoſition of mens' affections towards each other, and as far as one can, to improve all tendencies to good-nature and charity. No one could be unmoved with this epiſtle, which I received the other day from one of my correſpondents, and which is full of the moſt ardent benevolence.

'TO THE GUARDIAN.

'SIR,

'I SELDOM read your political, your critical, your ludicrous, or if you will call them ſo, your polite papers, but when I obſerve any thing which I think written for the advancement of good-will amongſt men, and laying before them objects of charity, I am very zealous for the promotion of ſo honeſt a deſign. Believe me, ſir, want of wit, or wiſdom, is not the infirmity of this age; it is the ſhameful application of both that is the crying evil. As for my own part, I am always endeavouring at leaſt to be better, rather than richer, or wiſer. But I never

lamented that I was not a wealthy man ſo heartily as the other day. You muſt underſtand that I now and then take a walk of mortification, and paſs a whole day in making myſelf profitably ſad. I for this end viſit the hoſpitals about this city, and when I have rambled about the galleries at Bedlam, and ſeen for an hour the utmoſt of all lamentable objects, human reaſon diſtracted; when I have from grate to grate offered up my prayers for a wretch who has been reviling me, for a figure that has ſeemed petrified with anguiſh—for a man that has held up his face in a poſture of adoration towards heaven to utter execrations and blaſphemies; I ſay, when I have beheld all theſe things, and thoroughly reflected on them, until I have ſtartled myſelf out of my preſent ill courſe; I have thought fit to paſs to the obſervation of leſs evils, and relieve myſelf by going to thoſe charitable receptacles about this town, appointed only for bodily diſtreſſes. The gay and frolic part of mankind are wholly unacquainted with the numbers of their fellow-creatures, who languiſh under pain and agony, for want of a trifle out of that expence by which thoſe fortunate perſons purchaſe the gratification of a ſuperfluous paſſion, or appetite. I ended the laſt of theſe pilgrimages which I made, at St. Thomas's hoſpital in Southwark. I had ſeen all the variety of woe, which can ariſe from the diſtempers which attend human frailty; but the circumſtance which occaſioned this letter, and gave me the quickeſt compaſſion was beholding a little boy of ten years of age, who was juſt then to be expelled the houſe as incurable. My heart

melted within me to think what would become of the poor child, who as I was informed, had not a farthing in the world, nor father nor mother, nor friend to help it. The infant ſaw my ſorrow for it, and came towards me, and bid me ſpeak, that it might die in the houſe.

'Alas! There are crowds cured in this place, and the ſtricteſt care taken, in the diſtribution of the charity, for wholeſome food, good phyſic, and tender care in behalf of the patients; but the proviſion is not large enough for thoſe whom they do not deſpair of recovering, which makes it neceſſary to turn out the incurable, for the ſake of thoſe whom they can relieve. I was informed this was the fate of many in a year, as well as of this poor child, who I ſuppoſe, corrupted away, yet alive in the ſtreets. He was to be ſure removed when he was only capable of giving offence, though avoided when ſtill an object of compaſſion. There are not words to give mankind compunction enough on ſuch an occaſion; but I aſſure you I think the miſerable have a property in the ſuperfluous poſſeſſions of the fortunate; though I deſpair of ſeeing right done them until the day wherein thoſe diſtinctions ſhall ceaſe for ever, and they muſt both give an account for their behaviour under their reſpective ſufferings, and enjoyments. However, you would do your part as a guardian, if you would mention, in the moſt pathetic terms, theſe miſerable objects, and put the good part of the world in mind of exerting the moſt noble benevolence that can be imagined, in alleviating the few remaining moments of the incurable.

'A gentleman who belonged to the hoſpital, was ſaying, he believed it would be done as ſoon as mentioned, if it were propoſed that a ward might be erected for the accommodation of ſuch as have no more to do in this world, but reſign themſelves to death. I know no readier way of communicating this thought to the world, than by your paper. If you omit to publiſh this, I ſhall never eſteem you to be the man you pretend; and ſo recommending the incurable to your Guardianſhip.

I remain, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

PHILANTHROPOS.'

It muſt be confeſſed, that if one turns one's eyes round theſe cities of London and Weſtminſter, one cannot overlook the exemplary inſtances of heroic charity, in providing reſtraints for the wicked, inſtructions for the young, food and raiment for the aged, with regard alſo to all other circumſtances and relations of human life; but it is to be lamented that theſe proviſions are made only by the middle kind of people, while thoſe of faſhion and power are raiſed above the ſpecies itſelf, and are unacquainted or unmoved with the calamities of others. But, alas! how monſtrous is this hardneſs of heart! How is it poſſible that the returns of hunger and thirſt ſhould not importune men, though in the higheſt affluence, to conſider the miſeries of their fellow-creatures who languiſh under neceſſity? But as I hinted juſt now, the diſtinctions of mankind are

almoſt wholly to be reſolved into thoſe of the rich and the poor; for as certainly as wealth gives acceptance and grace to all that its poſſeſſor ſays or does; ſo poverty creates diſeſteem, ſcorn, and prejudice to all the undertakings of the indigent. The neceſſitous man has neither hands, lips, or underſtanding, for his own or friend's uſe, but is in the ſame condition with the ſick, with this difference only, that his is an infection no man will relieve, or aſſiſt, or if he does, it is ſeldom with ſo much pity as contempt, and rather for the oſtentation of the phyſician, than compaſſion on the patient. It is a circumſtance, wherein a man finds all the good he deſerves inacceſſible, all the ill unavoidable; and the poor hero is as certainly ragged, as the poor villain hanged. Under theſe preſſures the poor man ſpeaks with heſitation, undertakes with irreſolution, and acts with diſappointment. He is ſlighted in mens' converſation, overlooked in their aſſemblies, and beaten at their doors. But from whence, alas, has he this treatment? from a creature that has only the ſupply of, but not an exemption from, the wants, for which he deſpiſes him. Yet ſuch is the unaccountable inſolence of man, that he will not ſee that he who is ſupported, is in the ſame claſs of natural neceſſity with him that wants a ſupport; and to be helped implies to be indigent. In a word, after all you can ſay of a man, conclude that he is rich, and you have made him friends; nor have you utterly overthrown a man in the world's opinion, until you have ſaid he is poor. This is the emphatical expreſſion of praiſe and blame: for men ſo ſtupidly

forget their natural impotence and want, that Riches and Poverty have taken in our imagination the place of Innocence and Guilt.

Reflections of this kind do but waſte one's being, without capacity of helping the diſtreſſed; yet though I know no way to do any ſervice to my brethren under ſuch calamities, I cannot help having ſo much reſpect for them, as to ſuffer with them in a fruitleſs fellow-feeling[y].

N° 80. Friday, June 12, 1713.

——*Cæleſtibus Iræ.* Virg. Æn. i. 11.
Anger in heav'nly minds.

I HAVE found by experience, that it is impoſſible to talk diſtinctly without defining the words of which we make uſe. There is not a term in our language which wants explanation ſo much as the word Church. One would think when people utter it, they ſhould have in their minds ideas of virtue and religion; but that important monoſyllable drags all the other words in the language after it, and it is made uſe of to expreſs both praiſe and blame, according to the character of him who ſpeaks it. By this means it happens, that no one knows what his neighbour means when he ſays ſuch a one is for, or againſt the church. It has happened that the perſon, who is ſeen every day at church, has not been in the eye of the world a church-man; and he who is

y See N° 10, N° 15, notes. There is little doubt but that the concluſion of this fine paper was written by Steele.

very zealous to oblige every man to frequent it, but himſelf, has been held a very good ſon of the church. This prepoſſeſſion is the beſt handle imaginable for politicians to make uſe of, for managing the loves, and hatreds of mankind, to the purpoſes to which they would lead them. But this is not a thing for fools to meddle with, for they only bring diſeſteem upon thoſe whom they attempt to ſerve, when they unſkilfully pronounce terms of art. I have obſerved great evils ariſe from this practice, and not only the cauſe of piety, but alſo the ſecular intereſt of clergymen, has extremely ſuffered by the general unexplained ſignification of the word church.

The Examiner, upon the ſtrength of being a received churchman, has offended in this particular more groſsly than any other man ever did before, and almoſt as groſsly as ever he himſelf did, ſuppoſing the allegations in the following letter are juſt. To ſlander any man is a very heinous offence; but the crime is ſtill greater, when it falls upon ſuch as ought to give example to others. I cannot imagine how the Examiner can diveſt any part of the clergy of the reſpect due to their characters, ſo as to treat them as he does, without an indulgence unknown to our religion, though taken up in the name of it, in order to diſparage ſuch of its communicants, as will not ſacrifice their conſcience to their fortunes. This confuſion and ſubdiviſion of intereſts and ſentiments, among people of the ſame communion, is what would be a very good ſubject of mirth; but when I conſider againſt whom this inſult is committed, I think

it too great, and of too ill a conſequence, to be in good humour on the occaſion.

'SIR, June 9, 1713.

'YOUR character of Univerſal Guardian joined to the concern you ought to have for the cauſe of virtue and religion, aſſure me you will not think that clergymen when injured, have the leaſt right to your protection; and it is from that aſſurance I trouble you with this, to complain of the Examiner, who calumniates as freely as he commends, and whoſe invectives are as groundleſs as his panegyrics.

'In his paper of the eighth inſtant, after a moſt furious invective againſt many noble lords, a conſiderable number of the commons, and a very great part of her majeſty's good ſubjects, as diſaffected and full of diſcontent, which by the way, is but an aukward compliment to the prince whoſe greateſt glory it is to reign in the hearts of her people, that the clergy may not go without their ſhare of his reſentment, he concludes with a moſt malicious reflection upon ſome of them. He names indeed nobody, but points to Windſor and St. Paul's, where he tells us, ſome are diſreſpectful to the queen, and enemies to her peace; moſt odious characters, eſpecially in clergymen, whoſe profeſſion is peace, and to whoſe duty and affection her majeſty has a more immediate right, by her ſingular piety and great goodneſs to them. "They have ſucked in," he ſays, "this warlike principle from their arbitrary partrons." It is not enough it ſeems, to calumniate them, unleſs their patrons

alſo be inſulted, no leſs patrons than the late king and the duke of Marlborough. Theſe are his arbitrary men; though nothing be more certain than that without the king, the ſhadow of a legal government had not been left to us; nor did there ever live a man, who in the nature and temper of him, leſs deſerved the character of arbitrary than the duke. How now is this terrible charge againſt thoſe clergymen ſupported? Why, as to St. Paul's, the fact according to him, is this; "Some of the church, to affront the queen, on the day the peace was proclaimed, gave orders for parochial prayers only, without ſinging, as is uſed upon faſt-days, though in this particular their inferiors were ſo very honeſt to diſobey them." This the Examiner roundly affirms after his uſual manner, but without the leaſt regard to truth; for it is fallen in my way without inquiring, to be exactly informed of this matter, and therefore I take upon me in their vindication to aſſure you, that every part of what is ſaid is abſolutely falſe, and the truth is juſt the reverſe. The inferiors deſire there might be only parochial prayers; but the perſon applied to was aware to what conſtruction it might be liable, and therefore would not conſent to the requeſt, though very innocent and reaſonable. The caſe was this: the proceſſion of the ceremony had reached Ludgate juſt at the time of prayers, and there was ſuch a prodigious concourſe of people, that one of the vergers came to the reſidentiary in waiting, to repreſent, that it would be impoſſible to have prayers that afternoon; that the crowds all round the church were ſo great, there would be

no getting in: but it was inſiſted, that there muſt be prayers, only the tolling of the bell ſhould be deferred a little until the head of the proceſſion was got beyond the church. When the bell had done, and none of the quire appeared, but one to read, it was upon this again repreſented, that there could be only parochial prayers, a thing that ſometimes happens, twice or thrice perhaps in a year, when upon ſome allowable occaſions the abſence of the quire-men is ſo great, as not to leave the neceſſary voices for cathedral ſervice; which very lately was the caſe upon a performance of the thankſgiving muſic at Whitehall. So that had the prayers, on this occaſion, been parochial only, it had been neither new nor criminal, but neceſſary and unavoidable, unleſs the Examiner can tell how the ſervice may be ſung decently without ſinging-men. However to leave informers no room for calumny, it was expreſsly urged, that parochial prayers on ſuch a day, would look ill; that therefore, if poſſible, it ſhould be avoided, and the ſervice ſhould be begun as uſual, in hopes one or two of the quire might come in before the pſalms; and the verger was ordered to look out, if he could ſee any of the quire, to haſten them to their places; and ſo it proved, two of the beſt voices came in time enough, and the ſervice was performed cathedral-wiſe, though in a manner to bare walls, with an anthem ſuitable to the day. This is the fact on which the Examiner grounds a charge of factious and ſeditious principles againſt ſome at St. Paul's, and I am perſuaded there is as little truth in what he

charges ſome of Windſor with, though I know not certainly whom he means. Were I diſpoſed to expoſtulate with the Examiner, I would aſk him if he ſeriouſly thinks this be anſwering her majeſty's intentions? Whether diſquieting the minds of her people is the way to calm them? Or to traduce men of learning and virtue, be to cultivate the arts of peace? But I am too well acquainted with his writings not to ſee he is paſt correction; nor does any thing in his paper ſurpriſe me, merely becauſe it is falſe; for to uſe his own words, not a day paſſes with him, but "it brings forth a mouſe or a monſter, ſome ridiculous lie, ſome vile calumny or forgery." He is almoſt equally falſe in every thing he ſays; but it is not always equally eaſy to make his falſhood plain and palpable. And it is chiefly for that reaſon I deſire you to give this letter a place in your papers, that thoſe that are willing to be undeceived may learn, from ſo clear an inſtance, what a faithful, modeſt writer this is, who pretends to teach them how to think and ſpeak of things and perſons they know nothing of themſelves. As this is no way diſagreeable to your character of Guardian, your publication of it is a favour which I flatter myſelf you will not deny to,

SIR,

your humble ſervant,

R. A.[1]

*** This day is publiſhed, Verſes on the Peace, by the Scholars of Croyden School. Spoken in Public, May 13, 1713. Guard. in folio. N° 74.

*** A Diſſertation on reading the Claſſics, and forming a juſt ſtyle. Written in 1709, and addreſſed to John lord Roos marquis of Granby. *Ibidem.* N° 76.

Nº 81. Saturday, June 13, 1713.

By STEELE.

Quietè et purè atque eleganter actæ ætatis placida ac lenis recordatio. CICERO.

Placid and ſoothing is the remembrance of a life paſſed with quiet, innocence, and elegance.

THE paper which was publiſhed on the thirtieth of laſt month [z], ended with a piece of devotion written by the archbiſhop of Cambray. It would (as it was hinted in that precaution) be of ſingular uſe for the improvement of our minds, to have the ſecret thoughts of men of good talents on ſuch occaſions. I ſhall for the entertainment of this day give my reader two pieces, which if he is curious will be pleaſing for that reaſon, if they prove to have no other effect upon him. One of them was found in the cloſet of an Athenian libertine, who lived many ages ago, and is a ſoliloquy wherein he contemplates his own life and actions according to the lights men have from nature, and the compunctions of natural reaſon. The other is a prayer of a gentleman who died within a few years laſt paſt; and lived to a very great age; but had paſſed his youth in all the vices in faſhion. The Athenian is ſuppoſed to have been Alcibiades, a man of great ſpirit, extremely addicted to pleaſures, but

[z] Guard. N° 69.

at the ſame time very capable, and upon occaſion very attentive to buſineſs. He was by nature endued with all the accompliſhments ſhe could beſtow; he had beauty, wit, courage, and a great underſtanding; but in the firſt bloom of his life was arrogantly affected with the advantages he had over others. That temper is pretty viſible in an expreſſion of his: when it was propoſed to him to learn to play upon a muſical inſtrument; he anſwered, 'It is not for me to give, but to receive delight.' However, the converſation of Socrates tempered a ſtrong inclination to licentiouſneſs into reflections of philoſophy; and if it had not the force to make a man of his genius and fortune wholly regular, it gave him ſome cool moments, and this following ſoliloquy is ſuppoſed by the learned to have been thrown together before ſome expected engagement, and ſeems to be very much the picture of the man:

'I am now wholly alone, my ears are not entertained with muſic, my eyes with beauty, nor any of my ſenſes ſo forcibly affected, as to divert the courſe of my inward thoughts. Methinks there is ſomething ſacred in myſelf, now I am alone. What is this being of mine? I came into it without my choice, and yet Socrates ſays it is to be imputed to me. In this repoſe of my ſenſes wherein they communicate nothing ſtrongly to myſelf, I taſte methinks, a being diſtinct from their operation. Why may not then my ſoul exiſt, when ſhe is wholly gone out of theſe organs? I can perceive my faculties grow ſtronger, the leſs I admit the pleaſures of ſenſe; and the nearer I place myſelf to a bare exiſtence,

the more worthy, the more noble, the more celestial does that exiſtence appear to me. If my ſoul is weakened rather than improved by all that the body adminiſters to her, ſhe may reaſonably be ſuppoſed to be deſigned for a manſion more ſuitable than this, wherein what delights her diminiſhes her excellence, and that which afflicts her adds to her perfection. There is an hereafter, and I will not fear to be immortal for the ſake of Athens.'

This ſoliloquy is but the firſt dawnings of thought in the mind of a mere man given up to ſenſuality. The paper which I mention of our contemporary was found in his ſcrutoir after his death, but communicated to a friend or two of his in his life-time. You ſee in it a man wearied with the vanities of this life; and the reflections which the ſucceſs of his wit and gallantry bring upon his old age, are not unworthy the obſervation of thoſe who poſſeſs the like advantages.

'Oh, Almighty Being! How ſhall I look up towards Thee, when I reflect that I am of no conſideration but as I have offended? My exiſtence, O my God, without thy mercy, is not to be prolonged in this or another world but for my puniſhment. I apprehend, Oh, my Maker, let it not be too late; I apprehend, and tremble at thy preſence; and ſhall I not conſider Thee, who art all goodneſs, but with terror? Oh, my Redeemer, do Thou behold my anguiſh. Turn to me, thou Saviour of the world? who has offended like me? Oh, my God, I cannot fly out of Thy preſence, let me fall down in it; I humble myſelf in contrition of heart; but alas! I

have not only ſwerved from Thee, but have laboured againſt Thee. If Thou doſt pardon what I have committed, how wilt Thou pardon what I have made others commit? I have rejoiced in ill, as in a proſperity. Forgive, oh my God, all who have offended by my profeſſion, all who have tranſgreſſed by my example. Canſt Thou, O God, accept of the confeſſion of old age, to expiate all the labour and induſtry of youth ſpent in tranſgreſſions againſt Thee? While I am ſtill alive, let me implore Thee to recall to Thy grace all whom I have made to ſin. Let, oh Lord, Thy goodneſs admit of his prayer for their pardon, by whoſe inſtigation they have tranſgreſſed. Accept, O God, of this interval of age, between my ſinful days and the hour of my diſſolution, to wear away the corrupt habits in my ſoul, and prepare myſelf for the manſions of purity and joy. Impute not to me, oh my God, the offences I may give, after my death, to thoſe I leave behind me; let me not tranſgreſs when I am no more ſeen; but prevent the ill effects of my ill-applied ſtudies, and receive me into thy mercy.'

It is the moſt melancholy circumſtance that can be imagined to be on a death-bed, and wiſh all that a man has moſt laboured to bring to paſs were obliterated for ever. How emphatically worſe is this, than having paſſed all one's days in idleneſs! Yet this is the frequent caſe of many men of refined talents. It is methinks, monſtrous that the love of fame, and value of the faſhion of the world, can tranſport a man ſo far as even in ſolitude to act with ſo little reflection upon his real intereſt. This is premeditated mad-

neſs, for it is an error done with the aſſiſtance of all the faculties of the mind.

When every circumſtance about us is a conſtant admonition, how tranſient is every labour of man, it ſhould methinks, be no hard matter to bring one's ſelf to conſider the emptineſs of all our endeavours; but I was not a little charmed the other day, when ſitting with an old friend and communing together on ſuch ſubjects, he expreſſed himſelf after this manner:

'It is unworthy a chriſtian philoſopher[a] to let any thing here below ſtand in the leaſt competition with his duty. In vain is reaſon fortified by faith, if it produces in our practice no greater effects than what reaſon wrought in mere man.

'I contemn, (in dependence on the ſupport of heaven I ſpeak it), I contemn all which the generality of mankind call great and glorious. I will no longer think or act like a mortal, but conſider myſelf as a being that commenced at my birth, and is to endure to all eternity. The accident of death will not end but improve my being; I will think of myſelf, and provide for myſelf as an immortal; and I will do nothing now which I do not believe I ſhall approve a thouſand years hence[b].'

[a] Mr. John Hughes was probaby this chriſtian philoſopher.

[b] See notes, on N° 10, and N° 15.

N° 82. Monday, June 15, 1713.
By STEELE.

Cedat uti conviva ſatur—— HOR. 1. Sat. i. 119.
Let him depart like a contented gueſt.

THOUGH men ſee every day people go to their long home, who are younger than themſelves, they are not ſo apt to be alarmed at that, as at the deceaſe of thoſe who have lived longer in their ſight. They miſs their acquaintance, and are ſurpriſed at the loſs of an habitual object. This gave me ſo much concern for the death of Mr. William Peer of the Theatre-royal, who was an actor at the Reſtoration, and took his theatrical degree with Betterton, Kynaſton and Harris. Though his ſtation was humble, he performed it well; and the common compariſon with the ſtage and human life, which has been ſo often made, may well be brought out upon this occaſion. It is no matter, ſay the moraliſts, whether you act the prince or the beggar, the buſineſs is to do your part well. Mr. William Peer diſtinguiſhed himſelf particularly in two characters, which no man ever could touch but himſelf; one of them was the ſpeaker of the prologue to the play, which is contrived in the tragedy of Hamlet, to awake the conſcience of the guilty princes. Mr. William Peer ſpoke that preface to the play with ſuch an air, as repreſented that he was an actor, and with ſuch an inferior manner as only acting an actor, as made the others on the ſtage appear real great perſons, and not repreſen-

tatives. This was a nicety in acting that none but the moſt ſubtle player could ſo much as conceive. I remember his ſpeaking theſe words, in which there is no great matter but in the right adjuſtment of the air of the ſpeaker, with univerſal applauſe:

'For us and for our tragedy,
Here ſtooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.'

Hamlet ſays very archly upon the pronouncing of it, 'Is this a prologue, or a poſy of a ring;' However, the ſpeaking of it got Mr. Peer more reputation, than thoſe who ſpeak the length of a puritan's ſermon every night will ever attain to. Beſides this, Mr. Peer got a great fame on another little occaſion. He played the Apothecary in Caius Marius, as it is called by Otway; but Romeo and Juliet, as originally in Shakeſpear; it will be neceſſary to recite more out of the play than he ſpoke, to have a right conception of what Peer did in it. Marius, weary of life, recollects means to be rid of it after this manner:

'I do remember an apothecary
That dwelt about this rendezvous of death;
Meagre and very rueful were his looks,
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones.'

When this ſpectre of poverty appeared, Marius addreſſed him thus:

'I ſee thou art very poor,
Thou may'ſt do any thing, here's fifty drachmas,
Get me a draught of what will ſooneſt free
A wretch from all his cares.'

When the apothecary objects that it is unlawful, Marius urges,

> 'Art thou ſo baſe and full of wretchedneſs
> Yet fear'ſt to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
> Need and oppreſſion ſtareth in thy eyes,
> Contempt and beggary hang on thy back;
> The world is not thy friend, nor the world's laws:
> The world affords no law to make thee rich;
> Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.'

Without all this quotation the reader could not have a juſt idea of the viſage and manner which Peer aſſumed, when in the moſt lamentable tone imaginable he conſents; and delivering the poiſon, like a man reduced to the drinking it himſelf, if he did not vend it, ſays to Marius,

> 'My poverty, but not my will, conſents,
> Take this and drink it off, the work is done.'

It was an odd excellence, and a very particular circumſtance this of Peer's, that his whole action of life depended upon ſpeaking five lines better than any man elſe in the world. But this eminence lying in ſo narrow a compaſs, the governors of the theatre obſerving his talents to lie in a certain knowledge of propriety, and his perſon admitting him to ſhine only in the two above parts, his ſphere of action was enlarged by the addition of the poſt of property-man. This officer has always ready, in a place appointed for him behind the prompter, all ſuch tools and implements as are neceſſary in the play, and it is his buſineſs never to want billet-doux, poiſon, falſe

money, thunderbolts, daggers, ſcrolls of parchments, wine, pomatum, truncheons and wooden legs, ready at the call of the ſaid prompter, according as his reſpective utenſils were neceſſary for promoting what was to paſs on the ſtage. The addition of this office, ſo important to the conduct of the whole affair of the ſtage, and the good œconomy obſerved by their preſent managers in punctual payments, made Mr. Peer's ſubſiſtence very comfortable. But it frequently happens, that men loſe their virtue in proſperity, who were ſhining characters in the contrary condition. Good fortune indeed had no effect on the mind, but very much on the body of Mr. Peer. For in the ſeventieth year of his age he grew fat, which rendered his figure unfit for the utterance of the five lines abovementioned. He had now unfortunately loſt the wan diſtreſs neceſſary for the countenance of the apothecary, and was too jolly to ſpeak the prologue with the proper humility. It is thought this calamity went too near him. It did not a little contribute to the ſhortening his days; and as there is no ſtate of real happineſs in this life, Mr. Peer was undone by his ſucceſs, and loſt all by arriving at what is the end of all other men's purſuits, his eaſe.

I could not forbear inquiring into the effects Mr. Peer left behind him, but find there is no demand due to him from the houſe, but the following bill:

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
For hire of ſix caſe of piſtols - -	0	4	0
A drum for Mrs. Bignall in the Pilgrim	0	4	4

	l.	s.	d.
A truſs of ſtraw for the madmen -	0	0	8
Pomatum and vermillion to greaſe the face of the ſtuttering cook	0	0	8
For boarding a ſetting dog two days to follow Mr. Johnſon in Epſom Wells - - - -	0	0	6
For blood in Macbeth - -	0	0	3
Raiſins and almonds for a witch's banquet - - - -	0	0	8

This contemporary of mine, whom I have often rallied for the narrow compaſs of his ſingular perfections, is now at peace, and wants no further aſſiſtance from any man; but men of extenſive genius, now living, ſtill depend upon the good offices of the town.

I am therefore to remind my reader, that on this day, being the fifteenth of June, the Plotting Siſters is to be acted for the benefit of the author, my old friend Mr. D'Urfey[c]. This comedy was honoured with the preſence of King Charles the Second three of its firſt five nights.

My friend has in this work ſhewn himſelf a maſter, and made not only the characters of the play, but alſo the furniture of the houſe contribute to the main deſign. He has made excellent uſe of a table with a carpet, and the key of a cloſet. With theſe two implements, which would, perhaps, have been overlooked by an or-

[c] See Guard. Nº 67; Tat. Nº 1, Nº 11; Nº 43; notes, *ibidem*, on Mrs. D'Urfey; Lover, Nº 40, and note. Edit. 1789, 8vo, with notes, &c.

dinary writer, he contrives the moſt natural perplexities (allowing only the uſe of theſe houſhold goods in poetry) that ever were repreſented on a ſtage. He has alſo made good advantage of the knowledge of the ſtage itſelf; for in the nick of being ſurpriſed, the lovers are let down and eſcape at a trap-door. In a word, any who have the curioſity to obſerve what pleaſed in the laſt generation, and does not go to a comedy with a reſolution to be grave, will find this evening ample food for mirth [d]. Johnſon, who under-

Mr. Thomas D'Urfey was a native of Exeter, and ſaid to be of French extraction, and allied to the houſe of D'Urfee of that kingdom. He was the author or compiler of above thirty dramatic pieces, and of odes, catches, and ſongs, without number. His talent it ſeems conſiſted in ſetting words and rhymes to any tune, and ſinging them in a lively entertaining manner, withour ſtammering, as he did very much in his common converſation. It was probably this impediment in his ſpeech, that obliged him to relinquiſh the practice of the law, for which he was firſt deſigned. As he higgled one day in Clare-market about the price of a ſhoulder of mutton; the butcher agreed to let him have it for nothing, if he would cheapen it without ſtuttering, which he readily did to ſome tune. D'Urfey is genteely bantered on the pretended nobility of his birth, in the laſt paper of the Lover, by Steele, who made him, and his writings, frequently the ſubjects of his fine raillery in the Tatler, but always in a friendly way, and often with an intention to ſerve him. Tom ſeems to have taken all this jocularity as it was meant, in good part, and to have retained a grateful ſenſe of Steele's friendſhip for him, to the laſt of a long life; for when he died, in February, 1723, he left his gold watch and his diamond ring to ſir Richard, who was at the expence of burying him in the porch of St. James's church-yard. 'He is now at peace, and wants no farther aſſiſtance;' there can therefore be no harm in ſaying that the compaſs of his perfections was

ſtands what he does as well as any man, expoſes the impertinence of an old fellow, who has loſt his ſenſes, ſtill purſuing pleaſures, with great maſtery. The ingenious Mr. Pinkethman is a baſhful rake, and is ſheepiſh without having modeſty, with great ſucceſs. Mr. Bullock[e] ſucceeds Nokes in the part of Bubble, and in my opinion is not much below him: for he does excellently that ſort of folly we call abſurdity, which is the very contrary of wit, but next to that, is of all things the propereſt to excite mirth. What is fooliſh is the object of pity; but abſurdity often proceeds from an opinion of ſufficiency, and conſequently is an honeſt occaſion for laughter.

very narrow. His plays, &c. were pilfered, and poor things. The reader is doubtleſs abundantly ſatisfied with the account given here of his Plotting Siſters; and may ſee a ſimilar account of a ſimilar play, called, Wonders in the Sun, in Dr. King's Works vol. ii. p. 118. *et ſeqq.* edit. crown 8vo. 3 vol. 1776. It was perhaps on his way from the firſt of theſe plays, that a gentleman ſaid to Dryden, 'Was there ever ſuch ſtuff! I did not think that even this author could have written ſo ill.' 'O ſir,' replied the old bard, 'you don't know my friend Tom; I'll anſwer for him he ſhall write worſe yet.' See Medley, N° 6, and ſir J. Hawkins's Hiſt. of Muſic, vol. v. p. 159, *et ſeqq.* where there is a fine print of D'Urfey. His Songs, &c. were publiſhed in 3 vols, in 1715, under the title of Laugh and be Fat, or Pills to purge Melancholy. Theſe, with his other works, were republiſhed, by ſubſcription, in ſix volumes, in 1719, with the new title of Wit and Mirth, or Pills to purge Melancholy. His operas and comical ſtories were likewiſe printed in 8vo. 1721. See Tat. N° 1, N° 11, N° 43. Notes on T. D'Urfey; Guard. N° 29, 67.

e See Tat. N° 188; and note on Mr. Bullock.

These characters in this play cannot choose but make it a very pleasant entertainment, and the decorations of singing and dancing will more than repay the good-nature of those who make an honest man a visit of two merry hours to make his following year unpainful.

END OF VOLUME I.

INDEX.

ACADEMY, what a youth firſt learns there, N. 24.
Age, if healthy, happy, N. 26.
—— dwells upon paſt times, N. 5.
Auguire, his ſtory, an inſtance of the ſpirit of revenge, N. 8.
Airs the Penman, his vanity, N. 1.
Alcibiades, his character and ſoliloquy before an engagement, N. 81.
Aminta of Taſſo, compared with Garini's Paſtor Fido, N. 28.
Ancients, crying them up reproved, N. 25.
——— all that is good in writing not borrowed from them, N. 12.
Animals, a degree of gratitude owing to them that ſerve us, N. 61.
——— cruelty towards them condemned, *ibid.*
Anne Bullen, tragedy of, a ſcene of diſtreſs therein, N. 19.
Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet deſcribed, N. 82.
Arcadian, the true character of one, N. 23.
Artificers capital, a petition from them, N. 64.
Aſpaſia, a moſt excellent woman, N. 2. 5.
Aſphialtes, lake of, a diſcourſe thereon, N. 61.
Aſtronomy, the ſtudy of it recommended, N. 70.
Atheiſt, behaviour of one in ſickneſs, N. 39.
Author, account of one raiſing contributions, N. 58.

BACON, ſir Francis, remarks on the ſtyle of his hiſtory of Henry VII. N. 25.
Barbers, inconveniencies attending their being hiſtorians, N. 50.
Bareface (Will.) deſires one of lady Lizard's daughters for a wife, N. 38.
Bath, wife of, a comedy, characteriſed, N. 50.
Bawd, a mother ſo, to her own daughter, N. 17.
Bear-baiting a barbarous cuſtom, N. 61.
Beau, an academical one deſcribed, N. 10.
—— a ſpecies to be commiſerated, N. 62.

Beveridge, biſhop, a ſublime paſſage quoted from his works, N. 74.
Bicknell, Mrs. a comedian, commended, N. 50.
——— furniſhed with a dreſs from the wardrobe of the Lizards, *ibid.*
Blanket, when that diſcipline is neceſſary, N. 74.
Books, an odd collection of them, N. 60.
Boys, their delights cheap and innocent, N. 62.
Building, errors in undertaking it, N. 6.
Burial ſervice, ſolemn and moving, N. 21.

CALAMITIES, the general ſource of them, N. 1.
Cambray, Fenelon, archbiſhop of, account of his treatiſe of the exiſtence, wiſdom, and omnipotence of God, N. 69.
——— the cauſe of his diſgrace, N 48.
Cardan, the philoſopher, what he ſays of the affliction of love, N. 7.
Cato, tragedy of, commended, N. 33. 43.
—— beautiful ſimilies in that tragedy, N. 64.
—— Prologue and Epilogue thereto, N. 33.
Charwell, Mr. his character, N. 9. His purchaſe and improvement of an eſtate, &c. *ibid.* Borrowed many of his maxims from monſ. Colbert, N. 52.
Chaſtity, the nobleſt male qualification, N. 45.
Church (Chriſtian) the divine order and œconomy thereof, compared to the fabric of St. Paul's, N. 70.
——— the word miſapplied, N. 80.
——— wherein the word wants explanation, *ibid.*
Clergymen, reſpect due to them, N. 3.
——— the end they ſhould propoſe to themſelves, N. 13.
——— abuſed, N. 80.
Coaches, young gentlemen reproved for driving them, N. 14.
——— an intrigue carried on by means of one, *ibid.*
Cock-fighting, a barbarous cuſtom, N. 61.
Colbert, monſieur, his converſation with the French king concerning the great power of the Dutch, N. 52.
Colleges, chiefly erected on religious conſiderations, N. 62.
Commandments were made for the vulgar, N. 27.
Common fame, viſion of, N. 67.
Converſation, one of the nobleſt privileges of reaſon, N. 24.
———, rules for it, *ibid.*
Covetouſneſs, precautions againſt it, N. 19.

Covetoufnefs, the vice of, enters deeper into the foul than any other, *ibid.*
Country life, the charms and pleafures of it, N. 22.
———— why we are pleafed with it, *ibid.*
Cowards never forgive, N. 20.
Cowley, Mr. criticifm on his fongs, N. 16.
Crabtree, Major, his four fayings of the ladies, N. 26.
Critics, falfe, N. 12. 16.
Criticifm on fong-writing, N. 16.
Cuftoms, barbarous in England, an account of them, N. 61.
Cyrus, his heroic chaftity, *ibid.*
Cyr, faint, account of that monaftry founded by madam Maintenon, N. 48.

DAVIGNE, meffrs. father and grandfather of madam Maintenon, their ftory, N. 46.
David (king) the beauty of his lamentation for Jonathan, N. 51.
Death, means to make the thoughts thereof the fweeteft enjoyment, N. 18.
——- an infirmity not to defire it, N. 20.
Dedications, the abufe of them, N. 4.
———— of an author to himfelf, *ibid.*
Definition of words neceffary, N. 80.
Des Cartes, difcovered the pineal gland in the brain, N. 35.
Devotion, early hours of, the advantages of it, N. 65.
Dewlap, Dick, well made for a jefter, N. 42.
Diftrefs, a fcene of it in the tragedy of Anne Bullen, N. 19.
Donne, Dr. a criticifm on his fongs, N. 16.
Dream, concerning reproof and reproach, N. 56.
Drefs, the greateft motive to love, N. 81.
——- not to be too much valued or defpifed, N. 10.
Druids, held the doctrine of tranfmigration of fouls, N. 18. Verfes from Lucan, on that fubject, *ibid.*
Drunkennefs, a deforming foolifh intemperance, N. 56.
Dryden, John, moral verfes from his tranflation of Juvenal, N. 54.
——— a faying of his, recommending chaftity in men, N. 45.
Duels, the danger of dying in one reprefented, N. 20.
D'Urfey, Thomas, the lyric poet, his merit, and odes, N. 67. compared with Pindar, *ibid.* The world ungrateful to him, N. 29. His play of the Plotting Sifters commended, N. 82.
Dutch, their advantages over the French, N. 52.

Ease, loved by all men, N. 22.
—— in writing, what it is, N. 12. 15.
—— an inftance of it in love-verfes, N. 15.
Eclogue, meaning of that word, N. 28.
Enemies, love of them not conftitutional, N. 20.
Englifh, famous for oddities, N. 55.
Epic poem, rules concerning it, N. 12.
—— receipt to make one, N. 78.
Epigram, a French one, mifcalled a fong, N. 16.
Epilogue to Cato, by Dr. Garth, N. 33.
Equality in the happinefs and mifery of men, N. 54.
Examiner (author of) reproved for infolence, ill-manners, and fcandal, N. 41.
—— mifapplies the word Church, and abufes the clergy, lords, and commons, N. 80.
—— letters concerning him, N. 53. 63.
—— an advocate for a lady who was faid not to be lain with, N. 63.
Example, the influence thereof, N. 5.

Fable of Pilpay on the ufage of animals, N. 61.
Fame, common, houfe of, defcribed, N. 66.
Fantaftical pleafures, what they are, N. 49.
Fine gentleman, what qualifications form one in the eye of ladies, N. 34.
—— character of a compleat one, *ibid.*
Flattery, a fatire againft it, N. 11.
Flies and free-thinkers compared, N. 70.
Footman, too fat for his mafter, N. 54.
Fornication, a criticifm thereon, N. 17.
Free-thinkers, unthinking wretches, N. 62.
—— the name degenerated from the original meaning, N. 39.
Free-thinking, difcourfe on, cenfured, N. 3.
French king, Lewis XIV. his converfation with Colbert, concerning the great power of the Dutch, N. 52.
Front box, how the ladies are marfhalled there, N. 29.
Future ftate, proofs of it from the creation, N. 27.

Gale, John, many prints of him, N. 1.
Gentleman, qualifications requifite to form that exalted character, N. 34.

Gentlemen-like, gentlemanly, much of a gentleman, ill applied, N. 38.
Gluttony, barbarous and deſtructive, N. 61.
Gnatho, a mad doctor, wonderful cures performed by him, N. 11.
Good Friday, reflections preparatory to the obſervation of that day, N. 20.
Good-nature and charity, recommended, N. 79.
Goſpels, the excellency of them, N. 21.
Greek, two ſorts, N. 78.
Griffins, a treatiſe on the exiſtence of them, N. 60.
Guardian, the qualification for one, integrity more neceſſary than great underſtanding, N. 1.

HAMLET, prologue therein as ſpoken by Mr. William Peer, N. 82.
Happineſs, various notions of it, and wherein it conſiſts, N. 31.
——— with reſpect to marriage, *ibid.*
Hawthorn, Nic. his whimſical letter concerning public ſpirit, N. 58.
Hearty, ſir William, why he was not a fine gentleman, N. 34.
Henry VII. criticiſm on the ſtyle of lord Verulam's hiſtory of that king, N. 25.
Henry IV. of France, a prayer made by him before a battle, N. 19.
Hilaria, her madneſs and cure, N. 11.
Hiſtory, rules for writing it, N. 25.
Holineſs, the beauty of it, N. 21.
Horſes, care of them recommended, N. 6. 61.
Hoſpitals, a viſit to them, N. 79.
Howd'ycall, Suſan, her petition, N. 64.
Humanity to be extended to the meaneſt creature, N. 61.
Hunting, a remain of Gothic barbarity, N. 61.
——— a barbarous cuſtom therein, *ibid.*

I AM that I Am, reflections on that name, N. 74.
Janglings, matrimonial, N. 73.
Jealouſy, its fatal effects, N. 37.
Jeſus Chriſt, his converſation with two diſciples after his crucifixion, N. 21.
Jilflirts, the occaſion of our ill-bred men, N. 26.

Ingratitude of men to beafts, N. 61.
Integrity in the power of every man, N. 1.
Intrigue, between a wild young gentleman and a jilt, N. 14.
Johnfon the player, a good actor, N. 82.
Jonathan, David's lamentation for him, N. 61.
Jofeph, his chaftity, N. 45.
Irifh ftuffs, fine and delightful furniture, N. 49.
Ironfide, Neftor, efq. account of his birth and education, N. 2.
Italian comedians, driven from Paris for offending madam Maintenon, N. 48.

KINGSLAND Hofpitallers, objects of charity, N. 17.
Kneeling adorations, by an authorefs to a young nobleman, N. 4.

LADIES, all women fuch, N. 26.
Lamentation for Jonathan (David's) its beauties, N. 51.
Land intereft and trade, fupport each other, N. 76.
Largenefs of mind, reflections on that difpofition, N. 70.
Laft day, extracts from a poem of that name, by Dr. Young, N. 51.
Laughers, feveral characters of them, N. 29.
Laughter the index of the mind, *ibid.*
——— the chorus of converfation, *ibid.*
Letter, Bareface (Will.) to Neftor Ironfide, N. 38.
——— Neftor Ironfide to fir Harry Lizard, N. 68.
——— fir Thomas Smith to fir Francis Walfingham, N. 7.
Libertine, Athenian, his moral foliloquy, N. 81. Prayer of an Englifh libertine, *ibid.*
Liberty of the people, generofity of that principle, N. 2.
——— afferted by Mr. Steele, N. 53.
Life, its feveral ftages have feveral pleafures, N. 62.
Lilly, Charles, his petition, N. 64.
Lion, Walfingham's mafter-fpy, fome account of him, N. 71.
Lions, fpies fo called, infefting London, defcribed, *ibid.*
Lizard, fir Ambrofe, choofes Mr. Ironfide guardian to his family, N. 2.
——— fir Harry, his character, N. 6.
——— lady, her character and manner of employing her time, N. 2. 5. 7.
——— characters of mifs Jane, mifs Annabella, mifs Betty, mifs Cornelia, and mifs Mary, *ibid.*

Lizard, characters of Mr. Thomas, Mr. William, and Mr. John, N. 13.
Lock-Hoſpital, patients there, great objects of charity, N. 17.
———— oblations of a chamber-maid thereto, N. 26.
Longbottom (John) the barber, his petition, N. 64.
Love of enemies not conſtitutional, N. 20.
Lucan, tranſlation of his verſes on the tranſmigration of ſouls, N. 18.
Lucas, Dr. his practical chriſtianity recommended, N. 63.
Luke (ſaint) contents of the 24th chapter of his goſpel, N. 21.

MAD doctor, account of one, and his medicines, N. 11.
Maid's Tragedy, Mr. Walker's ſaying of it, N. 37.
Maintenon, madam, her birth, education, fortune, and character, N. 46. Married to Scaron, N. 47. Her power over and marriage to Lewis XIV. N. 48.
Marlborough, duke of, inſulted by the Examiner, N. 80.
Marriage, the arts of parents in it, N. 57. 73.
———— janglings, N. 73.
Mechanics, of general importance, N. 1.
Meekneſs, ſomething ſublime and heroic in it, N. 20.
Melancholy, (Pills to purge) a collection of ſongs ſo called, N. 67.
Merchants, of great benefit to the public, N. 79.
Metamorphoſes, of men into lower ranks of being, N. 56.
Mind, ſtrength of, its true happineſs, N. 31.
Miſers, obſervations on them, N. 77.
———— act on the ſame principle as critics, *ibid.*
Moderate man, an ode by Mr. D'Urfey commended, N. 67.
Moliere, his obſervation of making a dinner, N. 78.
Morning prayer, recommended, N. 65.
Moſchus, remarks on his Greek paſtorals, N. 28.
Mounteſpan, madam, recommended madam Maintenon to Lewis the XIVth, N. 47.

NATURAL pleaſures, what they are, N. 49.
Netherlands, their advantages over the French, N. 52.
Norwood, John, peruke-maker, his petition, N. 64.
Nottingham, earl of, and his daughter, defended againſt the inſults of the Examiner, N. 41.

OGER, ſir William, his manner of courtſhip, N. 5.
Old people remember paſt times beſt, N. 6.

Old men of Gray's-inn, an account of them, N. 44.
Operators, cephalic, their petition, N. 64.
Othello, beauties and defects in that tragedy, N. 37.
Ovid, quotation from him about humanity to animals, N. 61.

PANDOLPH, ſir Harry, his manner of courtſhip, N. 5.
——— his manner of ſtory-telling, N. 42.
Parents, generally err in marrying their children, N. 57.
——— too artful and mercenary in the diſpoſal of their children, *ibid.*
Paſſions, diſaſters attending irregular paſſions, N. 8.
Paſtoral life, at firſt period of the world, its felicity, N. 22.
——— qualities thereof, N. 23.
——— poetry, N. 40.
——— criticiſms thereon, N. 23. 40.
——— rules for writing it, N. 30.
——— poetry, explained by an allegory, N. 32.
——— Engliſh, characteriſed, N. 30.
——— French, wherein faulty, N. 28.
——— of Sannazarius condemned, *ibid.*
Peace proclaimed, and prayers on that occaſion, N. 80.
Peer, Mr. William, his character and excellencies, N. 82.
——— broke his heart for growing fat, *ibid.*
Peripatetics of Gray's-inn, N 44.
Philips, Ambroſe, his excellence in paſtoral poetry, N. 30. 32.
Philoſopher, ſelf-taught, Arabian notion of ſuch a one, N. 61.
Pidgeon, Bat, the hair cutter, recommended, N. 1. 43.
——— his petition, N. 64.
Pilpay, his fable on the cruel uſage of animals, N. 61.
Pindar, compared with Tom D'Urfey, N. 67.
Pineal gland in the brain diſcovered by Des Cartes, N. 35.
——— voyage through ſeveral, *ibid.*
Plato, his opinion of a future ſtate, N. 27.
Pleaſure, men of, wherein miſerable, N. 35.
——— variety of, prepared for the different ſtages of life, N. 62.
——— fantaſtical, N. 49.
——— natural, what, *ibid.*
——— ſenſual, the loweſt, N. 62.
Plotting Siſters, that play honoured by the preſence of Charles the Second, N. 82.
Plutarch, examples of his good-nature, N. 61.
Poetry, ſacred, N. 51.

Poor, moſtly provided for, by the middle kind of people, N. 79.
Pope, his paſtorals compared with thoſe of Philips, N. 40.
Poppy, Ned, the ſtory-teller, deſcribed, N. 24.
Poſſeſſion, true, conſiſts in enjoyment, N. 42.
Pounce, Hugh, the iron poet, his petition, N. 64.
Practical Chriſtianity, by Dr. Lewis, a ſpecimen of that work, N. 63.
Prayer, of a gentleman of faſhion, N. 81.
——— made by Henry IV. of France before a battle, N. 19.
——— Common, of the church of England, its excellency, N. 65.
Prejudice allegorically deſcribed, N. 39.
Pretty gentleman deſcribed, N. 38.
Prior, Matthew, ſome pretty verſes of his, N. 54.
Property-man at the playhouſe, his office, N. 82.
Proverbs, when the uſe of them is inſupportable, N. 24.
Pſalm 137, tranſlated by ſir Philip Sidney, N. 18.
Public ſpirit in Cato, N. 33.
——— humorous miſtakes concerning it. N. 58.
Punning, an apology for it, N. 36.

QUERIES concerning matrimony, N. 57.

RACE-HORSES, cruel to put them to their utmoſt ſpeed for diverſion only, N. 6.
Rakes in love, not ſo bad as gallant men, N. 17.
Raleigh, ſir Walter, his ſaying of Walſingham, N. 71.
Raphael, the beauties of his picture of our Saviour appearing to his diſciples, N. 19.
Reading, how abuſed, N. 60.
Recipe for making an epic poem, N. 78.
Religion, enquiries into it urged, N. 75.
Renown, women of, inſtances of them, N. 11.
Reproof, diſtinguiſhed from reproach, N. 56.
Revenge, the wickedneſs of it, N. 20.
——— a remarkable inſtance of it. N. 8.
Ringwood, Eſau, his memorial in behalf of hunters, N. 64.
Rowley, Mr. his propoſal for new globes, N. 1.
Rural life, what deſtroyed the tranquillity of it amongſt the firſt race of men, N. 22.

SACRED poetry, pleaſant and beneficial, N. 51.
Sannazarius, his paſtorals condemned, N. 28.
Scaron, account of his marriage with madam Maintenon, N. 47.
Schools, the pleaſure of them, 62.
Scriptures, the belief of them conſidered, N. 75.
Shepherd, true character of one in paſtorals, N. 23.
Sidney, ſir Philip, a pſalm tranſlated by him, N. 18.
Similies, difficult to ſucceed in them, N. 64.
Sneezing, a treatiſe thereon, N. 60.
Smooth, author, his letter about his wife who is ſeldom very angry, N. 73.
Snuff, philoſophical, the uſe of it, N. 35.
Socrates, his remarks on philoſophy, N. 70.
Soldiers, Chriſtian vigilance recommended to them, N. 18.
——— moved at the diſtreſs in a tragedy, N. 19.
Soliloquy of an Athenian libertine, N. 18.
Somerſetſhire, paſtoral ballad, N. 40.
Song, by a lady who loved an ugly man, N. 16.
—— writing, a criticiſm thereon, *ibid.*
Soul, diſcovery of the ſeat of it by Des Cartes, N. 35.
Sparkler, her letter about the character of Lucia and Marcia in Cato, N. 43.
Spies, the uſe Secretary Walſingham made of them, N. 71.
Stage, an inſtance of its force in reforming the world, N. 43.
Steele, Mr. his letters againſt the Examiner, N. 53. 63.
Story-tellers, cenſured for ridiculous punctuality, N. 42.
Story-telling, not an art, but a knack, *ibid.*
———— rules for it, N. 24. 42.

TALE-TELLERS, hired to lull people aſleep in Ireland, N. 42.
Terræ-filius at Oxford, reflections on him, N. 72.
Terror, Andrew, the Mohock, a cure wrought on him, N. 11.
Treatiſe recommended as uſeful towards the improvement of the world, N. 43.
Theocritus's Idyls, compared with Virgil's Eclogues, N. 28.
Tillotſon, extract from his diſcourſe concerning the danger of all known ſin, N. 21.
Trade, its intereſt the ſame with that of land, N. 76.
Tucker, remarks on the ladies laying it aſide, N. 18. 26. 33. 36. 48. 52. 56.
Turks, their humanity to animals, N. 61.

VANITY of mankind to make themselves known, N. 1. 2.
Verses to Mrs. Annabella Lizard, 15.
——— from Juvenal and Ovid, translated by Dryden, N. 54. 61.
Verses from the French, N. 16.
——— on the uncertainty of happiness, by Shakespear, N. 54.
——— by Dryden and Prior, *ibid.*
——— from Juvenal, N. 54.
——— from Young's poem on the last day, N. 51.
——— from Ovid, translated by Dryden, N. 61.
——— from an essay on the different styles of poetry, N. 35.
——— from lord Rochester, N. 50.
——— on the transmigration of souls, N. 18.
Verulam, lord, his writings a glory to the English nation, N. 25.
——— Criticism on the style of his history of Henry the Seventh, *ibid.*
Vice, observations on the great vices, N. 19.
——— of people of quality, not to be taxed, N. 26.
Virgil, his Eclogues compared with Theocritus's Idyls, N. 28.
Virtue, its interests supplanted by common custom, N. 57.
——— Christian recommended, N. 20. 55. 79.
——— misrepresented by free-thinkers, *ibid.*
Ulysses, Cosmopolita, his letter on the pineal gland in the brain, N. 35.
United Provinces, advantages they enjoy over the French, N. 52.
Universities, the foundation of them owing to religion, N. 62.
——— designed to teach refined luxury and enjoyments, *ibid.*
Voluptuary, the misery of one described, N. 35.

WALSINGHAM, sir Francis, his lions, who, N. 71.
——— his letter concerning queen Elizabeth's marriage with the French king's brother, N. 7.
Wanderer in reading, N. 60.
Ward, Mr. John, of Chester, his vanity, N. 1.
Wealth, insolent with respect to women, N. 45.
Whoring, precautions against it, N. 17.
——— instance of a gentleman reclaimed from it, N. 17.

William the Third (king), his ſaying of Lewis the Fourteenth and madam Maintenon, N. 48.
Wiſe men, to think with them, but talk with the vulgar, N. 24.
Women, the villany of deluding them expoſed, N. 17.
——— vanity of the compliments paid them by fops, N. 26,
——— their vices not to be taxed, *ibid.*
——— none in the world, *ibid.*
——— generally married too young, N. 7.
Worſhip, public, indecencies committed at it, N. 65.

YORKSHIRE gentleman, his diet at Paris, N. 34.

ZEAL, the uſe politicians make of it, N. 80.